

















THE

P O E M S

OF

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

*COMPLETE EDITION.*



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TO  
MY BEST FRIEND,  
(A DIAMOND EDITION OF A WOMAN.)

I INSCRIBE  
This Diamond Edition of the Poems  
OF  
HER HUSBAND.

J. G. S.

*Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1873.*



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# POEMS.

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## THE POET'S LICENSE.

THE Poet's License! — Some there are

Who hold the false opinion  
'Tis but a meagre privilege  
Confined to Art's dominion;  
The right to rhyme quite unrestrained

By certain rigid fetters  
Which bind the colder men of prose  
Within the realm of letters.

Ah no! — I deem 't is something more,

And something vastly higher,  
To which the proudest bard on earth

May worthily aspire.  
The Poet's License! — 't is the right,

Within the rule of duty,  
To look on all delightful things  
Throughout the world of beauty.

To gaze with rapture at the stars  
That in the skies are glowing;  
To see the gems of perfect dye  
That in the woods are growing, —

And more than sage astronomer,  
And more than learned florist,  
To read the glorious homilies  
Of Firmament and Forest.

When Nature gives a gorgeous rose,  
Or yields the simplest fern,

She writes this motto on the leaves, —

“To whom it may concern!”  
And so it is the poet comes  
And revels in her bowers,  
And, though another hold the land,  
Is owner of the flowers.

O, nevermore let Ignorance  
With heedless iteration  
Repeat the phrase as meaning  
aught

Of trivial estimation;  
The Poet's License! — 't is the fee  
Of earth and sky and river  
To him who views them royally,  
To have and hold forever!

---

## TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO GEORGE  
PEABODY, ESQ.

“What I spent, I had; what I kept,  
I lost; what I gave, I have!”  
OLD EPITAPH.

### I.

EVERY coin of earthly treasure  
We have lavished, upon earth,  
For our simple worldly pleasure,  
May be reckoned something  
worth;  
For the spending was not losing,  
Though the purchase were but  
small;

It has perished with the using:  
We have had it, — that is all!

## II.

All the gold we leave behind us  
When we turn to dust again  
(Though our avarice may blind us),  
We have gathered quite in vain;  
Since we neither can direct it,  
By the winds of fortune tossed,  
Nor in other worlds expect it:  
What we hoarded, we have lost.

## III.

But each merciful oblation —  
(Seed of pity wisely sown),  
What we gave in self-negation,  
We may safely call our own;  
For the treasure freely given  
Is the treasure that we hoard,  
Since the angels keep in Heaven  
What is lent unto the Lord!

## I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away;  
My nights are blest with sweetest  
sleep;  
I feel no symptoms of decay;  
I have no cause to mourn nor  
weep;  
My foes are impotent and shy;  
My friends are neither false nor  
cold,  
And yet, of late, I often sigh, —  
I'm growing old!  
My growing talk of olden times,  
My growing thirst for early  
news,  
My growing apathy to rhymes,  
My growing love of easy shoes,  
My growing hate of crowds and  
noise,  
My growing fear of taking cold,  
All whisper, in the plainest voice,  
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff;  
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;  
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;  
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;  
I'm growing careless of my dress;  
I'm growing frugal of my gold;  
I'm growing wise; I'm growing, —  
yes, —  
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste;  
I see it in my changing hair;  
I see it in my growing waist;  
I see it in my growing heir;  
A thousand signs proclaim the  
truth,  
As plain as truth was ever told,  
That, even in my vaunted youth,  
I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe  
The tale in my reluctant ears,  
And every boon the Hours be-  
queath  
But makes me debtor to the  
Years!  
E'en Flattery's honeyed words de-  
clare  
The secret she would fain with-  
hold,  
And tells me in "How young you  
are!"  
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years! — whose  
rapid flight  
My sombre Muse too sadly sings;  
Thanks for the gleams of golden  
light  
That tint the darkness of their  
wings;  
The light that beams from out the  
sky,  
Those heavenly mansions to un-  
fold  
Where all are blest, and none may  
sigh,  
I'm growing old!"

THE STORY OF LIFE.

SAY, what is life! 'Tis to be born;  
 A helpless *Babe*, to greet the  
 light  
 With a sharp wail, as if the morn  
 Foretold a cloudy noon and  
 night;  
 To weep, to sleep, and weep again,  
 With sunny smiles between; and  
 then?

And then apace the infant grows  
 To be a laughing, puling boy,  
 Happy, despite his little woes,  
 Were he but conscious of his joy;  
 To be, in short, from two to ten,  
 A merry, moody *Child*; and then?

And then, in coat and trousers clad,  
 To learn to say the Decalogue,  
 And break it; an unthinking *Lad*,  
 With mirth and mischief all  
 agog;  
 A truant oft by field and fen  
 To capture butterflies; and then?

And then, increased in strength and  
 size,  
 To be, anon, a *Youth* full-grown;  
 A hero in his mother's eyes,  
 A young Apollo in his own;  
 To imitate the ways of men  
 In fashionable sins; and then?

And then, at last, to be a *Man*;  
 To fall in love; to woo and wed;  
 With seething brain to scheme and  
 plan;  
 To gather gold, or toil for bread;  
 To sue for fame with tongue or pen,  
 And gain or lose the prize; and  
 then?

And then in gray and wrinkled *Eld*  
 To mourn the speed of life's de-  
 cline;

To praise the scenes his youth be-  
 held,  
 And dwell in memory of Lang-  
 Syne;  
 To dream awhile with darkened  
 ken,  
 Then drop into his grave; and  
 then?

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

THERE's a castle in Spain, very  
 charming to see,  
 Though built without money or  
 toil;  
 Of this handsome estate I am owner  
 in fee,  
 And paramount lord of the soil;  
 And oft as I may I'm accustomed  
 to go  
 And live, like a king, in my Span-  
 ish Chateau!

There's a dame most bewitchingly  
 rounded and ripe,  
 Whose wishes are never absurd;  
 Who does n't object to my smoking  
 a pipe,  
 Nor insist on the ultimate word;  
 In short, she's the pink of perfec-  
 tion, you know;  
 And she lives, like a queen, in my  
 Spanish Chateau!

I've a family too; the delightfulest  
 girls,  
 And a bevy of beautiful boys;  
 All quite the reverse of those juve-  
 nile churls  
 Whose pleasure is mischief and  
 noise;  
 No modern *Cornelia* might venture  
 to show  
 Such jewels as those in my Spanish  
 Chateau!

I have servants who seek their  
contentment in mine,

And always mind what they are  
at;

Who never embezzle the sugar and  
wine,

And slander the innocent cat;  
Neither saucy, nor careless, nor  
stupidly slow

Are the servants who wait in my  
Spanish Chateau!

I have pleasant companions; most  
affable folk;

And each with the heart of a  
brother;

Keen wits, who enjoy an antago-  
nist's joke,

And beauties who 're fond of  
each other;

Such people, indeed, as you never  
may know,

Unless you should come to my  
Spanish Chateau!

I have friends, whose commission  
for wearing the name

In kindness unailing is shown;  
Who pay to another the duty they

claim,  
And deem his successes their  
own;

Who joy in his gladness, and weep  
at his woe;

You'll find them (where else?) in  
my Spanish Chateau!

"*O si sic semper!*" I oftentimes  
say

(Though 't is idle, I know, to  
complain),

To think that again I must force  
me away

From my beautiful castle in  
Spain!

Ah! would that my stars had de-  
termined it so

I might live the year round in my  
Spanish Chateau!

## SPES EST VATES.

THERE is a saying of the ancient  
sages:

No noble human thought,  
However buried in the dust of  
ages,  
Can ever come to naught.

With kindred faith, that knows no  
base dejection,

Beyond the sages' scope  
I see, afar, the final resurrection  
Of every glorious hope.

I see, as parcel of a new creation,  
The beatific hour  
When every bud of lofty aspiration  
Shall blossom into flower.

We are not mocked; it was not in  
derision

God made our spirits free;  
The poet's dreams are but the dim  
prevision  
Of blessings that shall be, —

When they who lovingly have  
hoped and trusted,

Despite some transient fears,  
Shall see Life's jarring elements  
adjusted,  
And rounded into spheres!

---

## THE GIFTS OF THE GODS.

THE saying is wise, though it  
sounds like a jest,

That "The gods don't allow us  
to be in their debt,"  
For though we may think we are  
specially blest,

We are certain to pay for the  
favors we get!

Are Riches the boon? Nay, be  
not elate;

The final account is n't settled  
as yet;

Old Care has a mortgage on every  
estate,

And that's what you pay for the  
wealth that you get!

Is Honor the prize? It were easy  
to name

What sorrows and perils her  
pathway beset;

Grim Hate and Detraction accom-  
pany Fame,

And that's what you pay for  
the honor you get!

Is Learning a treasure? How  
charming the pair

When Talent and Culture are  
lovingly met;

But Labor unceasing is grievous  
to bear,

And that's what you pay for  
the learning you get!

Is Genius worth having? There  
is n't a doubt;

And yet what a price on the  
blessing is set, —

To suffer more with it than dunces  
without,

For that's what you pay for the  
genius you get!

Is Beauty a blessing? To have it  
for naught

The gods never grant to their  
veriest pet;

Pale Envy reminds you the jewel  
is bought,

And that's what you pay for  
the beauty you get!

But Pleasure? Alas! — how pro-  
lific of pain!

Gay Pleasure is followed by  
gloomy Regret;

And often Repentance is one of  
her train,

And that's what you pay for  
the pleasure you get!

But surely in Friendship we all  
may secure

An excellent gift; never doubt  
it, — and yet

With much to enjoy there is much  
to endure,

And that's what we pay for the  
friendship we get!

But then there is Love? — Nay,  
speak not too soon;

The fondest of hearts may have  
reason to fret;

For Fear and Bereavement attend  
on the boon,

And that's what we pay for the  
love that we get!

And thus it appears — though it  
sounds like a jest —

The gods don't allow us to be in  
their debt;

And though we may think we are  
specially blest,

We are certain to pay for what-  
ever we get!

---

## THE OLD CHAPEL-BELL.

### A BALLAD.

WITHIN a churchyard's sacred  
ground,

Whose fading tablets tell

Where they who built the village  
church

In solemn silence dwell,

Half hidden in the earth, there lies  
An ancient Chapel-Bell.

Broken, decayed, and covered o'er  
With mouldering leaves and  
rust;

Its very name and date concealed  
 Beneath a cankering crust;  
 Forgotten, — like its early friends,  
 Who sleep in neighboring dust.

Yet it was once a trusty Bell,  
 Of most sonorous lung,  
 And many a joyous wedding-peal,  
 And many a knell had rung,  
 Ere Time had cracked its brazen  
 sides,  
 And broke its iron tongue.

And many a youthful heart had  
 danced,  
 In merry Christmas-time,  
 To hear its pleasant roundelay,  
 Sung out in ringing rhyme;  
 And many a worldly thought been  
 checked  
 To list its sabbath chime.

A youth — a bright and happy  
 boy —  
 One sultry summer's day,  
 Awearied of his bat and ball,  
 Chanced hitherward to stray,  
 To read a little book he had,  
 And rest him from his play.

"A soft and shady spot is this!"  
 The rosy youngster cried,  
 And sat him down, beneath a tree,  
 That ancient Bell beside;  
 (But, hidden in the tangled grass,  
 The Bell he ne'er espied.)

Anon, a mist fell on his book,  
 The letters seemed to stir,  
 And though, full oft, his flagging  
 sight  
 The boy essayed to spur,  
 The mazy page was quickly lost  
 Beneath a cloudy blur.

And while he marvelled much at  
 this,  
 And wondered how it came,

He felt a languor creeping o'er  
 His young and weary frame,  
 And heard a voice, a gentle voice,  
 That plainly spoke his name.

That gentle voice that named his  
 name  
 Entranced him like a spell  
 Upon his ear so very near  
 And suddenly it fell,  
 Yet soft and musical, as 't were  
 The whisper of a bell.

"Since last I spoke," the voice  
 began,  
 "Seems many a dreary year!  
 (Albeit, 't is only since thy birth  
 I've lain neglected here!)  
 Pray list, while I rehearse a tale  
 Behooves thee much to hear.

"Once, from yon ivied tower, I  
 watched  
 The villagers, around,  
 And gave to all their joys and  
 griefs  
 A sympathetic sound, —  
 But most are sleeping, now, within  
 This consecrated ground.

"I used to ring my merriest peal  
 To hail the blushing bride;  
 I sadly tolled for men cut down  
 In strength and manly pride;  
 And solemnly, — not mournful-  
 ly, —  
 When little children died.

"But, chief, my duty was to bid  
 The villagers repair,  
 On each returning sabbath morn  
 Unto the House of Prayer,  
 And in his own appointed place  
 The Saviour's mercy share.

"Ah! well I mind me of a child,  
 A gleesome, happy maid,

Who came, with constant step, to  
 church,  
 In comely garb arrayed,  
 And knelt her down full solemnly,  
 And penitently prayed.

“And oft, when church was done,  
 I marked  
 That little maiden near  
 This pleasant spot, with book in  
 hand,  
 As you are sitting here, —  
 She read the Story of the Cross,  
 And wept with grief sincere.

“Years rolled away, — and I be-  
 held  
 The child to woman grown;  
 Her cheek was fairer, and her eye  
 With brighter lustre shone;  
 But childhood’s truth and inno-  
 cence  
 Were still the maiden’s own.

“I never rang a merrier peal  
 Than when, a joyous bride,  
 She stood beneath the sacred  
 porch,  
 A noble youth beside,  
 And plighted him her maiden  
 troth,  
 In maiden love and pride.

“I never tolled a deeper knell,  
 Than when, in after years,  
 They laid her in the churchyard  
 here,  
 Where this low mound ap-  
 pears, —  
 (The very grave, my boy, that  
 you  
 Are watering now with tears!)

“*It is thy mother!* gentle boy,  
 That claims this tale of mine, —  
 Thou art a flower whose fatal  
 birth  
 Destroyed the parent vine!

A precious flower art thou, my  
 child, —  
 TWO LIVES WERE GIVEN FOR  
 THINE!

“One was thy sainted mother’s,  
 when  
 She gave thee mortal birth;  
 And one thy Saviour’s, when in  
 death  
 He shook the solid earth;  
 Go! boy, and live as may befit  
 Thy life’s exceeding worth!”

The boy awoke, as from a dream,  
 And, thoughtful, looked around,  
 But nothing saw, save at his feet  
 His mother’s lowly mound,  
 And by its side that ancient Bell,  
 Half hidden in the ground!

---

## COMPENSATION.

### I.

WHEN once, in “Merrie England,”  
 A prisoner of state  
 Stood waiting death or exile,  
 Submissive to his fate,  
 He made this famous answer, —  
*“Si longa, levis;*  
*Si dura, brevis;*  
 Go tell your tyrant chief,  
 Long pains are light ones,  
 Cruel ones are brief!”

### II.

Alas! we all are culprits;  
 Our bodies doomed to bear  
 Discomforts and diseases,  
 And none may ’scape his share;  
 But God in pity orders,  
*Si longa, levis;*  
*Si dura, brevis;*  
 He grants us this relief,  
 Long pains are light ones,  
 Cruel ones are brief.

## III.

Nor less the mind must suffer  
 Its weight of care and woe,  
 Afflictions and bereavements  
 Itself can only know;  
 But let us still remember,  
*Si longa, levis;*  
*Si dura, brevis;*  
 To moderate our grief, —  
 Long pains are light ones,  
 Cruel ones are brief.

---

## THE OLD MAN'S MOTTO.

"GIVE me a motto!" said a youth  
 To one whom years had rendered  
 wise;

"Some pleasant thought, or  
 weighty truth,  
 That briefest syllables comprise;  
 Some word of warning or of cheer  
 To grave upon my signet here.

"And, reverend father," said the  
 boy,

"Since life, they say, is evermade  
 A mingled web of grief and joy;  
 Since cares may come and pleasures  
 fade, —

Pray, let the motto have a range  
 Of meaning matching every  
 change."

"Sooth!" said the sire, "methinks  
 you ask

A labor something over-nice,  
 That well a finer brain might  
 task.

What think you, lad, of this de-  
 vice

(Older than I, though I am gray),  
 'T is simple, — 'This will pass  
 away'?

"When wafted on by Fortune's  
 breeze,

In endless peace thou seem'st to  
 glide,

Prepare betimes for rougher seas,  
 And check the boast of foolish  
 pride;

Though smiling joy is thine to-day,  
 Remember, 'This will pass away!'

"When all the sky is draped  
 in black,

And, beaten by tempestuous  
 gales,

Thy shuddering ship seems all  
 a-wrack,

Then trim again thy tattered  
 sails;

To grim Despair be not a prey;  
 Bethink thee, 'This will pass  
 away!'

"Thus, O my son, be not o'er-  
 proud,

Nor yet cast down; judge thou  
 aright;

When skies are clear, expect the  
 cloud;

In darkness, wait the coming  
 light;

Whatever be thy fate to-day,  
 Remember, 'This will pass  
 away!'

## MAXIMILIAN.

Not with a craven spirit he  
 Submitted to the harsh decree  
 That bade him die before his time,  
 Cut off in manhood's golden  
 prime, —

Poor Maximilian!

And some who marked his noble  
 mien,

His dauntless heart, his soul serene,  
 Have deemed they saw a martyr  
 die,

And chorused forth the solemn cry,  
 "Great Maximilian!"

Alas! Ambition was his sin;  
 He staked his life a throne to  
     win;  
 Counted amiss the fearful cost  
 (As chiefs have done before), —  
     and lost!

Rash Maximilian!

'T is not the victim's tragic fate,  
 Nor calm endurance, makes him  
     great;

Mere lust of empire and renown  
 Can never claim the martyr's  
     crown,

Brave Maximilian!

Alas! it fell, that, in thy aim  
 To win a sovereign's power and  
     fame,

Thy better nature lost its force,  
 And royal crimes disgraced thy  
     course,

King Maximilian!

Alas! what ground for mercy's  
     plea

In his behalf, whose fell decree  
 Gave soldiers unto felons' graves,  
 And freemen to the doom of  
 - slaves, —

Fierce Maximilian?

I loathe the rude, barbaric wrath  
 That slew thee in thy vent'rous  
     path;

But "they who take," thus saith  
     the Lord,

"Shall also perish by the sword,"  
     Doomed Maximilian!

But, when I think upon the  
     scene, —

Thy fearful fate, thy wretched  
     queen, —

And mark how bravely thou didst  
     die,

I breathe again the pitying sigh,  
     "Poor Maximilian!"

## WISHING.

Of all amusements for the mind,  
 From logic down to fishing,  
 There is n't one that you can find  
     So very cheap as "wishing."  
 A very choice diversion too,  
 If we but rightly use it,  
 And not, as we are apt to do,  
     Pervert it, and abuse it.

I wish, — a common wish,  
     indeed, —

My purse were somewhat fatter,  
 That I might cheer the child of  
     need,

And not my pride to flatter;  
 That I might make Oppression  
     reel,

As only gold can make it,  
 And break the Tyrant's rod of  
     steel,

As only gold can break it.

I wish — that Sympathy and Love,  
 And every human passion

That has its origin above,  
 Would come and keep in fashion;  
 That Scorn, and Jealousy, and  
     Hate,

And every base emotion,  
 Were buried fifty fathom deep  
 Beneath the waves of Ocean!

I wish — that friends were always  
     true,

And motives always pure;  
 I wish the good were not so few,  
 I wish the bad were fewer;

I wish that parsons ne'er forgot  
 To heed their pious teaching;

I wish that practising was not  
     So different from preaching!

I wish — that modest worth might  
     be

Appraised with truth and can-  
     dor;

I wish that innocence were free  
From treachery and slander ;  
I wish that men their vows would  
mind ;

That women ne'er were rovers ;  
I wish that wives were always  
kind,  
And husbands always lovers !

I wish — in fine — that Joy and  
Mirth,  
And every good Ideal,  
May come erewhile, throughout the  
earth,  
To be the glorious Real ;  
Till God shall every creature bless  
With his supremest blessing,  
And Hope be lost in Happiness,  
And Wishing in Possessing !

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## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

### I.

A YOUTH would marry a maiden,  
For fair and fond was she ;  
But she was rich, and he was poor,  
And so it might not be.

*A lady never could wear —  
Her mother held it firm —  
A gown that came of an India*

*plant,  
Instead of an India worm ! —*  
And so the cruel word was spoken ;  
And so it was two hearts were  
broken.

### II.

A youth would marry a maiden,  
For fair and fond was she ;  
But he was high and she was low,  
And so it might not be.

*A man who had worn a spur,  
In ancient battle won,  
Had sent it down with great  
renown,  
To goad his future son ! —*

And so the cruel word was spoken :  
And so it was two hearts were  
broken.

### III.

A youth would marry a maiden,  
For fair and fond was she ;  
But their sires disputed about the  
Mass,

And so it might not be.  
*A couple of wicked kings,  
Three hundred years ago,  
Had played at a royal game of  
chess,  
And the Church had been a  
pawn ! —*

And so the cruel word was spoken ;  
And so it was two hearts were  
broken.

---

## A POET'S ELEGY.

HERE rests, at last, from worldly  
care and strife,  
A gentle man-of-rhyme,  
Not all unknown to fame, — whose  
lays and life  
Fell short of the sublime.

Yet, as his poems ('t was the critics'  
praise)

Betrayed a careful mind,  
His life, with less of license than  
his lays,  
To Virtue was inclined.

Whate'er of Wit the kindly Muse  
supplied

He ever strove to bend  
To Folly's hurt ; nor once with  
wanton pride  
Employed to pain a friend.

He loved a quip, but in his jesting  
vein  
With studious care effaced

The doubtful word that threatened  
to profane  
The sacred or the chaste.

He loathed the covert, diabolic jeer  
That conscience undermines;  
No hinted sacrilege nor sceptic  
sneer

Lurks in his laughing lines.

With satire's sword to pierce the  
false and wrong;

A ballad to invent  
That bore a wholesome sermon in  
the song,—

Such was the poet's bent.

In social converse, "happy as a  
king,"

When colder men refrained  
From daring flights, he gave his  
fancy wing

And freedom unrestrained.

And golden thoughts, at times,—  
a motley brood,—

Came flashing from the mine;  
And fools who saw him in his merry  
mood

Accused the untasted wine.

He valued friendship's favor more  
than fame,

And paid his social dues;

He loved his Art,—but held his  
manly name

Far dearer than his Muse.

And partial friends, while gayly  
laughing o'er

The merry lines they quote,  
Say with a sigh, "To us the man  
was more

Than aught he ever wrote!"

And looking remarkably hearty  
For a widow so young in her  
weeds;

Yet I know she was suffering sor-  
row

Too deep for the tongue to ex-  
press,—

Or why had she chosen to borrow  
So much from the language of  
dress?

Her shawl was as sable as night;

And her gloves were as dark as  
her shawl;

And her jewels—that flashed in  
the light—

Were black as a funeral pall;

Her robe had the hue of the rest,  
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)

And the grief that was leaving her  
breast

Boiled over in billows of crape!

What tears of vicarious woe,

That else might have sullied her  
face,

Were kindly permitted to flow  
In ripples of ebony lace!

While even her fan, in its play,

Had quite a lugubrious scope,

And seemed to be waving away

The ghost of the angel of Hope!

Yet rich as the robes of a queen

Was the sombre apparel she  
wore;

I'm certain I never had seen

Such a sumptuous sorrow be-  
fore;

And I could n't help thinking the  
beauty,

In mourning the loved and the  
lost,

Was doing her conjugal duty

Altogether regardless of cost!

One surely would say a devotion

Performed at so vast an expense

† THE MOURNER A LA MODE.

I saw her last night at a party  
(The elegant party at Mead's),

Betrayed an excess of emotion  
That was really something im-  
mense;

And yet as I viewed, at my leisure,  
Those tokens of tender regard,  
I thought:—It is scarce without  
measure—

The sorrow that goes by the  
yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion;  
And yours—I am sorely afraid  
The very next phase of the fashion  
Will find it beginning to fade;  
Though dark are the shadows of  
grief,

The morning will follow the  
night,  
Half-tints will betoken relief,  
Till joy shall be symbolled in  
white!

Ah well! it were idle to quarrel  
With Fashion, or aught she may  
do;

And so I conclude with a moral  
And metaphor—warranted  
new:—

When *measles* come handsomely  
out,

The patient is safest, they say;  
And the *Sorrow* is mildest, no  
doubt,

That works in a similar way!

---

### THE EXPECTED SHIP.

Thus I heard a poet say,  
As he sang in merry glee,  
“Ah! ’t will be a golden day,  
When my ship comes o’er the  
sea!

“I do know a cottage fine,  
As a poet’s house should be,  
And the cottage shall be mine,  
When my ship comes o’er the  
sea!

“I do know a maiden fair,  
Fair, and fond, and dear to  
me,  
And we’ll be a wedded pair.  
When my ship comes o’er the  
sea!

“And within that cottage fine,  
Blest as any king may be,  
Every pleasure shall be mine,  
When my ship comes o’er the  
sea!

“To be rich is to be great;  
Love is only for the free;  
Grant me patience, while I wait  
Till my ship comes o’er the  
sea!”

Months and years have come and  
gone

Since the poet sang to me,  
Yet he still keeps hoping on  
For the ship from o’er the sea!

Thus the siren voice of Hope  
Whispers still to you and me  
Of something in the future’s scope,  
Some golden ship from o’er the  
sea!

Never sailor yet hath found,  
Looking windward or to lee,  
Any vessel homeward bound,  
Like that ship from o’er the  
sea!

Never comes the shining deck;  
But that tiny cloud may be—  
Though it seems the merest speck—  
The promised ship from o’er the  
sea!

Never looms the swelling sail,  
But the wind is blowing free,  
And *that* may be the precious gale  
That brings the ship from o’er  
the sea!

## THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

THE head is stately, calm, and wise,

And bears a princely part;  
And down below in secret lies  
The warm, impulsive heart.

The lordly head that sits above,  
The heart that beats below,  
Their several office plainly prove,  
Their true relation show.

The head, erect, serene, and cool,  
Endowed with Reason's art,  
Was set aloft to guide and rule  
The throbbing, wayward heart.

And from the head, as from the higher,  
Comes every glorious thought;  
And in the heart's transforming fire  
All noble deeds are wrought.

Yet each is best when both unite  
To make the man complete;  
What were the heat without the light?  
The light, without the heat?

## THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

## A LEGEND OF GOTHAM.

## I.

O, TERRIBLY proud was Miss Mac-Bride,

The very personification of Pride,  
As she minced along in Fashion's tide,  
Adown Broadway, — on the proper side, —

When the golden sun was setting;  
There was pride in the head she carried so high,

Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,  
And a world of pride in the very sigh  
That her stately bosom was fretting;

## II.

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet,  
Sandalled in satin, should kiss the street, —

The very same that the vulgar greet

In common leather not over  
"neat," —

For such is the common booting;

(And Christian tears may well be shed,

That even among our gentlemen bred,

The glorious day of Morocco is dead,

And Day and Martin are raining instead,

On a much inferior footing!)

## III.

O, terribly proud was Miss Mac-Bride,

Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,

And proud of fifty matters beside,  
That would n't have borne dissection;

Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,

Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,

Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"

On a very slight inspection!

## IV.

Proud abroad, and proud at home,  
Proud wherever she chanced to come,

When she was glad, and when she was glum;

Proud as the head of a Saracen

Over the door of a tippling shop! —  
 Proud as a duchess, proud as a  
     top,  
 "Proud as a boy with a bran-new  
     top,"  
 Proud beyond comparison!

## V.

It seems a singular thing to  
     say,  
 But her very senses led her astray  
     Respecting all humility;  
 In sooth, her dull auricular drum  
 Could find in *Humble* only a  
     "hum,"  
 And heard no sound of "gentle"  
     come,  
 In talking about gentility.

## VI.

What *Lowly* meant she did n't  
     know,  
 For she always avoided "every-  
     thing low,"  
 With care the most punctil-  
     ious,  
 And queerer still, the audible sound  
 Of "super-silly" she never had  
     found  
 In the adjective supercilious!

## VII.

The meaning of *Meek* she never  
     knew,  
 But imagined the phrase had some-  
     thing to do  
 With "Moses," — a peddling Ger-  
     man Jew,  
 Who, like all hawkers the country  
     through,  
 Was a person of no position;  
 And it seemed to her exceedingly  
     plain,  
 If the word was really known to  
     pertain  
 To a vulgar German, it was n't  
     germane  
 To a lady of high condition!

## VIII.

Even her graces, — not her grace,  
 For that was in the "vocative  
     case," —  
 Chilled with the touch of her icy  
     face,  
 Sat very stiffly upon her;  
 She never confessed a favor aloud,  
 Like one of the simple, common  
     crowd,  
 But coldly smiled, and faintly  
     bowed,  
 As who should say: "You do me  
     proud,  
 And do yourself an honor!"

## IX.

And yet the pride of Miss Mac-  
     Bride,  
 Although it had fifty hobbies to  
     ride,  
 Had really no foundation;  
 But, like the fabrics that gossips  
     devise, —  
 Those single stories that often arise  
 And grow till they reach a four-  
     story size,  
 Was merely a fancy creation!

## X.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was  
     known  
 In human nature, but often shown  
     Alike in castle and cottage,  
 That pride, like pigs of a certain  
     breed,  
 Will manage to live and thrive on  
     "feed"  
 As poor as a pauper's pot-  
     tage!

## XI.

That her wit should never have  
     made her vain,  
 Was, like her face, sufficiently  
     plain;  
 And as to her musical pow-  
     ers,

Although she sang until she was  
hoarse,  
And issued notes with a Banker's  
force,  
They were just such notes as we  
never indorse  
For any acquaintance of ours!

## XII.

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high,  
For Miss MacBride first opened  
her eye  
Through a skylight dim, on the  
light of the sky;  
But pride is a curious passion,  
And in talking about her wealth  
and worth  
She always forgot to mention her  
birth,  
To people of rank and fashion!

## XIII.

Of all the notable things on earth,  
The queerest one is pride of  
birth,  
Among our "fierce Democra-  
cie"!  
A bridge across a hundred years,  
Without a prop to save it from  
sneers, —  
Not even a couple of rotten  
Peers, —  
A thing for laughter, fleers, and  
jeers,  
Is American aristocracy!

## XIV.

English and Irish, French and  
Spanish,  
German, Italian, Dutch, and Dan-  
ish,  
Crossing their veins until they  
vanish  
In one conglomeration!  
So subtle a tangle of Blood, indeed,

No modern Harvey will ever suc-  
ceed  
In finding the circulation!

## XV.

Depend upon it, my snobbish  
friend,  
Your family thread you can't  
ascend,  
Without good reason to apprehend  
You may find it waxed at the  
farther end  
By some plebeian vocation;  
Or, worse than that, your boasted  
Line  
May end in a loop of stronger twine,  
That plagued some worthy rela-  
tion!

## XVI.

But Miss MacBride hath something  
beside  
Her lofty birth to nourish her  
pride;  
For rich was the old paternal Mac-  
Bride,  
According to public rumor;  
And he lived "Up Town," in a  
splendid square,  
And kept his daughter on dainty  
fare,  
And gave her gems that were rich  
and rare,  
And the finest rings and things to  
wear,  
And feathers enough to plume  
her!

## XVII.

An honest mechanic was John  
MacBride  
As ever an honest calling plied,  
Or graced an honest ditty;  
For John had worked, in his early  
day,  
In "Pots and Pearls," the legends  
say,  
And kept a shop with a rich array

Of things in the soap and candle  
way,  
In the lower part of the city.

## XVIII.

No *rara avis* was honest John,  
(That's the Latin for "sable  
swan,")

Though, in one of his fancy  
flashes,  
A wicked wag, who meant to de-  
ride,  
Called honest John "Old *Phœnix*  
MacBride,  
"Because he rose from his  
ashes!"

## XIX.

Alack! for many ambitious beaux!  
She hung their hopes upon her nose,  
(The figure is quite Hora-  
tian!)\*

Until from habit the member grew  
As queer a thing as ever you knew  
Turn up to observation!

## XX.

A thriving tailor begged her hand,  
But she gave "the fellow" to un-  
derstand,

By a violent manual action,  
She perfectly scorned the best of  
his clan,

And reckoned the ninth of any  
man

An exceedingly Vulgar Frac-  
tion!

## XXI.

Another, whose sign was a golden  
boot,

Was mortified with a bootless suit,  
In a way that was quite appall-  
ing;

For though a regular *sutor* by trade,  
He was n't a suitor to suit the maid,

\* "Omnia suspendens naso."

Who cut him off with a saw, — and  
bade  
"The cobbler keep to his call-  
ing."

## XXII.

(The Muse must let a secret out, —  
There is n't the faintest shadow of  
doubt,

That folks who oftenest sneer and  
flout

At "the dirty, low mechani-  
cals,"

Are they whose sires, by pounding  
their knees,

Or coiling their legs, or trades like  
these,

Contrived to win their children ease  
From poverty's galling mana-  
cles.)

## XXIII.

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,  
And, thinking the lady would  
scarce refuse

A man of his wealth and liberal  
views,

Began, at once, with, "If you  
choose, —

And could you really love  
him —"

But the lady spoiled his speech in  
a huff,

With an answer rough and ready  
enough,

To let him know she was up to  
snuff,

And altogether above him!

## XXIV.

A young attorney of winning grace  
Was scarce allowed to "open his  
face,"

Ere Miss MacBride had closed his  
case

With true judicial celerity;  
For the lawyer was poor, and  
"seedy" to boot,

And to say the lady discarded his  
*suit,*  
 Is merely a double verity.

## XXV.

The last of those who came to  
 court  
 Was a lively beau of the dapper  
 sort,  
 "Without any visible means of  
 support," —

A crime by no means flagrant  
 In one who wears an elegant coat,  
 But the very point on which they  
 vote

A ragged fellow "a vagrant."

## XXVI.

A courtly fellow was Dapper  
 Jim,  
 Sleek and supple, and tall and  
 trim,  
 And smooth of tongue as neat of  
 limb;

And, maugre his meagre pocket,  
 You'd say, from the glittering tales  
 he told,  
 That Jim had slept in a cradle of  
 gold,  
 With Fortunatus to rock it!

## XXVII.

Now Dapper Jim his courtship  
 plied  
 (I wish the fact could be denied)  
 With an eye to the purse of the old  
 MacBride,

And really "nothing shorter"! —  
 For he said to himself, in his greedy  
 lust,

"Whenever he dies, — as die he  
 must, —

And yields to Heaven his vital trust,  
 He's very sure to 'come down with  
 his dust,'

In behalf of his only daugh-  
 ter."

## XXVIII.

And the very magnificent Miss  
 MacBride,  
 Half in love and half in pride,  
 Quite graciously relented;  
 And tossing her head, and turning  
 her back,  
 No token of proper pride to lack,  
 To be a Bride without the "Mac,"  
 With much disdain, consented.

## XXIX.

Alas! that people who 've got their  
 box

Of cash beneath the best of locks,  
 Secure from all financial shocks,  
 Should stock their fancy with fancy  
 stocks,  
 And madly rush upon Wall Street  
 rocks,

Without the least apology;  
 Alas! that people whose money  
 affairs  
 Are sound beyond all need of re-  
 pairs,  
 Should ever tempt the bulls and  
 bears

Of Mammon's fierce Zoölogy!

## XXX.

Old John MacBride, one fatal  
 day,

Became the unresisting prey  
 Of Fortune's undertakers;  
 And staking his all on a single die,  
 His foundered bark went high and  
 dry

Among the brokers and break-  
 ers!

## XXXI.

At his trade again in the very shop  
 Where, years before, he let it drop,  
 He follows his ancient call-  
 ing, —  
 Cheerily, too, in poverty's spite,

And sleeping quite as sound at  
 night,  
 As when, at Fortune's giddy height,  
 He used to wake with a dizzy fright  
 From a dismal dream of falling.

## XXXII.

But alas for the haughty Miss Mac-  
 Bride!

'T was such a shock to her precious  
 pride,  
 She could n't recover, although she  
 tried

Her jaded spirits to rally;  
 'T was a dreadful change in human  
 affairs

From a Place "Up Town" to a  
 nook "Up Stairs,"

From an Avenue down to an  
 Alley!

## XXXIII.

'T was little condolence she had,  
 God wot,

From her "troops of friends," who  
 had n't forgot

The airs she used to borrow;  
 They had civil phrases enough, but  
 yet

'T was plain to see that their  
 "deepest regret"

Was a different thing from Sor-  
 row!

## XXXIV.

They owned it could n't have well  
 been worse,

To go from a full to an empty  
 purse;

To expect a reversion and get a  
 "reverse,"

Was truly a dismal feature;  
 But it was n't strange, — they  
 whispered, — at all;

That the Summer of pride should  
 have its Fall

Was quite according to Na-  
 ture!

## XXXV.

And one of those chaps who make  
 a pun —

As if it were quite legitimate fun  
 To be blazing away at every  
 one,

With a regular double - loaded  
 gun —

Remarked that moral transgres-  
 sion

Always brings retributive stings  
 To candle-makers, as well as kings!  
 And making light of cereous things

Was a very wick-ed profes-  
 sion!

## XXXVI.

And vulgar people, the saucy  
 churls,

Inquired about "the price of  
 Pearls,"

And mocked at her situation;  
 "She was n't ruined, they ven-  
 tured to hope;

Because she was poor, she need n't  
 mope, —

Few people were better off for soap,  
 And that was a consolation!"

## XXXVII.

And to make her cup of woe run  
 over,

Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover  
 Was the very first to forsake  
 her;

He quite regretted the step, 't was  
 true, —

The lady had pride enough "for  
 two,"

But that alone would never do  
 To quiet the butcher and  
 baker!

## XXXVIII.

And now the unhappy Miss Mac-  
 Bride,

The merest ghost of her early pride,  
 Bewails her lonely position;

Cramped in the very narrowest  
niche,  
Above the poor, and below the rich,  
Was ever a worse condition?

## MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly  
affairs,  
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,  
With insolent pride of station!  
Don't be proud, and turn up your  
nose  
At poorer people in plainer clo'es,  
But learn, for the sake of your  
soul's repose,  
That wealth's a bubble, that  
comes, — and goes!  
And that all Proud Flesh, wherever  
it grows,  
Is subject to irritation!

## THE MASQUERADE.

Ἡράφασις, ἣτ' ἐκλεψε νόον πύκα περ  
φρονούντων.

HOM. II. xiv. 217.

## I.

COUNT FELIX was a man of worth  
By Fashion's strictest definition,  
For he had money, manners, birth,  
And that most slippery thing on  
earth  
Which social critics call position.

## II.

And yet the Count was seldom  
gay;  
The rich and noble have their  
crosses;  
And he — as he was wont to say —  
Had seen some trouble in his day,  
And met with several serious  
losses.

## III.

Among the rest, he lost his wife,  
A very model of a woman,  
With every needed virtue rife  
To lead a spouse a happy life, —  
Such wives (in France) are not  
uncommon.

## IV.

The lady died, and left him sad  
And lone, to mourn the best of  
spouses;  
She left him also — let me add —  
One child, and all the wealth she  
had, —  
The rent of half a dozen houses.

## V.

I cannot tarry to discuss  
The weeping husband's desolation;  
Upon her tomb he wrote it thus: —  
"FELIX *infelicissimus*!"  
In very touching ostentation.

## VI.

Indeed, the Count's behavior  
earned  
The plaudits of his strict con-  
fessor;  
His weeds of woe had fairly turned  
From black to brown, ere he had  
learned  
To think about his wife's suc-  
cessor.

## VII.

And then, indeed, 't was but a  
thought;  
A sort of sentimental dreaming,  
That came at times, and came —  
to naught,  
With all the plans so nicely  
wrought  
By matrons skilled in marriage-  
scheming.

## VIII.

At last when many years had fled,  
 And Father Time, the great physician,  
 Had soothed his sorrow for the dead,  
 Count Felix took it in his head  
 To change his wearisome condition.

## IX.

You think, perhaps, 't was quickly done;  
 The Count was still a man of fashion;  
 Wealth, title, talents, all in one,  
 Were eloquence to win a nun,  
 If nuns could feel a worldly passion.

## X.

And yet the Count might well despond  
 Of tying soon the silken tether;  
 Wise, witty, handsome, faithful, fond,  
 And twenty — not a year beyond —  
 Are charming, — when they come together!

## XI.

But more than that, the man required  
 A wife to share his whims and fancies;  
 Admire alone what *he* admired;  
 Desire, of course, as *he* desired,  
 And show it in her very glances.

## XII.

Long, long the would-be wooer tried  
 To find his precious *ultimatum*, —  
 All earthly charms in one fair bride;  
 But still in vain he sought and sighed;  
 He could n't manage to get at 'em.

## XIII.

In sooth, the Count was one of those  
 Who, seeking something super-human,  
 Find not the angel they would choose,  
 And — what is more unlucky — lose  
 Their chance to wed a charming woman.

## XIV.

The best-matched doves in Hy-men's cage  
 Were paired in youth's romantic season;  
 Laugh as you will at passion's rage,  
 The most unreasonable age  
 Is what is called the age of reason.

## XV.

In love-affairs, we all have seen,  
 The heart is oft the best adviser;  
 The gray might well consult the "green,"  
 Cool sixty learn of rash sixteen,  
 And go away a deal the wiser.

## XVI.

The Count's high hopes began to fade;  
 His plans were not at all advancing;  
 When, lo! — one day his *valet* made  
 Some mention of a masquerade, —  
 "I'll go," said he, — "and see the dancing."

## XVII.

"'T will serve my spirits to arouse;  
 And, faith! I'm getting melancholy.  
 'T is not the place to seek a spouse,  
 Where people go to *break* their vows, —  
 But then 't will be extremely jolly!"

## XVIII.

Count Felix found the crowd immense,  
 And, had he been a *censor morum*,  
 He might have said, without offence,  
 "Got up regardless of expense,  
 And some — regardless of decorum."

## XIX.

"Faith! — all the world is here to-night!"  
 "Nay," said a merry friend demurely,  
 "Not quite the whole, — *pardon!* — not quite;  
*Le Demi-Monde* were nearer right,  
 And no exaggeration, surely!"

## XX.

The revelry ('t was just begun)  
 A stoic might have found diverting;  
 That is, of course, if he was one  
 Who liked to see a bit of fun,  
 And fancied *persiflage* and flirting.

## XXI.

But who can paint that giddy maze?  
 Go find the lucky man who handles  
 A brush to catch, on gala-days,  
 The whirling, shooting, flashing rays  
 Of Catherine-wheels and Roman candles!

## XXII.

All sorts of masks that e'er were seen;  
 Fantastic, comic, and satanic;  
 Dukes, dwarfs, and "Highnesses" (Serene),  
 And (that's of course) the Cyprian Queen,  
 In gauzes few and diaphanic.

## XXIII.

Lean Carmelites, fat Capuchins,  
 Giants half human and half bestial;  
 Kings, Queens, Magicians, Harlequins,  
 Greeks, Tartars, Turks, and Mandarins  
 More diabolic than "Celestial."

## XXIV.

Fair Scripture dames, — Naomi, Ruth,  
 And Hagar, looking quite demented;  
 The Virtues (all — excepting Truth)  
 And Magdalens, who were in sooth  
 Just half of what they represented!

## XXV.

Fates, Furies, Fairies, — all the best  
 And worst of Fancy's weird creation;  
 Psyche and Cupid (demi-dressed)  
 With several Vestals — by request,  
 And solely for that one occasion.

## XXVI.

And one, among the motley brood,  
 He saw, who shunned the wanton dances;  
 A sort of demi-nun, who stood  
 In ringlets flashing from a hood,  
 And seemed to seek our hero's glances.

## XXVII.

The Count, delighted with her air,  
 Drew near, the better to behold her;  
 Her form was slight, her skin was fair,  
 And maidenhood, you well might swear,  
 Breathed from the dimples in her shoulder.

## XXVIII.

He spoke; she answered with a  
 grace  
 That showed the girl no vulgar  
 heiress;  
 And,—if the features one may  
 trace  
 In voices,—hers betrayed a face  
 The finest to be found in Paris!

## XXIX.

And then such wit!—in repartee  
 She shone without the least en-  
 deavor;  
 A beauty and a *bel-esprit*!  
 A scholar, too,—’t was plain to  
 see.  
 Who ever saw a girl so clever?

## XXX.

Her taste he ventured to explore  
 In books,—the graver and the  
 lighter,—  
 And mentioned authors by the  
 score;  
*Mon Dieu!* in every sort of lore  
 She always chose his favorite  
 writer!

## XXXI.

She loved the poets; but confessed  
*Racine* beat all the others hol-  
 low;  
 At least, she thought his *style* the  
 best—  
 (Racine! his literary test!  
 Racine! his *Maximus Apollo*!)

## XXXII.

Whatever topic he might name,  
 Their minds were strangely sym-  
 pathetic;  
 Of courtship, marriage, fashion,  
 fame,  
 Their views and feelings were the  
 same,—  
 “*Parbleu!*” he cried, “it looks  
 prophetic!”

## XXXIII.

“Come, let us seek an ampler  
 space;  
 This heated room—I can’t  
 abide it!  
 That mask, I’m sure, is out of  
 place,  
 And hides the fairest, sweetest  
 face—”  
 Said she, “I wear the mask to  
 hide it!”

## XXXIV.

The answer was extremely pat,  
 And gave the Count a deal of  
 pleasure:  
 “*C’est vrai!* I did not think of  
 that!  
 Come, let us go where we can chat  
 And eat (I’m hungry) at our lei-  
 sure.”

## XXXV.

“I’m hungry too!” she said,—  
 and went,  
 Without the least attempt to  
 cozen,—  
 Like ladies who refuse, relent,  
 Debate, oppose, and then consent  
 To—eat enough for half a dozen!

## XXXVI.

And so they sat them down to dine,  
*Solus cum sola*, gay and merry;  
 The Count inquires the sort of wine  
 To which his charmer may in-  
 cline;  
 Ah! *quelle merveille!* she an-  
 swers, “Sherry!”

## XXXVII.

What will she eat? She takes the  
*carte*,  
 And notes the viands that she  
 wishes;  
 “*Pardon, Monsieur!* what makes  
 you start?”

As if she knew his tastes by heart,  
The lady named his favorite  
dishes!

## XXXVIII.

Was e'er such sympathy before?  
The Count was really half de-  
mented;  
He kissed her hand, and roundly  
swore  
He loved her perfectly! — and,  
more, —  
He'd wed her — if the gods con-  
sented!

## XXXIX.

"Monsieur is very kind," she said,  
"His love so lavishly bestowing  
On one who never thought to  
wed, —  
And least of all" — she raised her  
head —  
"'T is late, Sir Knight, I must  
be going!"

## XL.

Count Felix sighed, — and while he  
drew  
Her shawl about her, at his lei-  
sure,  
"What street?" he asked; "my  
cab is due."  
"No, no!" she said, "*I go with  
you!*  
That is — if it may be your pleas-  
ure."

## XLI.

Of course, there's little need to say  
The Count delighted in her cap-  
ture;  
Away he drove, and all the way  
He murmured, "*Quelle félicité!*"  
In very ecstacy of rapture!

## XLII.

Arrived at home — just where a  
fount  
Shot forth a jet of lucent water —

He helped the lady to dismount;  
She drops her mask, and lo! the  
Count  
Sees — *Dieu de ciel!* — his only  
daughter!

## XLIII.

"Good night!" she said, — "I'm  
very well,  
Although you thought my health  
was fading;  
Be good — and I will never tell  
( 'T was funny though ) of what be-  
fell  
When you and I went masquer-  
ading! "

## MY FAMILIAR.

"Ecce iterum Crispinus!"

## I.

AGAIN I hear that creaking step! —  
He's rapping at the door! —  
Too well I know the boding sound  
That ushers in a bore.  
I do not tremble when I meet  
The stoutest of my foes,  
But Heaven defend me from the  
friend  
Who comes — but never goes!

## II.

He drops into my easy-chair,  
And asks about the news;  
He peers into my manuscript,  
And gives his candid views;  
He tells me where he likes the line,  
And where he's forced to grieve;  
He takes the strangest liberties, —  
But never takes his leave!

## III.

He reads my daily paper through  
Before I've seen a word;  
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)  
And thinks it quite absurd;  
He calmly smokes my last cigar,  
And coolly asks for more;

He opens everything he sees —  
Except the entry door!

## IV.

He talks about his fragile health,  
And tells me of the pains  
He suffers from a score of ills  
Of which he ne'er complains;  
And how he struggled once with  
death

To keep the fiend at bay;  
On themes like those away he  
goes, —  
But never goes away!

## V.

He tells me of the carping words  
Some shallow critic wrote;  
And every precious paragraph  
Familiarly can quote;  
He thinks the writer did me wrong;  
He'd like to run him through!  
He says a thousand pleasant  
things, —  
But never says, "Adieu!"

## VI.

Whene'er he comes, — that dread-  
ful man, —  
Disguise it as I may,  
I know that, like an Autumn rain,  
He'll last throughout the day.  
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;  
In vain I scowl and pout;  
A frown is no extinguisher, —  
It does not put him out!

## VII.

I mean to take the knocker off,  
Put crape upon the door,  
Or hint to John that I am gone  
To stay a month or more.  
I do not tremble when I meet  
The stoutest of my foes,  
But Heaven defend me from the  
friend  
Who never, never goes!

## LOVE AND LAW.

## A LEGEND OF BOSTON.

## I.

JACK NEWMAN was in love; a  
common case  
With boys just verging upon  
manhood's prime,  
When every damsel with a pretty  
face  
Seems some bright creature from  
a purer clime,  
Sent by the gods to bless a country  
town, —  
A pink-checked angel in a muslin  
gown.

## II.

Jack was in love; and also much  
in doubt  
(As thoughtful lovers oft have  
been before)  
If it were better to be in or out.  
Such pain alloyed his bliss. On  
reason's score,  
Perhaps 't is equally a sin to get  
Too deep in love, in liquor, or in  
debt.

## III.

The lady of his love, Miss Mary  
Blank  
(I call her so to hide her real  
name),  
Was fair and twenty, and in social  
rank —  
That is, in riches — much above  
her "flame";  
The daughter of a person who had  
tin  
Already won; while Jack had his  
to win.

## IV.

Her father was a lawyer; rather  
rusty  
In legal lore, but one who well  
had striven

In former days to swell his "*res angustæ*"

To broad possessions; and, in short, had thriven  
Bravely in his vocation; though, the fact is,  
More by his "practices" ('t was said) than practice!

V.

A famous man was Blank for sound advice

In doubtful cases; for example, where  
The point in question is extremely nice,  
And turns upon the section of a hair;

Or where — which seems a very common pother —

Justice looks one way, and the Law another.

VI.

Great was his skill to make or mar a plot:

To prop, at need, a rotten reputation,  
Or undermine a good one; he had got

By heart the subtle science of evasion,  
And knew the useful art to pick a flaw

Through which a rascal might escape the law.

VII.

Jack was his pupil; and 't is rather queer

So shrewd a counsellor did not discover,  
With all his cunning both of eye and ear,

That this same pupil was his daughter's lover;

And — what would much have shocked his legal tutor —

Was even now the girl's accepted suitor!

VIII.

Fearing a *non-suit*, if the lawyer knew

The case too soon, Jack kept it to himself;  
And, stranger still, the lady kept it too;

For well he knew the father's pride of pelf,  
Should e'en a bare suspicion cross his mind,  
Would soon abate the action they designed.

IX.

For Jack was impecunious; and Blank

Had small regard for people who were poor;  
Riches to him were beauty, grace, and rank:

In short, the man was one of many more  
Who worship money-bags and those who own 'em,  
And think a handsome sum the *summum bonum*.

X.

I'm fond of civil words, and do not wish

To be satirical; but none despise  
The poor so truly as the *nouveaux riche*;

And here, no doubt, the real reason lies,  
That being over-proud of what they are,  
They're naturally ashamed of what they were.

## XI.

Certain to meet the father's cold  
negation,

Jack dare not ask him for his  
daughter's hand.

What should he do? 'T was surely  
an occasion

For all the wit a lover might  
command;

At last he chose (it seemed his only  
hope)

That final card of Cupid, — to  
elope!

## XII.

A pretty plan to please a penny-a-  
liner;

But far less pleasant for the  
leading factor,

Should the fair maiden chance to  
be a *minor*

(Whom the law reckons an un-  
willing actor);

And here Jack found a rather sad  
obstruction, —

He might be caught and punished  
for abduction.

## XIII.

What could he do? Well, — here  
is what he did:

As a "moot-case" to Lawyer  
Blank he told

The whole affair, save that the  
names were hid.

I can't help thinking it was rather  
bold,

But Love is partial to heroic  
schemes,

And often proves much wiser than  
he seems.

## XIV.

"The thing is safe enough, with  
proper care,"

Observed the lawyer, smiling.

"Here's your course: —

Just let the lady manage the affair

Throughout; *Videlicet*, she gets  
the horse,

And mounts him, unassisted, *first*;  
but mind,

The woman sits before, and you,  
behind!

## XV.

"Then who is the abductor? —  
Just suppose

A court and jury looking at the  
case;

What ground of action do the facts  
disclose?

They find a horse, — two riders,  
— and a race, —

And you 'Not Guilty'; for 't is  
clearly true

The dashing damsel ran away with  
you!"

## XVI.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XVII.

These social sins are often rather  
grave;

I give such deeds no countenance  
of mine;

Nor can I say the father e'er for-  
gave;

But that was surely a propitious  
"sign,"

On which (in after years) the  
words I saw

Were, "BLANK AND NEWMAN,  
COUNSELLORS AT LAW!"

---

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

SINGING through the forests,

Rattling over ridges,

Shooting under arches,

Rumbling over bridges,

Whizzing through the mountains,

Buzzing o'er the vale, —

Bless me! this is pleasant,  
Riding on the Rail!

Men of different "stations"  
In the eye of Fame  
Here are very quickly  
Coming to the same.  
High and lowly people,  
Birds of every feather,  
On a common level  
Travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts,  
Looming very tall;  
Gentleman at large,  
Talking very small;  
Gentleman in tights,  
With a loose-ish mien;  
Gentleman in gray,  
Looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old,  
Asking for the news;  
Gentleman in black,  
In a fit of blues;  
Gentleman in claret,  
Sober as a vicar;  
Gentleman in Tweed,  
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,  
Looking very sunny,  
Obviously reading  
Something rather funny.  
Now the smiles are thicker,  
Wonder what they mean?  
Faith, he's got the KNICKER-  
BOCKER Magazine!

Stranger on the left,  
Closing up his peepers;  
Now he snores amain,  
Like the Seven Sleepers;  
At his feet a volume  
Gives the explanation,  
How the man grew stupid  
From "Association"!

Ancient maiden lady  
Anxiously remarks,

That there must be peril  
'Mong so many sparks!  
Roguish-looking fellow,  
Turning to the stranger,  
Says it's his opinion  
*She* is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,  
Sitting *vis-à-vis*;  
Baby keeps a squalling;  
Woman looks at me;  
Asks about the distance,  
Says it's tiresome talking,  
Noises of the cars  
Are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful  
Of the precious basket,  
Knowing eggs are eggs,  
Tightly holds her basket;  
Feeling that a smash,  
If it came, would surely  
Send her eggs to pot  
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,  
Rattling over ridges,  
Shooting under arches,  
Rumbling over bridges,  
Whizzing through the mountains,  
Buzzing o'er the vale;  
Bless me! this is pleasant,  
Riding on the Rail!

---

## THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

### A BALLAD.

AN Attorney was taking a turn,  
In shabby habiliments drest;  
His coat it was shockingly worn,  
And the rust had invested his  
vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,  
His linen and worsted were  
worse;

He had scarce a whole crown in  
his hat,  
And not half a crown in his  
purse.

And thus as he wandered along,  
A cheerless and comfortless elf,  
He sought for relief in a song,  
Or complainingly talked to him-  
self:—

“Unfortunate man that I am!  
I’ve never a client but grief:  
The case is, I’ve no case at all,  
And in brief, I’ve ne’er had a  
brief!

“I’ve waited and waited in vain,  
Expecting an ‘opening’ to find,  
Where an honest young lawyer  
might gain  
Some reward for toil of his mind.

“‘T is not that I’m wanting in  
law,  
Or lack an intelligent face,  
That others have cases to plead,  
While I have to plead for a case.

“O, how can a modest young man  
E’er hope for the smallest pro-  
gression,—  
The profession’s already so full  
Of lawyers so full of profes-  
sion!”

While thus he was strolling around,  
His eye accidentally fell  
On a very deep hole in the ground,  
And he sighed to himself, “It is  
well!”

To curb his emotions, he sat  
On the curbstone the space of a  
minute,  
Then cried, “Here’s an opening at  
last!”  
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came  
(‘T was the coroner bade them  
attend).

To the end that it might be deter-  
mined  
How the man had determined  
his end!

“The man was a lawyer, I hear,”  
Quoth the foreman who sat on  
the corse.

“A lawyer? Alas!” said an-  
other,

“Undoubtedly died of re-  
morse!”

A third said, “He knew the de-  
ceased,  
An attorney well versed in the  
laws,

And as to the cause of his death,  
‘T was no doubt for the want of  
a cause.”

The jury decided at length,  
After solemnly weighing the  
matter,  
That the lawyer was drowneded,  
because  
He could not keep his head above  
water!

## LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.\*

### A BALLAD.

BENEATH the hill you may see the  
mill  
Of wasting wood and crumbling  
stone;

\* Perhaps it may add a trifle to the  
interest of this ballad to know that  
the description, both of the man and  
the mill, is quite true. “Little Jer-  
ry” — a diminutive Frenchman of re-  
markable strength, wit, and good-na-  
ture — was for many years my father’s  
miller in Highgate, Vermont. His sur-  
name was written “Goodheart” in  
the mill-books; but he often told me  
that our English translation was quite  
too weak, as the real name was spelled  
“*Fortboncœur*.”

The wheel is dripping and clattering still,  
But JERRY, the miller, is dead  
and gone.

Year after year, early and late,  
Alike in summer and winter  
weather,  
He pecked the stones and calked  
the gate,  
And mill and miller grew old  
together.

"Little Jerry!" — 't was all the  
same, —  
They loved him well who called  
him so;  
And whether he 'd ever another  
name,  
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'T was, "Little Jerry, come grind  
my rye";  
And, "Little Jerry, come grind  
my wheat";  
And "Little Jerry" was still the  
cry,  
From matron bold and maiden  
sweet.

'T was "Little Jerry" on every  
tongue,  
And so the simple truth was  
told;  
For Jerry was little when he was  
young,  
And Jerry was little when he  
was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,  
That Jerry made up in being  
strong;  
I've seen a sack upon his back  
As thick as the miller, and quite  
as long.

Always busy, and always merry,  
Always doing his very best,

A notable wag was Little Jerry,  
Who uttered well his standing  
jest.

How Jerry lived is known to fame,  
But how he died there's none  
may know;  
One autumn day the rumor came,  
"The brook and Jerry are very  
low."

And then 't was whispered, mourn-  
fully,  
The leech had come, and he was  
dead;  
And all the neighbors flocked to  
see;  
"Poor little Jerry!" was all  
they said.

They laid him in his earthy bed, —  
His miller's coat his only shroud;  
"Dust to dust," the parson said,  
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,  
And not a grain of over-toll  
Had ever dropped into his bin,  
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the  
mill,  
Of wasting wood and crumbling  
stone;  
The wheel is dripping and clatter-  
ing still,  
But JERRY, the miller, is dead  
and gone.

---

## HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE.

### A BALLAD.

COME, listen all unto my song;  
It is no silly fable;  
'T is all about the mighty cord  
They call the Atlantic Cable.

Bold Cyrus Field he said, says he,  
I have a pretty notion  
That I can run a telegraph  
Across the Atlantic Ocean.

Then all the people laughed, and  
said,  
They 'd like to see him do it;  
He might get half-seas-over, but  
He never could go through it;

To carry out his foolish plan  
He never would be able;  
He might as well go hang himself  
With his Atlantic Cable.

But Cyrus was a valiant man,  
A fellow of decision;  
And heeded not their mocking  
words,  
Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,  
And yet his mind was stable;  
He wa'n't the man to break his  
heart  
Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!"  
he cried;  
"Three times! — you know the  
fable, —  
(I'll make it *thirty*," muttered he,  
"But I will lay the cable!")

Once more they tried, — hurrah!  
hurrah!  
What means this great commo-  
tion?  
The Lord be praised! the cable's  
laid  
Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Loud ring the bells, — for, flashing  
through  
Six hundred leagues of water,  
Old Mother England's benison  
Salutes her eldest daughter!

O'er all the land the tidings speed,  
And soon, in every nation,  
They 'll hear about the cable with  
Profoundest admiration!

Now, long live President and  
Queen;  
And long live gallant Cyrus;  
And may his courage, faith, and  
zeal  
With emulation fire us;

And may we honor evermore  
The manly, bold, and stable;  
And tell our sons, to make them  
brave,  
How Cyrus laid the cable!

---

## WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GODS.

FULL often I had heard it said,  
As something quite uncontro-  
verted,  
"The gods and goddesses are dead,  
And high Olympus is deserted":  
And so, while thinking of the gods,  
I made, one night, an explora-  
tion,  
(In fact or fancy, — where 's the  
odds?)  
To get authentic information.

I found — to make a true report,  
As if I were a sworn committee—  
They all had left the upper court,  
And settled in Manhattan city;  
Where now they live, as best they  
may,  
Quite unsuspected of their neigh-  
bors,  
And in a humbler sort of way,  
Repeat their old Olympic labors.

In human frames, for safe disguise,  
They come and go through  
wooden portals,

And to the keen Detective's eyes  
Seem nothing more than common  
mortals;

For mortal-like they 're clad and  
fed,

And, still to blind the sharp in-  
specter,

Eat, for ambrosia, baker's bread,  
And tippie — everything but  
nectar.

Great Jove, who wore the kingly  
crown,

And used to make Olympus  
rattle,

As if the sky was coming down,  
Or all the Titans were in bat-  
tle, —

Is now a sorry playhouse wight,  
Content to make the groundlings  
wonder,

And earn some shillings every  
night,

By coining cheap theatric thun-  
der.

Apollo, who in better times  
Was poet-laureate of th' Ely-  
sians,

And, adding medicine to rhymes,  
Was chief among the court phy-  
sicians,

Now cures disease of every  
grade, —

*Lucina's* cares and *Cupid's*  
curses, —

And, still to ply his double trade,  
Bepuffs his pills in doggerel  
verses!

Minerva, famous in her day  
For wit and war, — though often  
shocking

The gods by overmuch display  
Of what they called her azure  
stocking, —

Now deals in books of ancient kind  
(Where Learning soars and Fan-  
cy grovels),

And, to indulge her warlike mind,  
Writes very sanguinary novels.

And Venus, who on Ida's seat  
In myrtle-groves her charms  
paraded,

Displays her beauty in the street,  
And seems, indeed, a little faded;  
She's dealing in the clothing-line  
(If at her word you choose to  
take her),

In *Something Square* you read the  
sign: —

“MISS CYTHEREA, MANTUA-  
MAKER.”

Mars figures still as god of war,  
But not with spear and iron  
hanger,

Erect upon the ponderous car  
That rolled along with fearful  
clangor;

Ah! no; of sword and spear bereft,  
He stands beside his bottle-  
holder,

And plumps his *right*, and plants  
his *left*,

And strikes directly from the  
shoulder.

And Bacchus, reared among the  
vines

That flourished in the fields  
Elysian,

And ruddy with the rarest wines  
That ever flashed upon the vis-  
ion, —

A licensed liquor-dealer now,  
Sits pale and thin from over-  
dosing

With whiskey, made — the deuce  
knows how,

And brandy of his own compos-  
ing.

And cunning Mercury, — what  
d'ye think

Is now the nimble rogue's con-  
dition?

Of course 't was but a step, to  
sink

From *Peter Funk* to politician;  
Though now he neither steals nor  
robs,

But just secures a friend's elec-  
tion,

And lives and thrives on little jobs  
Connected with the Street In-  
spection.

Thus all the gods, in deep disguise,  
Go in and out of wooden portals,  
And, to the sharpest human eyes,  
Seem nothing more than com-  
mon mortals.

And so they live, as best they may,  
Quite unsuspected of their neigh-  
bors,

And, in a humbler sort of way,  
Repeat their old Olympic labors.

## THE COLD-WATER MAN.

### A BALLAD.

It was an honest fisherman,  
I knew him passing well, —  
And he lived by a little pond,  
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,  
Who loved his hook and rod, —  
So even ran his line of life,  
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said  
He never had a wish, —  
No school to him was worth a fig,  
Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,  
Nor cared about a name, —  
For though much famed for fish  
was he,  
He never fished for fame.

Let others bend their necks at  
sight

Of Fashion's gilded wheels,  
He ne'er had learned the art to  
"bob"

For anything but eels.

A cunning fisherman was he,  
His angles all were right;  
The smallest nibble at his bait  
Was sure to prove "a bite"!

All day this fisherman would sit  
Upon an ancient log,  
And gaze into the water, like  
Some sedentary frog;

With all the seeming innocence,  
And that unconscious look,  
That other people often wear  
When they intend to "hook"!

To charm the fish he never spoke, —  
Although his voice was fine,  
He found the most convenient way  
Was just to drop a line.

And many a gudgeon of the pond,  
If they could speak to-day,  
Would own, with grief, this angler  
had  
A mighty taking way.

Alas! one day this fisherman  
Had taken too much grog,  
And being but a landsman, too,  
He could n't keep the log.

'T was all in vain with might and  
main

He strove to reach the shore;  
Down — down he went, to feed the  
fish

He 'd baited oft before.

The jury gave their verdict that  
'T was nothing else but gin  
Had caused the fisherman to be  
So sadly taken in;

Though one stood out upon a  
whim,

And said the angler's slaughter,  
To be exact about the fact,  
Was, clearly, gin-and-water!

The moral of this mournful tale,  
To all is plain and clear, —  
That drinking habits bring a man  
Too often to his bier;

And he who scorns to "take the  
pledge,"  
And keep the promise fast,  
May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*  
*Cold-water man at last!*

## COMIC MISERIES.

### I.

My dear young friend, whose shin-  
ing wit  
Sets all the room ablaze,  
Don't think yourself "a happy  
dog,"

For all your merry ways;  
But learn to wear a sober phiz,  
Be stupid, if you can,  
It's such a very serious thing  
To be a funny man!

### II.

You're at an evening party, with  
A group of pleasant folks, —  
You venture quietly to crack  
The least of little jokes:  
A lady does n't catch the point,  
And begs you to explain, —  
Alas for one who drops a jest  
And takes it up again!

### III.

You're talking deep philosophy  
With very special force,  
To edify a clergyman  
With suitable discourse:

You think you've got him, — when  
he calls

A friend across the way,  
And begs you'll say that funny  
thing

You said the other day!

### IV.

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*  
Into a neighbor's ears,  
Who likes to give you credit for  
The clever thing he hears,  
And so he hawks your jest about,  
The old, authentic one,  
Just breaking off the point of it,  
And leaving out the pun!

### V.

By sudden change in politics,  
Or sadder change in Polly,  
You lose your love, or loaves, and  
fall

A prey to melancholy,  
While everybody marvels why  
Your mirth is under ban,  
They think your very grief "a  
joke,"  
You're such a funny man!

### VI.

You follow up a stylish card  
That bids you come and dine,  
And bring along your freshest wit  
(To pay for musty wine);  
You're looking very dismal, when  
My lady bounces in,  
And wonders what you're think-  
ing of,  
And why you don't begin!

### VII.

You're telling to a knot of friends  
A fancy-tale of woes  
That cloud your matrimonial sky,  
And banish all repose, —  
A solemn lady overhears  
The story of your strife,

And tells the town the pleasant  
news:—

You quarrel with your wife!

VIII.

My dear young friend, whose shin-  
ing wit

Sets all the room ablaze,  
Don't think yourself "a happy  
dog,"

For all your merry ways;  
But learn to wear a sober phiz,  
Be stupid, if you can,  
It's such a very serious thing  
To be a funny man!

### A CONNUBIAL ECLOGUE.

"Arcades ambo,  
Et cantare pares et respondere parati."  
VIRGIL

HE.

MUCH lately have I thought, my  
darling wife,  
Some simple rules might make our  
wedded life  
As pleasant always as a morn in  
May;  
I merely name it, — what does  
Molly say?

SHE.

Agreed: your plan I heartily ap-  
prove;  
Rules would be nice, — but who  
shall make them, love?  
Nay, do not speak! — let this the  
bargain be,  
One shall be made by you, and one  
by me,  
Till all are done —

HE.

— Your plan is surely fair,  
In such a work 'tis fitting we  
should share;

And now — although it matters not  
a pin —

If you have no objection, I'll be-  
gin.

SHE.

Proceed! In making laws I'm  
little versed;  
And as to words, I do not mind the  
first;  
I only claim — and hold the treas-  
ure fast —  
My sex's sacred privilege, the *last*!

HE.

With all my heart. Well, dearest,  
to begin: —  
When by our cheerful hearth our  
friends drop in,  
And I am talking in my brilliant  
style  
(The rest with rapture listening the  
while)  
About the war, — or anything, in  
short,  
That you're aware is my especial  
*forte*, —  
Pray don't get up a circle of your  
own,  
And talk of — bonnets, in an un-  
dertone!

SHE.

That's Number One; I'll mind it  
well, if you  
Will do as much, my dear, by  
Number Two:  
When we attend a party or a ball,  
Don't leave your Molly standing by  
the wall,  
The helpless victim of the dreariest  
bore  
That ever walked upon a parlor-  
floor,  
While you — oblivious of your  
spouse's doom —  
Flirt with the girls, — the gayest  
in the room!

HE.

When I (although the busiest man  
alive)  
Have snatched an hour to take a  
pleasant drive,  
And say, "Remember, at precisely  
four  
You'll find the carriage ready at  
the door,"  
Don't keep me waiting half an  
hour or so,  
And then declare, "The clock  
must be too slow!"

SHE.

When you (such things have hap-  
pened now and then)  
Go to the Club with, "I'll be back  
at ten,"  
And stay till two o'clock, you  
need n't say,  
"I really was the first to come  
away;  
'T is very strange how swift the  
time has passed :  
I'm sure, my dear, the clock must  
be too *fast*!"

HE.

There — that will do; what else  
remains to say  
We may consider at a future  
day;  
I'm getting sleepy — and — if you  
have done —

SHE.

Not I! — this making rules is pre-  
cious fun;  
Now here's another : — When you  
paint to me  
"That charming woman" you are  
sure to see,  
Don't — when you praise the vir-  
tues she has got —  
Name only those you think your  
wife has not!

And here's a rule I hope you won't  
forget,  
The most important I have men-  
tioned yet, —  
Pray mind it well: — Whenever  
you incline  
To bring your queer companions  
home to dine,  
Suppose, my dear, — Good Gra-  
cious! he's asleep!  
Ah! well, — 't is lucky good ad-  
vice will keep;  
And he shall have it, or, upon my  
life,  
I've not the proper spirit of a wife!

## SOME PENCIL-PICTURES :

TAKEN AT SARATOGA.

I.

YOUR novel-writers make their  
ladies tall;  
I mean their heroines; as if,  
indeed,  
It were a fatal failing to be small.  
In this, I own, we are not well  
agreed, —  
I like a little woman, if she's  
pretty,  
Modest and clever, sensible and  
witty.

II.

And such is she who sits beside  
me; fair  
As her deportment; mine is not  
the pen  
To paint the glory of her Saxon  
hair,  
And eyes of heavenly azure!  
There are men  
Who doat on raven tresses, and are  
fond  
Of dark complexions, — I adore a  
*blonde*!

## III.

There sits a woman of another  
type;  
Superb in figure and of stately  
size;  
An Amazonian beauty round and  
ripe  
As Cytherea, — with delicious  
eyes  
That laugh or languish with a  
shifting hue  
Somewhat between a hazel and a  
blue.

## IV.

Across the room — to please a  
daintier taste —  
A slender damsel flits with fairy  
tread;  
A lover's hand might span her lit-  
tle waist,  
If so inclined, — that is, if they  
were wed.  
Some youths admire those fragile  
forms, I've heard;  
I never saw the *man*, upon my  
word!

## V.

But styles of person, though they  
please me more,  
(As Nature's work) excite my  
wonder less  
Than all my curious vision may  
explore  
In moods and manners, equipage  
and dress;  
The last alone were theme enough,  
indeed,  
For more than I could write, or you  
would read.

## VI.

Swift satirized mankind with little  
ruth,  
And womankind as well; but we  
must own

His words of censure oft are very  
truth, —

For instance, where the satirist  
has shown  
How — thankless for the gifts  
which they have got —  
All strive to show the talents they  
— have not!

## VII.

Thus (it is written) Frederick the  
Great  
Cared little for the battles he  
had fought,  
But listened eagerly and all-elate  
To hear a courtier praise the  
style and thought  
That graced his Sonnets; though,  
in fact, his verse  
(I've tried to read it) could n't well  
be worse!

## VIII.

The like absurd ambition you may  
note  
In fashionable women. Look  
you there!  
Observe an arm which all (but she)  
must vote  
Extremely ugly; so she keeps  
it bare  
(Lest so much beauty should es-  
cape the light)  
From wrist to shoulder, morning,  
noon, and night!

## IX.

Observe again (the girl who stands  
alone)  
How Pride reveals what Pru-  
dence would suppress;  
A mere anatomy of skin-and-  
bone, —  
She wears, perversely, a *décolleté*  
dress!  
Those tawny angles seek no friend-  
ly screen,  
But court the day, and glory to be  
seen!

## X.

O Robert Burns! if such a thing  
might be,  
That all by ignorance or folly  
blind,  
For once should "see themselves  
as others see,"  
(As thou didst pray for hapless  
human kind,)  
What startled crowds would madly  
rush to hide  
The dearest objects of their fondest  
pride!

## BOYS.

"THE proper study of mankind is  
man," —  
The most perplexing one, no doubt,  
is woman,  
The subtlest study that the mind  
can scan,  
Of all deep problems, heavenly or  
human!

But of all studies in the round of  
learning,  
From nature's marvels down to  
human toys,  
To minds well fitted for acute dis-  
cerning,  
The very queerest one is that of  
boys!

If to ask questions that would puzzle  
Plato,  
And all the schoolmen of the Middle  
Age, —  
If to make precepts worthy of old  
Cato,  
Be deemed philosophy, your boy's  
a sage!

If the possession of a teeming  
fancy,  
(Although, forsooth, the youngster  
does n't know it,)

Which he can use in rarest necro-  
mancy,  
Be thought poetical, your boy's a  
poet!

If a strong will and most coura-  
geous bearing,  
If to be cruel as the Roman Nero:  
If all that's chivalrous, and all  
that's daring,  
Can make a hero, then the boy's  
a hero!

But changing soon with his in-  
creasing stature,  
The boy is lost in manhood's riper  
age,  
And with him goes his former  
triple nature, —  
No longer Poet, Hero, now, nor  
Sage!

## THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

"It is ascertained by inspection of  
the registers of many countries, that  
the uniform proportion of male to  
female births is as 21 to 20: accord-  
ingly, in respect to marriage, every 21st  
man is naturally superfluous." — TREA-  
TISE ON POPULATION.

I LONG have been puzzled to guess,  
And so I have frequently said,  
What the reason could really be  
That I never have happened to  
wed;  
But now it is perfectly clear,  
I am under a natural ban;  
The girls are already assigned, —  
And I'm a superfluous man!

Those clever statistical chaps  
Declare the numerical run  
Of women and men in the world,  
Is Twenty to Twenty-and-one;  
And hence in the pairing, you see,  
Since wooing and wedding be-  
gan,

For every connubial score,  
They've got a superfluous man!

By twenties and twenties they go,  
And giddily rush to their fate,  
For none of the number, of course,  
Can fail of a conjugal mate;  
But while they are yielding in  
scores

To Nature's inflexible plan,  
There's never a woman for me, —  
For I'm a superfluous man!

It is n't that I am a churl,  
To solitude over-inclined;  
It is n't that I am at fault  
In morals or manners or mind;  
Then what is the reason, you ask,  
I'm still with the bachelor-clan?  
I merely was numbered amiss, —  
And I'm a superfluous man!

It is n't that I am in want  
Of personal beauty or grace,  
For many a man with a wife  
Is uglier far in the face;  
Indeed, among elegant men  
I fancy myself in the van;  
But what is the value of that,  
When I'm a superfluous man?

Although I am fond of the girls,  
For aught I could ever discern  
The tender emotion I feel  
Is one that they never return;  
'T is idle to quarrel with fate,  
For, struggle as hard as I can,  
They're mated already, you  
know, —  
And I'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times,  
With women so pretty and  
plenty,  
To know that I never was born  
To figure as one of the Twenty;  
But yet, when the average lot  
With critical vision I scan,  
I think it may be for the best  
That I'm a superfluous man!

## TOUJOURS LES FEMMES.

I THINK it was a Persian king  
Who used to say, that ever-  
more  
In human life each evil thing  
Comes of the sex that men adore;  
In brief, that nothing e'er befell  
To harm or grieve our hapless  
race,  
But, if you probe the matter well,  
You'll find a woman in the case!

And then the curious tale is told  
How, when upon a certain night  
A climbing youngster lost his hold,  
And, falling from a ladder's  
height,  
Was found, alas! next morning  
dead,  
His Majesty, with solemn face,  
As was his wont, demurely said,  
“Pray, who's the woman in the  
case?”

And how a lady of his court,  
Who deemed the royal whim  
absurd,  
Rebuked him, while she made re-  
port  
Of the mischance that late oc-  
curred;  
Whereat the king replied in glee,  
“I've heard the story, please  
your Grace,  
And all the witnesses agree  
There was a woman in the case!

“The truth, your Ladyship, is this  
(Nor is it marvellous at all),  
The chap was climbing for a kiss,  
And got, instead, a fatal fall.  
Whene'er a man — as I have said —  
Falls from a ladder, or from  
grace,  
Or breaks his faith, or breaks his  
head,  
There is a woman in the case!”

For such a churlish, carping creed  
 As that his Majesty professed,  
 I hold him of unkingly breed, —  
 Unless, in sooth, he spoke in jest.  
 To me, few things have come to  
 pass

Of good event, but I can trace, —  
 Thanks to the matron or the lass, —  
 Somewhere, a woman in the  
 case.

Yet once, while gayly strolling  
 where

A vast Museum still displays  
 Its varied wealth of strange and  
 rare,

To charm, or to repel, the  
 gaze, —

I — to a lady (who denied  
 The creed by laughing in my  
 face) —

Took up, for once, the Persian's  
 side

About a woman in the case.

Discoursing thus, we came upon  
 A grim Egyptian mummy —  
 dead

Some centuries since. 'T is Pha-  
 raoh's son,

Perhaps; who knows? " the  
 lady said.

No! on the black sarcophagus  
 A female name I stooped to  
 trace.

*Toujours les femmes!* 'T is ever  
 thus, —

There was a woman in the case!

---

### GIRLHOOD.

WITH rosy cheeks, and merry-  
 dancing curls,

And eyes of tender light,  
 O, very beautiful are little girls,  
 And goodly to the sight!

Here comes a group to seek my  
 lonely bower,  
 Ere waning Autumn dies:  
 How like the dew-drops on a droop-  
 ing flower,  
 Are smiles from gentle eyes!

What beaming gladness lights each  
 fairy face

The while the elves advance,  
 Now speeding swiftly in a gleesome  
 race,

Now whirling in a dance!

What heavenly pleasure o'er the  
 spirit rolls,

When all the air along  
 Floats the sweet music of untainted  
 souls,

In bright, unsullied song!

The sacred nymphs that guard this  
 sylvan ground

May sport unseen with these,  
 And joy to hear their ringing laugh  
 resound

Among the clustering trees!

With rosy cheeks, and merry-dan-  
 cing curls,

And eyes of tender light,  
 O, very beautiful are little girls,  
 And goodly to the sight!

---

### THE COCKNEY.

It was in my foreign travel,  
 At a famous Flemish inn,  
 That I met a stoutish person  
 With a very ruddy skin;  
 And his hair was something sandy,  
 And was done in knotty curls,  
 And was parted in the middle,  
 In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,  
 And his coat was of a sort

To suggest a scanty pattern,  
 It was bobbed so very short;  
 And his cap was very little,  
 Such as soldiers often use;  
 And he wore a pair of gaiters,  
 And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,  
 And he answered in the same,  
 Though he spoke it in a fashion  
 That I thought a little lame;  
 For the aspirate was missing  
 Where the letter should have  
 been,  
 But where'er it was n't wanted,  
 He was sure to put it in!

When I spoke with admiration  
 Of St. Peter's mighty dome,  
 He remarked: "'Tis really noth-  
 ing  
 To the sights we 'ave at 'ome!"  
 And declared upon his honor, —  
 Though, of course, 't was very  
 queer, —  
 That he doubted if the Romans  
 'Ad the *hart* of making beer!

When I named the Colosseum,  
 He observed, "'Tis very fair;  
 I mean, ye know, it *would* be,  
 If they 'd put it in repair;  
 But what progress or *himprovement*  
 Can those curst *Hitalians* 'ope  
 While they 're *hunder* the dominion  
 Of that blasted muff, the Pope?"

Then we talked of other countries,  
 And he said that he had heard  
 That *Hamericans* spoke *Hinglish*,  
 But he deemed it quite *habsurd*;  
 Yet he felt the deepest *hinterest*  
 In the missionary work,  
 And would like to know if Georgia  
 Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man-in-gaiters,  
 He was grumbling, o'er his gin,

At the charges of the hostess  
 Of that famous Flemish inn;  
 And he looked a very Briton,  
 (So, methinks, I see him still)  
 As he pocketed the candle  
 That was mentioned in the bill!

---

## CAPTAIN JONES'S MISAD- VENTURE.

### I.

CAPTAIN JONES was five-feet ten,  
 (The height of CHESTERFIELD'S  
 gentlemen,)  
 With a manly breadth of shoul-  
 der;  
 And Captain JONES was straight  
 and trim,  
 With nothing about him anywise  
 slim,  
 And had for a leg as perfect a limb  
 As ever astonished beholder!

### II.

With a calf of such a notable size  
 'T would surely have taken the  
 highest prize  
 At any fair Fair in creation;  
 'T was just the leg for a prince to  
 sport  
 Who wished to stand at a Royal  
 Court,  
 At the head of Foreign Leg-  
 ation!

### III.

And Captain JONES had an elegant  
 foot,  
 'T was just the thing for his patent  
 boot,  
 And could so prettily shove it,  
 'T was a genuine pleasure to see it  
 repeat  
 In the public walks the Milonian  
 feat  
 Of bearing the calf above it!

## IV.

But the Captain's prominent personal charm  
 Was neither his foot, nor leg, nor arm,  
 Nor his very *distingué* air;  
 Nor was it, although you 're thinking upon 't,  
 The front of his head, but his head and front  
 Of beautiful coal-black hair!

## V.

So very bright was the gloss they had,  
 'T would have made a rival raving mad  
 To look at his raven curls;  
 Wherever he went, the Captain's hair  
 Was certain to fix the public stare,  
 And the constant cry was, "I declare!"  
 And "Did you ever!" and "Just look there!"  
 Among the dazzled girls.

## VI.

Now Captain JONES was a master bold  
 Of a merchant-ship some dozen years old,  
 And every name could have easily told,  
 (And never confound the "hull" and the "hold,"  
 Throughout her inventory;  
 And he had travelled in foreign parts,  
 And learned a number of foreign arts,  
 And played the deuce with foreign hearts,  
 As the Captain told the story.

## VII.

He had learned to chatter the French and Spanish,

To splutter the Dutch, and mutter the Danish,  
 In a way that sounded oracular;  
 Had gabbled among the Portuguese;  
 And caught the Tartar, or, rather, a piece  
 Of "broken China," it was n't Chinese,  
 Any more than his own vernacular!

## VIII.

How Captain JONES was wont to shine  
 In the line of ships! (not Ships of the Line,)  
 How he 'd brag of the water over his wine,  
 And of woman over the water!  
 And then, if you credit the Captain's phrase,  
 He was more expert in such queer ways  
 As "doubling capes" and "putting in stays,"  
 Than any milliner's daughter!

## IX.

Now the Captain kept in constant pay  
 A single Mate, as a Captain may  
 (In a nautical, not in a naughty way,  
 As "mates" are sometimes carried);  
 But to hear him prose of the squalls that arose  
 In the dead of the night to break his repose,  
 Of white-caps and cradles, and such things as those,  
 And of breezes that ended in regular blows,  
 You 'd have sworn the Captain was married!

## X.

The Captain's morals were fair  
 enough,  
 Though a sailor's life is rather  
 rough,  
 By dint of the ocean's force;  
 And that one who makes so many,  
 in ships,  
 Should make, upon shore, occa-  
 sional "trips,"  
 Seems quite a matter of course.

## XI.

And Captain JONES was stiff as a  
 post  
 To the vulgar fry, but among the  
 most  
 Genteel and polished, ruled the  
 roast,  
 As no professional cook could  
 boast  
 That ever you set your eye on;  
 Indeed, 't was enough to make him  
 vain,  
 For the pretty and proud confessed  
 his reign,  
 And Captain JONES, in manners  
 and mane,  
 Was deemed a genuine lion.

## XII.

And the Captain revelled early and  
 late,  
 At the balls and routs of the rich  
 and great,  
 And seemed the veriest child of  
*fêtes*,  
 Though merely a minion of  
 pleasure;  
 And he laughed with the girls in  
 merry sport,  
 And paid the mammas the civilest  
 court,  
 And drank their wine, whatever  
 the sort,  
 By the nautical rule of "Any  
 port —"  
 You may add the rest at leisure.

## XIII.

Miss SUSAN BROWN was a dashing  
 girl  
 As ever revolved in the waltz's  
 whirl,  
 Or twinkled a foot in the polka's  
 twirl,  
 By the glare of spermaceti;  
 And SUSAN's form was trim and  
 slight,  
 And her beautiful skin, as if in  
 spite  
 Of her dingy name, was exceed-  
 ingly white,  
 And her azure eyes were "spark-  
 ling and bright,"  
 And so was her favorite ditty.

## XIV.

And SUSAN BROWN had a score of  
 names,  
 Like the very voluminous Mr.  
 JAMES  
 (Who got at the Font his strongest  
 claims  
 To be reckoned a Man of Let-  
 ters);  
 But thinking the task will hardly  
 please  
 Scholars who 've taken the higher  
 degrees,  
 To be set repeating their A, B, C's,  
 I choose to reject such fetters as  
 these,  
 Though merely Nominal fetters.

## XV.

The patronymical name of the maid  
 Was so completely overlaid  
 With a long prænominial cover,  
 That if each additional proper  
 noun  
 Was laid with additional emphasis  
 down,  
 Miss SUSAN was done uncommonly  
 BROWN,  
 The moment her christ'ning was  
 over!

## XVI.

And SUSAN was versed in modern  
romance,  
In the Modes of MURRAY and  
Modes of France,  
And had learned to sing and learned  
to dance,  
In a style decidedly pretty;  
And SUSAN was versed in classical  
lore,  
In the works of HORACE, and sev-  
eral more  
Whose *opera* now would be voted  
a bore  
By the lovers of DONIZETTI.

## XVII.

And SUSAN was rich. Her prov-  
ident sire  
Had piled the dollars up higher  
and higher,  
By dint of his personal labors,  
Till he reckoned at last a sufficient  
amount  
To be counted, himself, a man of  
account  
Among his affluent neighbors.

## XVIII.

By force of careful culture alone,  
Old BROWN's estate had rapidly  
grown  
A plum for his only daughter;  
And, after all the fanciful dreams  
Of golden fountains and golden  
streams,  
The sweat of patient labor seems  
The true Pactolian water.

## XIX.

And while your theorist worries  
his mind  
In hopes the magical stone to  
find,  
By some alchemical gammon,  
Practical people, by regular  
knocks,

Are filling their "pockets full of  
rocks"  
From the golden mountain of  
Mammon!

## XX.

With charms like these, you may  
well suppose  
Miss SUSAN BROWN had plenty of  
beaux,  
Breathing nothing but passion;  
And twenty sought her hand to  
gain,  
And twenty sought her hand in  
vain,  
Were "cut," and did n't "come  
again,"

In the Ordinary fashion.

## XXI.

Captain JONES, by the common  
voice,  
At length was voted the man of her  
choice,  
And she his favorite fair;  
It was n't the Captain's manly  
face,  
His native sense, nor foreign grace,  
That took her heart from its proper  
place  
And put it into a tenderer case,  
But his beautiful coal-black  
hair!

## XXII.

*How* it is, *why* it is, none can tell,  
But all philosophers know full well,  
Though puzzled about the ac-  
tion,  
That of all the forces under the sun  
You can hardly find a stronger one  
Than capillary attraction.

## XXIII.

The locks of canals are strong as  
rocks;  
And wedlock is strong as a bank-  
er's box;

And there's strength in the locks  
 a Cockney cocks  
 At innocent birds, to give himself  
 knocks;  
 In the locks of safes, and those  
 safety-locks  
 They call the Permutation;  
 But of all the locks that ever were  
 made  
 In Nature's shops, or the shops of  
 trade,  
 The subtlest combination  
 Of beauty and strength is found in  
 those  
 Which grace the heads of belles  
 and beaux  
 In every civilized nation!

## XXIV.

The gossips whispered it through  
 the town,  
 That Captain JONES loved SUSAN  
 BROWN;  
 But, speaking with due preci-  
 sion,  
 The gossips' tattle was out of joint,  
 For the lady's "blunt" was the  
 only point  
 That dazzled the lover's vision!

## XXV.

And the Captain begged, in his  
 smoothest tones,  
 Miss SUSAN BROWN to be Mistress  
 JONES, —  
 Flesh of his flesh and bone of his  
 bones,  
 Till death the union should sever;  
 For these are the words employed,  
 of course,  
 Though Death is cheated, some-  
 times, by Divorce,  
 A fact which gives an equivocal  
 force  
 To that beautiful phrase, "for-  
 ever!"

## XXVI.

And SUSAN sighed the conven-  
 tional "Nay"  
 In such a bewitching, affirmative  
 way,  
 The Captain perceived 't was the  
 feminine "Ay,"  
 And sealed it in such commo-  
 tion,  
 That no "lip-service" that ever  
 was paid  
 To the ear of a god, or the cheek  
 of a maid,  
 Looked more like real devotion!

## XXVII.

And SUSAN'S Mamma made an  
 elegant *fête*,  
 And exhibited all the family plate,  
 In honor of SUSAN'S lover;  
 For now 't was settled, another  
 trip  
 Over the sea in his merchant-ship,  
 And his bachelor-ship was over.

## XXVIII.

There was an Alderman, well to do,  
 Who was fond of talking about  
*vertu*,  
 And had, besides, the genuine *gout*,  
 If one might credit his telling;  
 And the boast was true beyond a  
 doubt  
 If he had only pronounced it  
 "gout,"  
 According to English spelling!

## XXIX.

A crockery-merchant of great pa-  
 rade,  
 Always boasting of having made  
 His large estate in the China trade;  
 Several affluent tanners;  
 A lawyer, whose most important  
 "case"  
 Was that which kept his books in  
 place;

His wife, a lady of matchless  
grace,  
Who bought her form, and made  
her face,  
And plainly borrowed her man-  
ners ;

## XXX.

A druggist ; an undevout divine ;  
A banker, who 'd got as rich as a  
mine  
"In the cotton trade and sugar  
line,"  
Along the Atlantic border ;  
A doctor, fumbling his golden  
seals ;  
And an undertaker close at his  
heels,  
Quite in the natural order !

## XXXI.

People of rank, and people of  
wealth,  
Plethoric people in delicate health  
(Who fast in public, and feast by  
stealth),  
And people slender and hearty  
Flocked in so fast, 't was plain to  
the eye  
Of any observer standing by,  
That party-spirit was running  
high,  
And this was the popular party !

## XXXII.

To tell what griefs and woes betide  
The hapless world, from female  
pride,  
Were a long and dismal story ;  
Alas for SUSAN and womankind !  
A sudden ambition seized her  
mind,  
In the height of her party-glory.

## XXXIII.

To pique a group of laughing girls  
Who stood admiring the Captain's  
curls,

She formed the resolution  
To get a lock of her lover's hair,  
In the gaze of the guests assembled  
there,  
By some expedient, foul or fair,  
Before the party's conclusion.

## XXXIV.

"Only a lock, dear Captain! no  
more,  
'A lock for memory,' I implore!"  
But JONES, the gayest of quiz-  
zers,  
Replied, as he gave his eye a  
cock,  
"'T is a treacherous memory  
needs a lock,"  
And dodged the envious scissors.

## XXXV.

Alas that SUSAN could n't refrain,  
In her zeal the precious lock to  
gain,  
From laying her hand on the lion's  
mane!  
To see the cruel mocking,  
And hear the short, affected cough,  
The general titter, and chuckle,  
and scoff,  
When the Captain's Patent Wig  
came off,  
Was really dreadfully shocking!

## XXXVI.

Of SUSAN'S swoon, the tale is  
told,  
That long before her earthly  
mould  
Regained its ghostly tenant,  
Her luckless, wigless, loveless  
lover  
Was on the sea, and "half-seas-  
over,"  
Dreaming that some piratical  
rover  
Had carried away his Pennant!

## MIRALDA :

A TALE OF CUBA.<sup>1</sup>

## I.

In Cuba, when that lovely land  
 Saw Tacon reigning in his glory,  
 How Justice held, at his command,  
 Her balance with an even hand —  
 Learn while you listen to my story.

## II.

Miralda — such her maiden name —  
 Was poor and fair, and gay and witty,  
 Yet in Havana not a dame  
 In satin had a fairer fame,  
 Or owned a face one half so pretty.

## III.

For years she plied her humble trade  
 (To sell cigars was her vocation),  
 And many a gay gallant had paid  
 More pounds to please the handsome maid  
 Than pence to buy his soul's salvation.

## IV.

But though the maiden, like the sun,  
 Had smiles for every transient rover,  
 Her smiles were all the bravest won ;  
 Miralda gave her heart to none  
 Save Pedro, her affianced lover ;

## V.

Pedro, a manly youth who bore  
 His station well as labor's vassal,  
 The while he plied a nimble oar

For passengers, from shore to shore,  
 Between the Punta and the Castle.

## VI.

The handsome boatman she had learned  
 To love with fondest, truest passion ;  
 For him she saved the gold she earned ;  
 For him Miralda proudly spurned  
 The doubtful suit of men of fashion.

## VII.

Of these — a giddy, gaudy train,  
 Strict devotees of wanton Pleasure —  
 Gay Count Almonté sought to gain  
 Miralda's love ; but all in vain ;  
 Her heart was still her Pedro's treasure.

## VIII.

At last the Count, in sheer despair  
 Of gaining aught by patient suing,  
 Contrived — the wretch ! — a cunning snare,  
 By wicked force to win and wear  
 The prize that spurned his gentler wooing.

## IX.

One day a dashing Captain came,  
 Before the morning sun had risen,  
 And, bowing, begged to know her name.  
 " Miralda." " Faith ! it is the same.  
 Here, men, conduct the girl to prison ! "

## X.

"By whose authority?" she said.  
 "The Governor's!" "Nay,  
 then 't is folly  
 To question more." She dropped  
 her head,  
 And followed where the Captain  
 led,  
 O'erwhelmed with deepest mel-  
 ancholy.

## XI.

The prison seems a league or more  
 From poor Miralda's humble  
 shanty;  
 Was e'er such treachery before?  
 The Count Almonté's at the door,  
 To hand her down from the  
 volanté!

## XII.

"Ah, coward!" cried the angry  
 maid;  
 "This scurvy trick! If Tacon  
 knew it,  
 Your precious 'Captain,' I'm  
 afraid,  
 Would miss, for once, his dress-  
 parade!  
 Release me, Count, or you may  
 rue it!"

## XIII.

"Nay," said the Count, "that  
 may not be;  
 I cannot let you go at present;  
 'I'll lock you up awhile," said he;  
 "If you are lonely, send for me;  
 I'll try to make your prison  
 pleasant."

## XIV.

Poor Pedro! guess the lad's dis-  
 may,  
 His stark astonishment, at learn-  
 ing  
 His lady-love had gone away

(But how or whither none could  
 say),  
 And left no word about return-  
 ing!

## XV.

The man who wrote that "Love is  
 blind"  
 Could ne'er have known a gen-  
 uine lover;  
 Poor Pedro gave his anxious mind  
 Miralda's hiding-place to find,  
 And found it ere the day was  
 over.

## XVI.

Clad in a friar's garb, he hies  
 At night to where his love is  
 hidden,  
 And, favored by his grave disguise,  
 He learns that she is safe, — and  
 flies,  
 As he had entered, unforbidden.

## XVII.

What could he do? he pondered  
 long  
 On every plausible suggestion.  
 Alas! the rich may do a wrong,  
 And buy their quittance with a  
 song,  
 If any dare the deed to question!

## XVIII.

"Yet *Rumor* whispered long ago  
 (Although she's very fond of  
 lying),  
 'Tacon loves justice!' May be  
 so;  
*Quien sabe?* Let his answer  
 show!  
 I'll go and see; it is but try-  
 ing!"

## XIX.

And, faith, the boatman kept his  
 word;  
 To Tacon he the tale related,

Which, when the Governor had  
heard,  
With righteous wrath his breast  
was stirred.

"Swear, boy," he said, "to what  
you've stated!"

## XX.

He took the oath, and straight be-  
gan

For speedy justice to implore  
him:

Great Tacon frowned, "Be silent,  
man!"

Then called the guard: away they  
ran,

And soon the culprit stood before  
him!

## XXI.

Miralda too was standing near,  
To witness to his dark transgres-  
sion.

"Know you, my lord, why you  
are here?"

"Yes, Excellencia, it is clear  
That I must plead an indiscre-  
tion."

## XXII.

"The uniform your servants wore  
In this affair,—how came they  
by it?"

Whose sword was that your Cap-  
tain bore?

The crime is grave." "Nay, I  
implore

Your clemency; I can't deny  
it."

## XXIII.

"This damsel here,—has any  
stain

By act of yours been put upon  
her?"

"No, Excellencia; all in vain  
Were bribes and threats her will  
to gain,—

I here declare it on my honor!"

## XXIV.

"Enough!" the Governor replied,  
And added, in a voice of thunder,  
"Go, bring a Priest!" What *can*  
betide?

To shrive? to wed? who can de-  
cide?

All stood and mused in silent  
wonder.

## XXV.

The Priest was brought,—a rev-  
erend head,  
His hands with holy emblems  
laden.

"Now, Holy Father, please to wed,  
And let the rite be quickly sped,  
Senor Almonté and this maid-  
en!"

## XXVI.

Poor Pedro stood aghast! With fear  
And deep dismay Miralda trem-  
bled;

While Count Almonté, thus to hear  
The words of doom that smote his  
ear,

His sudden horror ill dissembled.

## XXVII.

Too late! for in that presence none  
Had dared a whisper of negation.  
The words were said; the deed  
was done;

The Church had joined the two in  
one

Ere they had breath for lamen-  
tation!

## XXVIII.

The Count rode off with drooping  
head,

Cursing his fortune and his folly;  
But ere a mile his steed had sped,  
A flash!—and lo! the Count is  
dead,

Slain by a murderous leaden vol-  
ley.

## XXIX.

Soon came the officer who bore  
 The warrant of his execution,  
 With, "Excellencia, all is o'er;  
 Senor Almonté is no more;  
 Sooth! — 't was a fearful retri-  
 bution!"

## XXX.

"Now let the herald," Tacon said,  
 "(That none these doings may  
 disparage,)  
 Proclaim Senor Almonté dead;  
 And that Miralda take, instead,  
 His lands, now hers by lawful  
 marriage!"

## XXXI.

And so it was the lovers came  
 To happiness beyond their  
 dreaming,  
 And ever after blessed the name  
 Of him who spared a maiden's  
 shame,  
 And spoiled a villain's wicked  
 scheming.

## LE JARDIN MABILLE.

## I.

SHOULD you e'er go to France —  
 as of course you intend —  
 (Though the Great Exposition is  
 now at an end,)  
 And in Paris should stroll — as  
 I'm certain you will —  
 In the Gardens adorned with such  
 exquisite skill  
 To call them "Elysian" is scarcely  
 to reach  
 What the grammars entitle a  
 "figure of speech," —  
 Don't fail, ere you go, for a mo-  
 ment to steal  
 A look at the spot called the *Jardin*  
*Mabille*.

## II.

'T is a place of enchantment! a  
 rural retreat  
 Where Nature and Art in such  
 harmony meet  
 To form an *Elysium* of music and  
 flowers,  
 Of moss-covered grottos and fairy-  
 like bowers,  
 Where lamps blaze in tulips, and  
 glow-worms of gas  
 Illumine the roses and gleam in the  
 grass, —  
 That, merely to see it, one cannot  
 but feel  
 If there 's Heaven on Earth, 't is  
 the *Jardin Mabille*!

## III.

But wait until midnight, or, say,  
 one o'clock,  
 When hither by hundreds the cit-  
 izens flock,  
 And strangers unnumbered are  
 strolling around  
 In the serpentine walks of the  
 beautiful ground;  
 Just wait, if you please, till the  
 dance is begun,  
 And then, at the height of the  
 frolic and fun,  
 Pray look where the bacchanals  
 caper and reel,  
 And say what you think of the  
*Jardin Mabille*!

## IV.

The music — the maddest that ever  
 you heard —  
 Strikes up from the stand, and  
 away, at the word,  
 The dancers revolve, — 't is the  
 waltz, that is all;  
 The same you have witnessed at  
 many a ball.  
 There 's nothing extremely sur-  
 prising in this,

The motion is swift, but there 's  
 little amiss;  
 You merely remark, "There is  
 plenty of zeal  
 In the dancers who dance in the  
*Jardin Mabille!*"

## V.

But see! where the people are  
 closing about  
 Two brazen-browed women; and  
 hark to the shout,  
 "La Can-can! — they're at it!"  
 — No wonder you stare,  
 One foot on the pavement, — now  
 two in the air!  
 A Cockney, intent on this rarest  
 of shows,  
 Retreats from the shoe that is graz-  
 ing his nose!  
 Good lack! till he dies, he'll re-  
 member the heel  
 That spoiled his new hat in the  
*Jardin Mabille!*

## VI.

There 's drinking and gaming at  
 many a stand;  
 There 's feasting and flirting on  
 every hand;  
 The Paphian queen, it were easy  
 to tell,  
 Is the Abbess, to-night, of yon an-  
 chorite cell;  
 And the marvelling *Turk* (for the  
 Sultan is here!)  
 Cries, "*Allah! Meshallah!* these  
 Christians are queer!  
 Such orgies as these very plainly  
 reveal  
 Why they *don't* take their wives  
 to the *Jardin Mabille!*"

## VII.

"A pity!" you sigh, — and a pity  
 it is  
 Such revels should shame such a  
 garden as this;

Where all that is charming in  
 Nature and Art  
 Serves only to sully and harden  
 the heart."  
 "The Devil's own hot-house!"  
 you musingly say,  
 While turning in sadness and sor-  
 row away;  
 Reflecting that *Sin* — as you po-  
 tently feel —  
 Is the thriftiest plant in the *Jardin*  
*Mabille!*

1867.

## THE BEAUTY OF BALLSTON.

AFTER PRAED.<sup>2</sup>

IN Ballston — once a famous spot,  
 Ere Saratoga came in fashion —  
 I had a transient fit of what  
 The poets call the "tender pas-  
 sion";  
 In short, when I was young and  
 gay,  
 And Fancy held the throne of  
 Reason,  
 I fell in love with Julia May,  
 The reigning beauty of the sea-  
 son.

Her eyes were blue, and such a  
 pair!  
 No star in heaven was ever  
 brighter;  
 Her skin was most divinely fair;  
 I never saw a shoulder whiter.  
 And there was something in her  
 form  
 (*Juste en-bon-point*, I think they  
 term it)  
 That really was enough to warm  
 The icy bosom of a hermit!

In sooth, she was a witching girl,  
 And even women called her  
 pretty,

Who saw her in the waltz's whirl,  
Beneath the glare of spermaceti;  
Or if they carped—as Candor  
must

When wounded pride and envy  
rankle—

'T was only that so full a bust  
Should heave above so trim an  
ankle!

One eve, remote from festive mirth,  
We talked of Nature and her  
treasures;

I said:—"Of all the joys of  
earth,

Pray name the sweetest of her  
pleasures."

She gazed with rapture at the  
moon

That struggled through the  
spreading beeches,

And answered thus:—"A grove  
—at noon—

A friend—and lots of cream and  
peaches!"

I spoke of trees,—the stately  
oak

That stands the forest's royal  
leader;

The whispering pine; and then I  
spoke

Of Lebanon's imperial cedar;

The maple of our colder clime;

The elm with branches inter-  
meeting,—

She thought the palm must be  
sublime,

And—dates were very luscious  
eating!

I talked about the sea and sky,  
And spoke, with something like  
emotion,

Of countless pearly gems that lie  
Ungathered by the sounding  
ocean.

She smiled, and said, (was it in  
jest?)

Of all the shells that Nature  
boasted

She thought that oysters were the  
best,

"And, dearest, don't you love  
'em roasted!"

I talked of books and classic  
lore;

I spoke of Cooper's latest fic-  
tion,

Recited melodies from Moore,  
And lauded Irving's charming  
diction;—

She sat entranced; then raised  
her head,

And with a smile that seemed  
of heaven,

"We must return," the siren said,  
"Or we shall lose the lunch at  
'leven!"

I can't describe the dreadful  
shock,

The mingled sense of love and  
pity,

With which, next day, at ten  
o'clock,

I started for Manhattan city;

'T was years ago,—that sad  
"Good by,"

Yet o'er the scene fond memory  
lingers;

I see the crystals in her eye,  
And berry-stains upon her fin-  
gers!

Ah me! of so much loveliness  
It had been sweet to be the win-  
ner;

I know she loved me only less—  
The merest fraction—than her  
dinner.

'T was hard to lose so fair a prize,  
But then (I thought) 't were  
vastly harder

To have before my jealous eyes  
A constant rival in my larder!

## WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY.

WHEN do I mean to marry? —

Well,

'T is idle to dispute with fate;  
But if you choose to hear me tell,  
Pray listen while I fix the date.

When daughters haste, with eager  
feet,

A mother's daily toil to share;  
Can make the puddings which  
they eat,  
And mend the stockings which  
they wear;

When maidens look upon a man  
As in himself what they would  
marry,  
And not as army-soldiers scan  
A sutler or a commissary;

When gentle ladies, who have got  
The offer of a lover's hand,  
Consent to share his earthly lot,  
And do not mean his lot of land;

When young mechanics are al-  
lowed  
To find and wed the farmers' girls  
Who *don't* expect to be endowed  
With rubies, diamonds, and  
pearls;

When wives, in short, shall freely  
give  
Their hearts and hands to aid  
their spouses,  
And live as they were wont to live  
Within their sires' one-story  
houses;

Then, madam, — if I'm not too  
old, —  
Rejoiced to quit this lonely life,  
I'll brush my beaver; cease to  
scold;  
And look about me for a wife!

## A REFLECTIVE RETROSPECT.

'T is twenty years, and something  
more,

Since, all athirst for useful  
knowledge,  
I took some draughts of classic  
lore,

Drawn very mild, at — rd  
College;

Yet I remember all that one  
Could wish to hold in recol-  
lection;

The boys, the joys, the noise, the  
fun;

But not a single Conic Section.

I recollect those harsh affairs,  
The morning bells that gave us  
panics;

I recollect the formal prayers,  
That seemed like lessons in Me-  
chanics;

I recollect the drowsy way  
In which the students listened  
to them,

As clearly, in my wig, to-day,  
As when, a boy, I slumbered  
through them.

I recollect the tutors all  
As freshly now, if I may say so,  
As any chapter I recall  
In Homer or Ovidius Naso.

I recollect, extremely well,  
"Old Hugh," the mildest of  
fanatics;

I well remember Matthew Bell,  
But very faintly, Mathematics.

I recollect the prizes paid  
For lessons fathomed to the  
bottom;

(Alas that pencil-marks should  
fade!)

I recollect the chaps who got  
'em, —

The light equestrians who soared

O'er every passage reckoned  
 stony;  
 And took the chinks, — but never  
 scored  
 A single honor to the pony!

Ah me! what changes Time has  
 wrought,  
 And how predictions have mis-  
 carried!

A few have reached the goal they  
 sought,

And some are dead, and some  
 are married!

And some in city journals war;

And some as politicians bicker;

And some are pleading at the  
 bar —

For jury-verdicts, or for liquor!

And some on Trade and Commerce  
 wait;

And some in schools with dunces  
 battle;

And some the Gospel propagate;

And some the choicest breeds of  
 cattle;

And some are living at their ease;

And some were wrecked in "the  
 revulsion";

Some serve the State for handsome  
 fees,

And one, I hear, upon compul-  
 sion!

LAMONT, who, in his college days,  
 Thought e'en a cross a moral  
 scandal,

Has left his Puritanic ways,

And worships now with bell and  
 candle;

And MANN, who mourned the ne-  
 gro's fate,

And held the slave as most  
 unlucky,

Now holds him, at the market  
 rate,

On a plantation in Kentucky!

TOM KNOX — who swore in such  
 a tone

It fairly might be doubted  
 whether

It really was himself alone,

Or Knox and Erebus together —

Has grown a very altered man,

And, changing oaths for mild  
 entreaty,

Now recommends the Christian  
 plan

To savages in Otaheite!

Alas for young ambition's vow!

How envious Fate may over-  
 throw it! —

Poor HARVEY is in Congress now,

Who struggled long to be a poet;

SMITH carves (quite well) memo-  
 rial stones,

Who tried in vain to make the  
 law go;

HALL deals in hides; and "Pious  
 Jones"

Is dealing faro in Chicago!

And, sadder still, the brilliant  
 HAYS,

Once honest, manly, and ambi-  
 tious,

Has taken latterly to ways

Extremely profligate and vi-  
 cious;

By slow degrees — I can't tell  
 how —

He's reached at last the very  
 groundsel,

And in New York he figures now,

A member of the Common Coun-  
 cil!

---

### THE KNOWING CHILD.

"L' Enfant terrible!"

"MAIS, gardez vous, mon cher,"  
 she said,

And then the mother smiled;

"Speak very softly, if you please,  
He's such a knowing child!"

My simple sister spoke the truth;  
There is n't, I suppose,  
A thing on earth he should n't  
know  
But what that urchin knows!

And all he knows the younker tells  
In such a knowing way;  
For what he knows, you may be  
sure,  
He does not fear to say.

He knows he is an arrant churl,  
Although he looks so mild;  
And — worst of all — full well he  
knows  
He is a knowing child.

He knows — I've often told him  
so —  
I am averse to noise;  
He knows his uncle is n't fond  
Of martial little boys;

And that, no doubt, is why he  
pounds  
His real soldier drum  
Beneath my window, morn and  
night,  
Until my ear is numb!

He knows my age — that dreadful  
boy —  
Exactly to a day;  
He knows precisely why my locks  
Have not a thread of gray.

He knows — and says (what shock-  
ing talk  
For one so very small!)  
My head — without my curly  
scratch —  
Looks like a billiard ball!

He knows that Mary's headache  
means  
She does n't wish to go;

And lets the sacred secret out  
Before her waiting beau!

He knows why Clara always  
coughs  
When she is asked to sing;  
He knows (and blabs!) that Julia's  
bust  
Is not the real thing!

He knows about the baby too;  
Though he has often heard  
The nurse's old, convenient tale,  
He don't believe a word.

And when those ante-natal caps  
Their future use disclose,  
He knows again — the knowing  
imp —  
Just what his uncle knows!

Ah! well; no doubt, what Time  
may bring  
'T is better not to see;  
I know not what the changeful  
Fates  
May have in store for me;

But if within the nuptial noose  
My neck should be beguiled,  
Heaven save the house from child-  
lessness  
And from a knowing child!

---

## IDEAL AND REAL.

### IDEAL.

SOME years ago, when I was  
young,  
And Mrs. Jones was Miss De-  
lancy;  
When wedlock's canopy was hung  
With curtains from the loom of  
fancy;  
I used to paint my future life  
With most poetical precision, —

My special wonder of a wife;  
My happy days; my nights  
Elysian.

I saw a lady, rather small  
(A Juno was my strict abhor-  
rence),  
With flaxen hair, contrived to fall  
In careless ringlets, *à la* Law-  
rence;  
A blond complexion; eyes that  
drew  
From autumn clouds their azure  
brightness;  
The foot of Hebe; arms whose hue  
Was perfect in its milky white-  
ness!

I saw a party, quite select, —  
There might have been a baker's  
dozen;

A parson, of the ruling sect;  
A bridemaid, and a city cousin;  
A formal speech to me and mine,  
(Its meaning I could scarce dis-  
cover;)

A taste of cake; a sip of wine;  
Some kissing — and the scene  
was over!

I saw a baby — one — no more;  
A cherub pictured, rather faint-  
ly,

Beside a pallid dame who wore  
A countenance extremely saint-  
ly.

I saw, — but nothing could I hear,  
Except the softest prattle, maybe,  
The merest breath upon the ear, —  
So quiet was that blessed baby!

## REAL.

I see a woman, rather tall,  
And yet, I own, a comely lady;  
Complexion — such as I must call  
(To be exact) a little shady;  
A hand not handsome, yet con-  
fessed  
A generous one for love or pity;

A nimble foot, and — neatly  
dressed  
In No. 5 — extremely pretty!

I see a group of boys and girls  
Assembled round the knee pater-  
nal  
With ruddy cheeks and tangled  
curls,  
And manners not at all supernal.  
And one has reached a manly size;  
And one aspires to woman's  
stature;  
And one is quite a recent prize,  
And all abound in human na-  
ture!

The boys are hard to keep in trim;  
The girls are often rather trying;  
And baby — like the cherubim —  
Seems very fond of steady cry-  
ing!

And yet the precious little one,  
His mother's dear, despotic mas-  
ter,  
Is worth a thousand babies done  
In Parian or in alabaster!

And oft that stately dame and I,  
When laughing o'er our early  
dreaming,

And marking, as the years go by,  
How idle was our youthful  
scheming,

Confess the wiser Power that knew  
How *Duty* every joy enhances,  
And gave us blessings rich and  
true,

And better far than all our fan-  
cies.

## THE GAME OF LIFE.

## A HOMILY.

THERE's a game much in fashion,  
— I think it's called *Euchre*,  
(Though I never have played it, for  
pleasure or lucre,)

In which, when the cards are in  
certain conditions,  
The players appear to have  
changed their positions,  
And one of them cries, in a confi-  
dent tone,  
"I think I may venture to *go it*  
*alone!*"

While watching the game, 't is a  
whim of the bard's  
A moral to draw from that skirmish  
of cards,  
And to fancy he finds in the trivial  
strife  
Some excellent hints for the battle  
of Life;  
Where — whether the prize be a  
ribbon or throne —  
The winner is he who can go it  
alone!

When great Galileo proclaimed  
that the world  
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly  
whirled,  
And got — not a convert — for all  
of his pains,  
But only derision and prison and  
chains,  
"It moves, *for all that!*" was his  
answering tone,  
For he knew, like the Earth, he  
could go it alone!

When Kepler, with intellect pier-  
cing afar,  
Discovered the laws of each planet  
and star,  
And doctors, who ought to have  
lauded his name,  
Derided his learning, and black-  
ened his fame,  
"I can *wait!*" he replied, "till the  
truth you shall own";  
For he felt in his heart he could go  
it alone!

Alas! for the player who idly de-  
pends,  
In the struggle of life, upon kin-  
dred or friends;  
Whatever the value of blessings  
like these,  
They can never atone for inglorious  
ease,  
Nor comfort the coward who finds,  
with a groan,  
That his crutches have left him to  
go it alone!

There 's something, no doubt, in  
the hand you may hold,  
Health, family, culture, wit, beau-  
ty, and gold  
The fortunate owner may fairly  
regard  
As, each in its way, a most excel-  
lent card;  
Yet the game may be lost, with all  
these for your own,  
Unless you 've the courage to go it  
alone!

In battle or business, whatever the  
game,  
In law- or in love, it is ever the  
same;  
In the struggle for power, or the  
scramble for pelf,  
Let this be your motto, — *Rely on*  
*yourself!*  
For, whether the prize be a ribbon  
or throne,  
The victor is he who can go it  
alone!

---

### THE PUZZLED CENSUS- TAKER.

"GOT any boys?" the Marshal  
said  
To a lady from over the Rhine;

And the lady shook her flaxen head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*" \*

"Got any girls?" the Marshal  
said

To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her  
head,

And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the Mar-  
shal said

To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband of course?" the Mar-  
shal said

To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again she shook her flaxen  
head,

And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the Mar-  
shal said

To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again she shook her flaxen  
head,

And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now what do you mean by shak-  
ing your head,

And always answering, '*Nine*'?"

"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly  
said

The lady from over the Rhine.

---

## THE HEART AND THE LIVER.

### MUSINGS OF A DYSPEPTIC.

#### I.

SHE'S broken-hearted, I have  
heard, —

Whate'er may be the reason;

\* *Nein*, pronounced *nine*, is the Ger-  
man for "*No.*"

(Such things will happen now and  
then

In Love's tempestuous season;)  
But still I marvel she should show  
No plainer outward token,  
If such a vital inward part  
Were very badly broken!

#### II.

SHE'S broken-hearted, I am told,  
And so, of course, believe it;  
When truth is fairly certified  
I modestly receive it;  
But after such an accident,  
It surely is a blessing,  
It does n't in the least impair  
Her brilliant style of dressing!

#### III.

SHE'S broken-hearted: who can  
doubt

The noisy voice of Rumor?  
And yet she seems — for such a  
wreck —

In no unhappy humor;  
She sleeps (I hear) at proper hours,  
When other folks are dozy;  
Her eyes are sparkling as of yore,  
And still her cheeks are rosy!

#### IV.

SHE'S broken-hearted, and they  
say

She never can recover;  
And then — in not the mildest  
way —

They blame some fickle lover;  
I know she's dying — by de-  
grees —

But, sure as I'm a sinner,  
I saw her eat, the other day,  
A most prodigious dinner!

#### V.

Alas! that I, in idle rhyme,  
Should e'er profanely question  
(As I have done while musing o'er  
My chronic indigestion)

If one should not receive the blow  
 With blessings on the Giver,  
 That only falls upon the heart,  
 And kindly spares the LIVER!

---

### ABOUT HUSBANDS.

"A man is, in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table, than when his wife speaks Greek." — SAM. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON was right. I don't agree to all

The solemn dogmas of the rough old stager;

But very much approve what one may call

The minor morals of the "Ursa Major."

Johnson was right. Although some men adore

Wisdom in woman, and with learning cram her,

There is n't one in ten but thinks far more

Of his own grub than of his spouse's grammar.

I know it is the greatest shame in life;

But who among them (save, perhaps, myself)

Returning hungry home, but asks his wife

What beef — not books — she has upon the shelf?

Though Greek and Latin be the lady's boast,

They're little valued by her loving mate;

The kind of tongue that husbands relish most

Is modern, boiled, and served upon a plate.

Or if, as fond ambition may command,

Some home-made verse the happy matron show him,

What mortal spouse but from her dainty hand

Would sooner see a pudding than a poem?

Young lady, — deep in love with Tom or Harry, —

'T is sad to tell you such a tale as this;

But here's the moral of it: Do not marry;

Or, marrying, take your lover as he is, —

A very man, — with something of the brute

(Unless he prove a sentimental noddy),

With passions strong and appetite to boot,

A thirsty soul within a hungry body.

A very man, — not one of nature's clods, —

With human failings, whether saint or sinner;

Endowed, perhaps, with genius from the gods,

But apt to take his temper from his dinner.

---

### WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

"Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam."

It was a noble Roman,

In Rome's imperial day,

Who heard a coward croaker,

Before the Castle, say:

"They're safe in such a fortress;

There is no way to shake it!"

"On — on!" exclaimed the hero,

"I'll find a way, or make it!"

*Fame* your aspiration?  
Her path is steep and high;  
In vain he seeks her temple,  
Content to gaze and sigh:  
The shining throne is waiting,  
But he alone can take it  
Who says, with Roman firmness,  
“*I'll find a way, or make it!*”

*Learning* your ambition?  
There is no royal road;  
Like the peer and peasant  
Must climb to her abode:  
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,  
In Helicon may slake it,  
Who has still the Roman will  
“*To find a way, or make it!*”

*Riches* worth the getting?  
They must be bravely sought;  
With wishing and with fretting  
The boon cannot be bought:  
So all the prize is open,  
But only he can take it  
Who says, with Roman courage,  
“*I'll find a way, or make it!*”

*Love's* impassioned warfare  
The tale has ever been,  
That victory crowns the valiant, —  
The brave are they who win:  
Though strong is Beauty's castle,  
A lover still may take it,  
Who says, with Roman daring,  
“*I'll find a way, or make it!*”

## A BENEDICT'S APPEAL TO A BACHELOR.

“Double! double!” — SHAKESPEARE.

### I.

DEAR CHARLES, be persuaded to  
wed, —  
For a sensible fellow like you,  
It's high time to think of a bed,  
And muffins and coffee for two!

So have done with your doubt and  
delaying, —

With a soul so adapted to mingle,  
No wonder the neighbors are say-  
ing  
'T is singular you should be sin-  
gle!

### II.

Don't say that you have n't got  
time,  
That business demands your at-  
tention;

There's not the least reason nor  
rhyme

In the wisest excuse you can  
mention:

Don't tell me about “other  
fish,” —

Your duty is done when you buy  
'em;

And you never will relish the dish,  
Unless you've a woman to fry  
'em!

### III.

Don't listen to querulous stories

By desperate damsels related,  
Who sneer at connubial glories.

Because they've known couples  
mismatched.

Such people, if they had their  
pleasure,

Because silly bargains are made,  
Would deem it a rational measure  
To lay an embargo on trade!

### IV.

You may dream of poetical fame,  
But your wishes may chance to  
miscarry;

The best way of sending one's  
name

To posterity, Charles, is to mar-  
ry!

And here I am willing to own,

After soberly thinking upon it,  
I'd very much rather be known

For a beautiful son, than a sonnet!

## V.

To Procrastination be deaf, —  
 (A homily sent from above,) —  
 The scoundrel's not only "the  
 thief  
 Of time," but of beauty and love!  
 O, delay not one moment to win  
 A prize that is truly worth win-  
 ning;  
 Celibacy, Charles, is a sin,  
 And sadly prolific of sinning!

## VI.

Then pray bid your doubting good  
 by,  
 And dismiss all fantastic  
 alarms.  
 I'll be sworn you've a girl in your  
 eye  
 'T is your duty to have in your  
 arms!  
 Some trim little maiden of twenty,  
 A beautiful, azure-eyed elf,  
 With virtues and graces in plenty,  
 And no failing but loving your-  
 self!

## VII.

Don't search for "an angel" a  
 minute;  
 For granting you win in the se-  
 quel,  
 The deuce, after all, would be in it,  
 With a union so very unequal!  
 The angels, it must be confessed,  
 In *this* world are rather uncom-  
 mon;  
 And allow me, dear Charles, to  
 suggest  
 You'll be better content with a  
 woman!

## VIII.

I could furnish a bushel of reasons  
 For choosing a conjugal mate:  
 It agrees with all climates and  
 seasons,  
 And gives you a "double es-  
 tate"!

To one's parents 't is (gratefully)  
 due, —

Just think what a terrible thing  
 'T would have been, sir, for me  
 and for you,  
 If *ours* had forgotten the ring!

## IX.

Then there's the economy — clear,  
 By poetical algebra shown, —  
 If your wife has a grief or a fear,  
 One half, by the law, is your  
 own!  
 And as to the joys — by division,  
 They're nearly quadrupled, 't is  
 said  
 (Though I never could see the ad-  
 dition  
 Quite plain in the item of bread).

## X.

Remember, I do not pretend  
 There's anything "perfect"  
 about it,  
 But this I'll aver to the end,  
 Life's very imperfect without it.  
 'T is not that there's "poetry" in  
 it, —  
 As, doubtless, there may be to  
 those  
 Endowed with a genius to win it, —  
 But I'll warrant you excellent  
 prose!

## XI.

Then, Charles, be persuaded to  
 wed, —  
 For a sensible fellow like you,  
 It's high time to think of a bed,  
 And muffins and coffee for two;  
 So have done with your doubt and  
 delaying, —  
 With a soul so adapted to mingle,  
 No wonder the neighbors are say-  
 ing  
 'T is singular you should be sin-  
 gle!

THE GHOST-PLAYER.

A BALLAD.

TOM GOODWIN was an actor-man,  
Old Drury's pride and boast  
In all the light and sprite-ly parts,  
Especially the Ghost.

Now, Tom was very fond of drink,  
Of almost every sort,  
Comparative and positive,  
From porter up to port.

But grog, like grief, is fatal stuff  
For any man to sup;  
For when it fails to pull him down,  
It's sure to blow him up.

And so it fared with ghostly Tom,  
Who day by day was seen  
Swelling, till (as lawyers say)  
He fairly lost his lean.

At length the manager observed  
He'd better leave his post,  
And said he played the very deuce  
Whene'er he played the Ghost.

For was only t' other night he saw  
A fellow swing his hat,  
And heard him cry, "By all the  
gods!

The Ghost is getting fat!"

I would never do, the case was  
plain;

His eyes he could n't shut;  
Ghosts should n't make the people  
laugh,  
And Tom was quite a *butt*.

Tom's actor friends said ne'er a  
word

To cheer his drooping heart;  
Though more than one was burn-  
ing up

With zeal to "take his part."

Tom argued very plausibly;  
He said he did n't doubt

That Hamlet's father drank, and  
grew,  
In years, a little stout.

And so 't was natural, he said,  
And quite a proper plan,  
To have his spirit represent  
A portly sort of man.

'T was all in vain: the manager  
Said he was not in sport,  
And, like a gen'ral, bade poor Tom  
Surrender up his *forte*.

He'd do, perhaps, in heavy parts,  
Might answer for a monk,  
Or porter to the elephant,  
To carry round his trunk;

But in the Ghost his day was  
past. —

He'd never do for that;  
A Ghost might just as well be dead  
As plethoric and fat!

Alas! next day poor Tom was  
found

As stiff as any post;  
For he had lost his character,  
And given up the Ghost!

"DO YOU THINK HE IS  
MARRIED?"

MADAM, — you are very pressing,  
And I can't decline the task;  
With the slightest gift of guessing,  
You would scarcely need to ask.

Don't you see a hint of marriage  
In his sober-sided face?  
In his rather careless carriage,  
And extremely rapid pace?

If he's not committed treason,  
Or some wicked action done,  
Can you see the faintest reason  
Why a bachelor should run?

Why should *he* be in a flurry?

But a loving wife to greet  
Is a circumstance to hurry  
The most dignified of feet.

When afar the man has spied her,  
If the grateful, happy elf  
Does not haste to be beside her,  
He must be beside himself!

It is but a trifle, maybe, —  
But observe his practised tone,  
When he calms your stormy baby,  
Just as if it were his own!

Do you think a certain meekness  
You have mentioned in his looks  
Is a chronic optic weakness  
That has come of reading books?

Did you ever see his vision  
Peering underneath a hood,  
Save enough for recognition,  
As a civil person should?

Could a Capuchin be colder  
When he glances, as he must,  
At a finely rounded shoulder,  
Or a proudly swelling bust?

Madam, think of every feature,  
Then deny it, if you can,  
He's a fond, connubial creature,  
And a *very* married man!

---

## A COLLEGE REMINISCENCE.

ADDRESSED TO THOMAS B. THORPE, ESQ.,  
OF NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR TOM, have you forgot the day  
When, long ago, we used to stray  
Among the "Haddams"?  
Where, in the mucky road, a man  
(The road was built on Adam's  
plan,  
And not McAdam's!)

Went down — down — down, one  
stormy night,  
And disappeared from human  
sight,

All save his hat, —  
Which raised in sober minds a  
sense  
Of some mysterious Providence  
In sparing that?

I think 't will please you, Tom, to  
hear  
The man who in that night of fear  
Went down terrestrial,  
Worked out a passage like a miner,  
And, pricking through somewhere  
in China,  
Came up Celestial!

Ah! those were memorable times,  
And worth embalming in my  
rhymes,  
When, at the summons  
Of chapel bell, we left our sport  
For lessons most uncommon short,  
Or shorter commons!

I mind me, Tom, you often drew  
Nice portraits, and exceeding  
true —

To your intention!  
The most impracticable faces  
Discovered unsuspected graces,  
By your invention.

On brainless heads the finest bumps  
(Erected by your pencil-thumps)  
Were plainly seen;  
Your Yankees all were very Greek,  
Unchosen aunts grew "choice  
antique,"  
And blues turned green!

The swarthy suddenly were fair,  
And yellow changed to auburn hair  
Or sunny flax;  
And people very thin and flat,  
Like Aldermen grew round and fat  
On canvas-backs!

I well remember all your art  
 To make the best of every part, —  
 I am certain *no* man  
 Could better coax a wrinkle out,  
 Or elevate a lowly snout,  
 Or snub a Roman!

Young gentlemen with leaden eyes  
 Stared wildly out on lowering skies,  
 Quite Corsair-fashion;  
 And greenish orbs got very blue,  
 And linsey-woolsey maidens grew  
 Almost Circassian!

And many an ancient maiden aunt  
 As lean and lank as John O' Gaunt,  
 Or even lanker,  
 By art transformed and newly drest,  
 Could boast for once as full a chest  
 As — any banker!

Ah! we were jolly youngsters then,  
 But now we're sober-sided men,  
 Half through life's journey;  
 And you've turned author, Tom,  
 I hear, —  
 And I — you'll think it very  
 queer —  
 Have turned attorney!

Heaven bless you, Tom, in house  
 and heart!

That we should live so far apart  
 Is much a pity),  
 And may you multiply your name,  
 And have a very "crescent" fame,  
 Just like your city!

### EARLY RISING.

"God bless the man who first in-  
 vented sleep!"  
 So Sancho Panza said, and so  
 say I:  
 and bless him, also, that he did n't  
 keep  
 His great discovery to himself;  
 nor try

To make it — as the lucky fellow  
 might —  
 A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes; bless the man who first in-  
 vented sleep  
 (I really can't avoid the itera-  
 tion);  
 But blast the man, with curses  
 loud and deep,  
 Whate'er the rascal's name, or  
 age, or station,  
 Who first invented, and went round  
 advising,  
 That artificial cut-off, — Early  
 Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the  
 lark to bed,"  
 Observes some solemn, sentimen-  
 tal owl;  
 Maxims like these are very cheaply  
 said;  
 But, ere you make yourself a fool  
 or fowl,  
 Pray just inquire about his rise  
 and fall,  
 And whether larks have any beds  
 at all!

The time for honest folks to be  
 abed  
 Is in the morning, if I reason  
 right;  
 And he who cannot keep his pre-  
 cious head  
 Upon his pillow till it's fairly  
 light,  
 And so enjoy his forty morning  
 winks,  
 Is up to knavery; or else — he  
 drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the  
 "Seasons," said  
 It was a glorious thing to *rise* in  
 season;

But then he said it — lying — in  
his bed,

At ten o'clock, A. M., — the very  
reason

He wrote so charmingly. The sim-  
ple fact is,

His preaching was n't sanctioned  
by his practice.

'T is, doubtless, well to be some-  
times awake, —

Awake to duty, and awake to  
truth, —

But when, alas! a nice review we  
take

Of our best deeds and days, we  
find, in sooth,

The hours that leave the slightest  
cause to weep

Are those we passed in childhood  
or asleep!

'T is beautiful to leave the world  
awhile

For the soft visions of the gentle  
night;

And free, at last, from mortal care  
or guile,

To live as only in the angels'  
sight,

In sleep's sweet realm so cosily  
shut in,

Where, at the worst, we only *dream*  
of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker  
praise.

I like the lad who, when his  
father thought

To clip his morning nap by hack-  
neyed phrase

Of vagrant worm by early song-  
ster caught,

Cried, "Served him right! — it's  
not at all surprising;

The worm was punished, sir, for  
early rising!"

## THE LADY ANN.

### A BALLAD.

"SHE 'll soon be here, the Lady  
Ann,"

The children cried in glee;

"She always comes at four  
o'clock,

And now it's striking three."

At stroke of four the lady came,  
A lady passing fair;

And she sat and gazed adown the  
road,

With a long and eager stare.

"The mail! the mail!" the idlers  
cried,

At sight of a coach-and-four;

"The mail! the mail!" and at the  
word,

The coach was at the door.

Up sprang in haste the Lady Ann,  
And marked with anxious eye

The travellers, who, one by one,  
Were slowly passing by.

"Alack! alack!" the lady cried,  
"He surely named to-day;

He 'll come to-morrow, then," she  
sighed,

And, turning, strolled away.

"'T is passing odd, upon my  
word,"

The landlord now began;

"A strange romance! — that wo-  
man, sirs,

Is called the Lady Ann.

"She dwells hard by upon the hill,  
The widow of Sir John,

Who died abroad, come August  
next,

Just twenty years ago.

"A hearty neighbor, sirs, was he,  
A bold, true-hearted man;  
And a fonder pair were seldom seen  
Than he and Lady Ann.

"They scarce had been a twelve-  
month wed,  
When — ill betide the day! —  
Sir John was called to go in haste  
Some hundred miles away.

"Ne'er lovers in the fairy tales  
A truer love could boast;  
And many were the gentle words  
That came and went by post.

"A month or more had passed  
away,  
When by the post came down  
The joyous news that such a day  
Sir John would be in town.

"Full gleesome was the Lady Ann  
To read the welcome word,  
And promptly at the hour she  
came,  
To meet her wedded lord.

"Alas! alas! he came not back.  
There only *came* instead  
A mournful message by the post,  
That good Sir John was dead!

"One piercing shriek, and Lady  
Ann  
Had swooned upon the floor:  
Good sirs, it was a fearful grief  
That gentle lady bore!

"We raised her up; her ebbing life  
Began again to dawn;  
She muttered wildly to herself, —  
'T was plain her wits were gone.

"A strange forgetfulness came o'er  
Her sad, bewildered mind,  
And to the grief that drove her mad  
Her memory was blind!

"Ah! since that hour she little  
wots  
Full twenty years are fled!  
She little wots, poor Lady Ann!  
Her wedded lord is dead.

"But each returning day she  
deems  
The day he fixed to come;  
And ever at the wonted hour  
She's here to greet him home.

"And when the coach is at the  
door,  
She marks with eager eye  
The travellers, as one by one  
They're slowly passing by.

"'Alack!' she cries, in plaintive  
tone,  
'He surely named to-day!  
He'll come to-morrow, then,' she  
sighs,  
And, turning, strolls away."

## HOW THE MONEY GOES.

How goes the Money? — Well,  
I'm sure it is n't hard to tell;  
It goes for rent, and water-rates,  
For bread and butter, coal and  
grates,  
Hats, caps, and carpets, hoops and  
hose, —  
And that's the way the Money  
goes!

How goes the Money? — Nay,  
Don't everybody know the way?  
It goes for bonnets, coats, and  
capes,  
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets,  
crapes,  
Shawls, ribbons, furs, and furbel-  
lows, —  
And that's the way Money goes!

How goes the Money? — Sure,  
 I wish the ways were something  
     fewer;  
 It goes for wages, taxes, debts;  
 It goes for presents, goes for bets,  
 For paint, *pommade*, and *eau de*  
     *rose*, —  
 And that's the way the Money  
     goes!

How goes the Money? — Now,  
 I've scarce begun to mention how;  
 It goes for laces, feathers, rings,  
 Toys, dolls — and other baby-  
     things,  
 Whips, whistles, candies, bells,  
     and bows, —  
 And that's the way the Money  
     { goes!

How goes the Money? — Come,  
 I know it does n't go for rum;  
 It goes for schools and sabbath  
     chimes,  
 It goes for charity — sometimes;  
 For missions, and such things as  
     those, —  
 And that's the way the Money  
     goes!

How goes the Money? — There!  
 I'm out of patience, I declare;  
 It goes for plays, and diamond-  
     pins,  
 For public alms, and private sins,  
 For hollow shams, and silly  
     shows, —  
 And that's the way the Money  
     goes!

---

### SAINT JONATHAN.

THERE's many an excellent  
     Saint, —  
 St. George, with his dragon and  
     lance;

St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;  
 St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;  
 St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul;  
 St. Andrew, the saint of the  
     Scot;  
 But JONATHAN, youngest of all,  
     Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

He wears a most serious face,  
     Well worthy a martyr's possess-  
         ing;  
 But it is n't all owing to grace,  
     But partly to thinking and guess-  
         ing;  
 In sooth, our American Saint  
     Has rather a secular bias,  
 And I never have heard a com-  
     plaint  
     Of his being excessively pious!

He's fond of financial improve-  
     ment,  
 And is always extremely in-  
     clined  
 To be starting some practical  
     movement  
     For mending the morals and  
     mind.  
 Do you ask me what wonderful  
     labors  
     ST. JONATHAN ever has done  
 To rank with his Calendar neigh-  
     bors?  
     Just listen, a moment, to one:

One day when a flash in the air  
     Split his meeting-house fairly  
     asunder,  
 Quoth JONATHAN, "Now, I de-  
     clare,  
     They're dreadfully careless with  
     thunder!"  
 So he fastened a rod to the steeple;  
     And now, when the lightning  
     comes round,  
 He keeps it from building and  
     people,  
     By running it into the ground!

Reflecting, with pleasant emotion,  
On the capital job he had done,  
Quoth JONATHAN: "I have a no-  
tion

Improvements have barely be-  
gun;  
If nothing's created in vain, —  
As ministers often inform us, —  
The lightning that's wasted, 't is  
plain  
Is really something enormous!"

While ciphering over the thing,  
At length he discovered a plan  
To catch the Electrical King,  
And make him the servant of  
man;  
And now, in an orderly way,  
He flies on the fleetest of pinions,  
And carries the news of the day  
All over his master's dominions!

One morning, while taking a stroll,  
He heard a lugubrious cry, —  
Like the shriek of a suffering  
soul, —  
In a Hospital standing near by;  
Anon, such a terrible groan  
Saluted ST. JONATHAN'S ear  
That his bosom — which was n't  
of stone —  
Was melted with pity to hear.

That night he invented a charm  
So potent that folks who employ  
it,  
In losing a leg or an arm,  
Don't suffer, but rather enjoy it!  
A miracle, you must allow,  
As good as the best of his broth-  
ers, —  
And blessed ST. JONATHAN now  
Is patron of cripples and mothers!

There's many an excellent  
Saint, —  
St. George, with his dragon and  
lance;

St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;  
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;  
St. Denis, the saint of the Gaul;  
St. Andrew, the saint of the  
Scot;  
But JONATHAN, youngest of all,  
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

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### SONG OF SARATOGA.

"PRAY, what do they do at the  
Springs?"  
The question is easy to ask;  
But to answer it fully, my dear,  
Were rather a serious task.  
And yet, in a bantering way,  
As the magpie or mocking-bird  
sings,  
I'll venture a bit of a song  
To tell what they do at the  
Springs!

*Imprimis*, my darling, they drink  
The waters so sparkling and  
clear;  
Though the flavor is none of the  
best,  
And the odor exceedingly queer;  
But the fluid is mingled, you know,  
With wholesome medicinal  
things,  
So they drink, and they drink, and  
they drink, —  
And that's what they do at the  
Springs!

Then with appetites keen as a  
knife,  
They hasten to breakfast or dine;  
(The latter precisely at three,  
The former from seven till nine.)  
Ye gods! what a rustle and rush  
When the eloquent dinner-bell  
rings!  
Then they eat, and they eat, and  
they eat, —  
And that's what they do at the  
Springs!

Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,

Or loll in the shade of the trees;  
Where many a whisper is heard  
That never is told by the breeze;  
And hands are commingled with hands,

Regardless of conjugal rings;  
And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt, —

And that's what they do at the Springs!

The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,  
And music is shrieking away;

Terpsichore governs the hour,  
And Fashion was never so gay!  
An arm round a tapering waist,  
How closely and fondly it clings!  
So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz, —

And that's what they do at the Springs!

In short — as it goes in the world —  
They eat, and they drink, and they sleep;

They talk, and they walk, and they woo;

They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;

They read, and they ride, and they dance;

(With other unspeakable things;)  
They pray, and they play, and they pay, —

And that's what they do at the Springs!

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## TALE OF A DOG.

### IN TWO PARTS.

#### PART FIRST.

##### I.

"CURSE on all curs!" I heard a cynic cry;

A wider malediction than he thought, —

For what's a cynic? — Had he cast his eye

Within his dictionary, he had caught

This much of learning, — the untutored elf, —

That he, unwittingly, had cursed himself!

##### II.

"Beware of dogs," the great Apostle writes;

A rather brief and sharp philippic sent

To the Philippians. The paragraph invites

Some little question as to its intent,

Among the best expositors; but then

I find they all agree that "dogs" meant *men*!

##### III.

Beware of men! a moralist might say,

And women too; 't were but a prudent hint,

Well worth observing in a general way,

But having surely no conclusion in 't.

(As saucy satirists are wont to rail,)

All men are faithless, and all women frail.

##### IV.

And so of dogs 't were wrong to dogmatize

Without discrimination or degree;

For one may see, with half a pair of eyes,

That they have characters as well as we:

I hate the rascal who can walk the street

Caning all canines he may chance to meet.

V.

I had a dog that was not all a dog,  
For in his nature there was  
something human;  
Wisely he looked as any peda-  
gogue;  
Loved funerals and weddings,  
like a woman;  
With this (still human) weakness,  
I confess,  
Of always judging people by their  
dress.

VI.

He hated beggars, it was very  
clear,  
And oft was seen to drive them  
from the door;  
But that was education;—for a  
year,  
Ere yet his puppyhood was fairly  
o'er,  
He lived with a Philanthropist,  
and caught  
His practices; the precepts he for-  
got!

VII.

Which was a pity; yet the dog, I  
grant,  
Led, on the whole, a very worthy  
life.  
To teach you industry, "Go to the  
ant,"  
(I mean the insect, not your  
uncle's wife;)  
But—though the counsel sounds  
a little rude—  
Go to the dogs, for love and grati-  
tude.

PART SECOND.

VIII.

"Throw physic to the dogs," the  
poet cries;  
A downright insult to the canine  
race;

There's not a puppy but is far too  
wise  
To put a pill or powder in his  
face.  
Perhaps the poet merely meant to  
say,  
That physic, thrown to dogs, is  
thrown away,—

IX.

Which (as the parson said about  
the dice)  
Is the best throw that any man  
can choose;  
Take, if you're ailing, medical  
advice,—  
*Minus* the medicine,—which,  
of course, refuse.  
Drugging, no doubt, occasioned  
Homœopathy,  
And all the dripping horrors of  
Hydropathy.

X.

At all events, 't is fitting to remark,  
Dogs spurn at drugs; their daily  
bark and whine  
Are not at all the musty wine and  
bark  
The doctors give to patients in  
decline;  
And yet a dog who felt a fracture's  
smart  
Once thanked a kind surgeon  
for his art.

XI.

I've heard a story, and believe it  
true,  
About a dog that chanced to  
break his leg;  
His master set it and the member  
grew  
Once more a sound and service-  
able peg;  
And how d' ye think the happy  
dog exprest  
The grateful feelings of his glowing  
breast?

## XII.

'T was not in words; the customary  
 pay  
 Of human debtors for a friendly  
 act;  
 For dogs their thoughts can neither  
 sing nor say  
 E'en in "dog-latin," which (a  
 curious fact)  
 Is spoken only — as a classic  
 grace —  
 By grave Professors of the human  
 race!

## XIII.

No, 't was in deed; the very brief-  
 est tail  
 Declared his deep emotions at  
 his cure;  
 Short, but significant; — one could  
 not fail,  
 From the mere wagging of his  
 cynosure  
 ("Surgens e *puppi*"), and his ears  
 agog,  
 To see the fellow was a grateful  
 dog!

## XIV.

One day — still mindful of his late  
 disaster —  
 He wandered off the village to  
 explore;  
 And brought another dog unto his  
 master,  
 Lame of a leg, as he had been  
 before;  
 As who should say, "You see! —  
 the dog is lame:  
 You doctored me, pray doctor him  
 the same!"

## XV.

So runs the story, and you have it  
 cheap, —  
 Dog-cheap, as doubtless such a  
 tale should be;

The moral, surely, is n't hard to  
 reap: —

Be prompt to listen unto mercy's  
 plea;  
 The good you get, diffuse; it will  
 not hurt you  
 E'en from a dog to learn a Chris-  
 tian virtue!

## THE JOLLY MARINER.

## A BALLAD.

It was a jolly mariner  
 As ever hove a log;  
 He wore his trousers wide and free,  
 And always ate his prog,  
 And blessed his eyes, in sailor-  
 wise,  
 And never shirked his grog.  
 Up spoke this jolly mariner,  
 Whilst walking up and down: —  
 "The briny sea has pickled me,  
 And done me very brown;  
 But here I goes, in these here  
 clo'es,  
 A-cruising in the town!"

The first of all the curious things  
 That chanced his eye to meet,  
 As this undaunted mariner  
 Went sailing up the street,  
 Was, tripping with a little cane,  
 A dandy all complete!

He stopped, — that jolly mari-  
 ner, —  
 And eyed the stranger well: —  
 "What that may be," he said, says  
 he,  
 "Is more than I can tell;  
 But ne'er before, on sea or shore,  
 Was such a heavy swell!"

He met a lady in her hoops,  
 And thus she heard him hail: —

"Now blow me tight! but there's  
a sight

To manage in a gale!  
I never saw so small a craft  
With such a spread o' sail!

"Observe the craft before and  
aft, —

She 'd make a pretty prize!"  
And then in that improper way  
He spoke about his eyes,  
That mariners are wont to use  
In anger or surprise.

He saw a plumber on a roof,  
Who made a mighty din: —  
"Shipmate, ahoy!" the rover  
cried,

"It makes a sailor grin  
To see you copper-bottoming  
Your upper decks with tin!"

He met a yellow-bearded man,  
And asked about the way;  
But not a word could he make out  
Of what the chap would say,  
Unless he meant to call him names,  
By screaming, "Nix furstay!"

Up spoke this jolly mariner,  
And to the man said he: —  
"I have n't sailed these thirty  
years

Upon the stormy sea,  
To bear the shame of such a name  
As I have heard from thee!

"So take thou that!" — and laid  
him flat;

'But soon the man arose,  
And beat the jolly mariner  
Across his jolly nose,  
Till he was fain, from very pain,  
To yield him to the blows.

'T was then this jolly mariner,  
A wretched jolly tar,  
Wished he was in a jolly-boat  
Upon the sea afar,

Or riding fast, before the blast,  
Upon a single spar!

'T was then this jolly mariner  
Returned unto his ship,  
And told unto the wondering crew  
The story of his trip,  
With many oaths and curses, too,  
Upon his wicked lip!

As hoping — so this mariner  
In fearful words harangued —  
His timbers might be shivered, and  
His le'ward scuppers danged,  
(A double curse, and vastly worse  
Than being shot or hanged!)

If ever he — and here again  
A dreadful oath he swore —  
If ever he, except at sea,  
Spoke any stranger more,  
Or like a son of — something —  
went  
A-cruising on the shore!

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### TOM BROWN'S DAY IN GOTHAM.

"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit  
*et urbem.*"

I'LL tell you a story of THOMAS  
BROWN, —  
I don't mean the poet of Shrop-  
shire town;  
Nor the Scotch Professor of wide  
renown;  
But "Honest Tom Brown"; so  
called, no doubt,  
Because with the same  
Identical name,  
A good many fellows were roving  
about  
Of whom the sheriff might pru-  
dently swear  
That "honest" with them was a  
*non-est* affair!

Now Tom was a Yankee of wealth  
 and worth,  
 Who lived and throve by tilling  
 the earth;  
 For Tom had wrought  
 As a farmer ought,  
 Who, doomed to toil by original  
 sinning,  
 Began — like Adam — at the be-  
 ginning.  
 He ploughed, he harrowed, and he  
 sowed;  
 He drilled, he planted, and he  
 hoed;  
 He dug and delved, and reaped and  
 mowed.  
 (I wish I could — but I can't — tell  
 now  
 Whether he used a subsoil-plough;  
 Or whether, in sooth, he had ever  
 seen  
 A regular reaping and raking ma-  
 chine.)

He took most pains  
 With the nobler grains  
 Of higher value, and finer tissues  
 Which, possibly, one  
 Inclined to a pun,  
 Would call — like *Harper* — his  
 “*cereal issues!*”  
 With wheat his lands were all  
 ablaze;  
 'T was amazing to look at his fields  
 of maize;  
 And there were places  
 That showed *rye*-faces  
 As pleasant to see as so many  
 Graces.  
 And as for hops,  
 His annual crops  
 (So very extensive that, on my soul,  
 They fairly reached from pole to  
 pole!)  
 Would beat the guess of any old  
 fogie,  
 Or — the longest season at Sara-  
 toga!

Whatever seed did most abound,  
 In the grand result that Autumn  
 found,  
 It was his plan,  
 Though a moderate man,  
 To be early running it into the  
 ground;  
 That is to say,  
 In another way: —  
 Whether the seed was barley or  
 hay,  
 Large or little, or green or gray, —  
 Provided only it promised to  
 “pay,” —  
 He never chose to labor in vain  
 By stupidly going against the  
 grain,  
 But hastened away, without stay  
 or stop,  
 And carefully put it into his crop.  
 And he raised tomatoes  
 And lots of potatoes,  
 More sorts, in sooth, than I could  
 tell;  
 Turnips, that always turned up  
 well;  
 Celery, all that he could sell;  
 Grapes by the bushel, sour and  
 sweet;  
 Beets, that certainly could n't be  
 beat;  
 Cabbage — like some sartorial  
 mound;  
 Vines, that fairly *cu*-cumbered the  
 ground;  
 Some pumpkins — more than he  
 could house, and  
 Ten thousand pears; (that's twenty  
 thousand!)  
 Fruit of all kinds and propagations,  
 Baldwins, Pippins, and Carnations,  
 And apples of other appellations.  
 To sum it all up in the briefest  
 space,  
 As you may suppose, Brown  
 flourished apace,  
 Just because he proceeded, I ven-  
 ture to say,

In the *nulla-retrosum vestigi-*ous  
way;

That is — if you 're not University-  
bred —

He took Crocket's advice about  
going ahead.

At all the State Fairs he held a  
fair station,

Raised horses and cows and his  
own reputation;

Made butter and money; took a  
Justice's niche;

Grew wheat, wool, and hemp;  
corn, cattle, and — rich!

But who would be always a coun-  
try-clown?

And so Tom Brown

Sat himself down

And, knitting his brow in a studi-  
ous frown,

He said, says he:—

It's plain to see,

And I think Mrs. B will be apt to  
agree

(If she don't, it's much the same  
to me),

That I, TOM BROWN,

Should go to town!

But then, says he, what town shall  
it be?

Boston-town is consid'rably near-  
er,

And York is farther, and so will  
be dearer,

But then, of course, the sights will  
be queerer;

Besides, I'm told, you're surely  
a lost 'un,

If you once get astray in the streets  
of Boston.

York is right-angled;

And Boston, right-tangled;

And both, I've no doubt, are un-  
common new-fangled.

Ah! — the "SMITHS," I remem-  
ber, belong to York,

('T was ten years ago I sold them  
my pork,)

Good, honest traders — I'd like to  
know them —

And so — 't is settled — I'll go to  
Gotham!

And so Tom Brown

Sat himself down,

With many a smile and never a  
frown,

And rode, by rail, to that notable  
town

Which I really think well worthy  
of mention

As being America's greatest inven-  
tion!

Indeed, I'll be bound that if Nature  
and Art,

(Though the former, being older,  
has gotten the start,)

In some new Crystal Palace of  
suitable size

Should show their *chefs-d'œuvre*,  
and contend for the prize

The latter would prove, when it  
came to the scratch,

Whate'er you may think, no con-  
temptible match;

For should old Mrs. Nature en-  
deavor to stagger her

By presenting, at last, her majestic  
Niagara,

Miss Art would produce an equiva-  
lent work

In her great, overwhelming, un-  
finished NEW YORK!

And now Mr. Brown

Was fairly in town,

In that part of the city they used  
to call "down,"

Not far from the spot of ancient  
renown

As being the scene

Of the Bowling Green,

A fountain that looked like a huge  
tureen

Piled up with rocks, and a squirt  
between;

But the "Bowling" now has gone  
 where they tally  
 "The Fall of the Ten," in a neigh-  
 boring alley;  
 And as to the "Green" — why,  
 that you will find  
 Whenever you see the "invisible"  
 kind! —  
 And he stopped at an Inn that's  
 known very well,  
 "Delmonico's" once — now "Ste-  
 ven's Hotel";  
 (And, to venture a pun which I  
 think rather witty,  
 There's no better Inn in this Inn-  
 famous city!)

And Mr. Brown  
 Strolled up town,  
 And I'm going to write his travels  
 down;  
 But if you suppose *Tom Brown*  
 will disclose  
 The usual sins and follies of those  
 Who leave rural regions to see  
 city-shows, —  
 You could n't well make  
 A greater mistake;  
 For Brown was a man of excellent  
 sense;  
 Could see very well through a hole  
 in a fence,  
 And was honest and plain, without  
 sham or pretence;  
 Of sharp city-learning he could n't  
 have boasted,  
 But he was n't the chap to be  
 easily roasted.

And here let me say,  
 In a very dogmatic, oracular way,  
 (And I'll prove it, before I have  
 done with my lay,)  
 Not only that honesty's likely to  
 "pay,"  
 But that one must be, as a general  
 rule,  
 At least half a knave to be wholly  
 a fool!

Of pocketbook - dropping Tom  
 never had heard,  
 (Or at least if he had, he'd forgot-  
 ten the word,)  
 And now when, at length, the  
 occasion occurred,  
 For *that* sort of chaff he was n't  
 the bird.  
 The gentleman argued with elo-  
 quent force,  
 And begged him to pocket the  
 money, of course;  
 But Brown, without thinking at  
 all what he said,  
 Popped out the first thing that  
 entered his head,  
 (Which chanced to be wondrously  
 fitting and true,)  
 "No, no, my dear Sir, I'll be  
*burnt* if I do!"  
 Two lively young fellows, of ele-  
 gant mien,  
 Amused him awhile with a pretty  
 machine, —  
 An ivory ball, which he never had  
 seen.  
 But though the unsuspecting stran-  
 ger  
 In the "patent safe" saw no patent  
 danger,  
 He easily dodged the nefarious net,  
 Because "he was n't accustomed  
 to bet."

Ah! here, I wot,  
 Is exactly the spot  
 To make a small fortune as easy as  
 not!  
 That man with the watch — what  
 lungs he has got!  
 It's "Going — the best of that  
 elegant lot —  
 To close a concern, at a desperate  
 rate,  
 The jeweller ruined as certain as  
 fate!  
 A capital watch! — you may see  
 by the weight —

Worth one hundred dollars as easy  
 as eight —  
 Or half of that sum to melt down  
 into plate —  
 (Brown does n't know "Peter"  
 from Peter the Great)  
 But then I can't dwell,  
 I'm ordered to sell,  
 And mus' n't stand weeping — just  
 look at the shell —  
 I warrant the ticker to operate  
 well —  
 Nine dollars! — it's hard to be  
 selling it under  
 A couple of fifties — it's cruel, by  
 Thunder!  
 Ten dollars! — I'm offered — the  
 man who secures  
 This splendid — ten dollars! — say  
 twelve, and it's yours!"  
 "Don't want it" — quoth Brown  
 — "I don't wish to buy;  
 Fifty dollars, I'm sure, one could  
 n't call high —  
 But to see the man *ruined*! — Dear  
 Sir, I declare —  
 Between two or three bidders, it  
 does n't seem fair;  
 To knock it off now were surely a  
 sin;  
 Just wait, my dear Sir, till the  
 people come in!  
 Allow me to say, you disgrace  
 your position  
 As Sheriff — consid'ring the debt-  
 or's condition —  
 To sell *such* a watch without more  
 competition!"  
 And here Mr. Brown  
 Gave a very black frown,  
 Stepped leisurely out, and walked  
 farther up town.  
 To see him stray along Broadway  
 In the afternoon of a summer's  
 day,  
 And note what he chanced to see  
 and say;  
 And what people he meets  
 In the narrower streets,

Were a pregnant theme for a longer  
 lay.  
 How he marvelled at those geologi-  
 cal chaps  
 Who go poking about in crannies  
 and gaps,  
 Those curious people in tattered  
 breeches,  
 The rag-wearing, rag-picking sons  
 of — ditches,  
 Who find in the very nastiest niches  
 A "decent living," and sometimes  
 riches;  
 How he thought city prices exceed-  
 ingly queer,  
 The 'busses too cheap, and the  
 hacks too dear;  
 How he stuck in the mud, and got  
 lost in the question —  
 A problem too hard for his mental  
 digestion —  
 Why — in cleaning the city, the  
 city employs  
 Such a very small *corps* of such  
 very small boys;  
 How he judges by dress, and ac-  
 cordingly makes,  
 By mixing up classes, the drollest  
 mistakes.  
 How — as if simple vanity ever  
 were vicious,  
 Or women of merit could be mere-  
 tricious, —  
 He imagines the dashing Fifth-  
 Avenue dames  
 The same as the girls with un-  
 speakable names!  
 An exceedingly natural blunder in  
 sooth,  
 But, I'm happy to say, very far  
 from the truth;  
 For e'en at the worst, whate'er you  
 suppose,  
 The one sort of ladies can *choose*  
 their beaux,  
 While, as to the other — but every  
 one knows  
 What — if 't were a secret — I  
 would n't disclose.

And Mr. Brown  
Returned from town,  
With a bran new hat, and a muslin  
gown,  
And he told the tale, when the sun  
was down,  
How he spent his eagles, and  
saved his crown;  
How he showed his pluck by re-  
sisting the claim  
Of an impudent fellow who asked  
his name;  
But paid — as a gentleman ever is  
willing —  
At the old Park-Gate, the regular  
shilling!

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### YE TAILYOR-MAN.

#### A CONTEMPLATIVE BALLAD.

RIGHT jollie is ye tailyor-man,  
As annie man may be;  
And all ye daye upon ye benche  
He worketh merrilie.

And oft ye while in pleasante wise  
He coileth up his lymbes,  
He singeth songs ye like whereof  
Are not in Watts liis hymns.

And yet he toileth all ye while  
His merrie catches rolle;  
As true unto ye needle as  
Ye needle to ye pole.

What cares ye valiant tailyor-man  
For all ye cowarde feñres?  
Against ye scissors of ye Fates  
He pointes his mightie shears.

He heedeth not ye ancienne jests  
That witlesse sinners use;  
What feareth ye bolde tailyor-man  
Ye hissing of a goose?

He pulleth at ye busie threade,  
To feede his lovinge wife  
And eke his childe; for unto them  
It is ye threade of life.

He cutteth well ye riche man's  
coate,  
And with unseemlie pride  
He sees ye little waistcoate in  
Ye cabbage bye his side.

Meanwhile ye tailyor-man his wife,  
To labor nothings loth,  
Sits bye with readie hande to baste  
Ye urchin and ye cloth.

Full happie is ye tailyor-man,  
Yet is he often tried,  
Lest he, from fullnesse of ye dimes,  
Wax wanton in his pride.

Full happie is ye tailyor-man,  
And yet he hath a foe,  
A cunninge enemye that none  
So well as tailyors knowe.

It is ye slipperie customer  
Who goes his wicked wayes,  
And weares ye tailyor-man his  
coate  
But never, never payes!

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### THE DEVIL OF NAMES.

#### A LEGEND.

AT an old-fashioned inn, with a  
pendulous sign,  
Once graced with the head of the  
king of the kine,  
But innocent now of the slightest  
“design,”  
Save calling low people to spurious  
wine, —  
While the villagers, drinking, and  
playing “all fours,”

And cracking small jokes, with vociferous roars,  
 Were talking of horses, and hunting, and — scores  
 Of similar topics a bar-room adores,  
 But which rigid morality greatly deplores,  
 Till as they grew high in their bacchanal revels,  
 They fell to discoursing of witches and devils, —

A neat single rap,  
 Just the ghost of a tap,  
 That would scarcely have wakened a flea from his nap,  
 Not at all in its sound like your “Rochester Knocking,”  
 (Where asses in herds are diurnally flocking,)

But twice as mysterious, and vastly more shocking,  
 Was heard at the door by the people within,  
 Who stopped in a moment their clamorous din,

And ceased in a trice from their jokes and their gin;  
 When who should appear  
 But an odd-looking stranger somewhat “in the sere,”

(He seemed at the least in his sixtieth year,)  
 And he limped in a manner exceedingly queer,  
 Wore breeches uncommonly wide in the rear,  
 And his nose was turned up with a comical sneer,

And he had in his eye a most villainous leer,  
 Quite enough to make any one tremble with fear!

Whence he came,  
 And what was his name,  
 And what his purpose in venturing out,  
 And whether his lameness was

“gammon” or gout,  
 Or merely fatigue from strolling about,  
 Were questions involved in a great deal of doubt, —  
 When, taking a chair,  
 With a sociable air,  
 Like that which your “Uncle” ’s accustomed to wear,  
 Or a broker determined to sell you a share  
 In his splended “New England Gold-mining” affair,  
 He opened his mouth and went on to declare  
 That he was a *devil*! — “The devil you are!”  
 Cried one of the guests assembled there,  
 With a sudden start, and a frightened stare!  
 “Nay, don’t be alarmed,” the stranger exclaims,  
 “At the name of the devil, — *I’m the Devil of Names!*  
 You’ll wonder why  
 Such a devil as I,  
 Who ought, you would say, to be devilish shy,  
 Should venture in here with never a doubt,  
 And let the best of his secrets out;  
 But mind you, my boys,  
 It’s one of the joys  
 Of the cunningest woman and craftiest man,  
 To run as quickly as ever they can,  
 And put a confidante under ban  
 Not to publish their favorite plan!  
 And even the de’il  
 Will sometimes feel  
 A little of that remarkable zeal,  
 And (when it’s safe) delights to tell  
 The very deepest *arcana* of — well; —  
 Besides, my favor this company wins,  
 For I value next to capital sins

Those out-and-outers who revel in  
inns !

So, not to delay,

I 'm going to say,

In the very fullest and frankest  
way,

All about my honors and claims,  
Projects and plans, and objects  
and aims,

And *why* I 'm called 'The Devil  
of Names !'

I cheat by false graces,

And duplicate faces,

And treacherous praises,

And by hiding bad things under  
plausible phrases !

I 'll give you a sample,

By way of example :

Here 's a bottle before me, will  
suit to a T

For a nice illustration : this liquor,  
d' ye see,

Is the water of death, though to-  
pers agree

To think it, and drink it, as pure  
'*eau de vie*' ;

*I know* what it is, — that 's suf-  
ficient for me !

For the blackest of sins, and  
crimes, and shames,

I find soft words and innocent  
names.

The Hells devoted to Satan's games  
I christen 'Saloons' and 'Halls,'

and then,

By another contrivance of mine  
again,

They 're only haunted by 'sport-  
ing men,' —

A phrase which many a gamester  
begs,

In spite of the saw that 'eggs is  
eggs,'

To whiten his nigritudinous legs !

"To debauchees I graciously  
grant

The favor to be 'a little gallant,'

And soften vicious vagrancy down,  
By civilly speaking of 'men about  
town ;'

There 's cheating and lying

In selling and buying,

And all sorts of frauds and dis-  
honest exactions,

I 've brought to the smallest of  
moral infractions,

Merely by naming them 'business  
transactions' !

There 's swindling, now, is vastly  
more fine

As 'Banking,' — a lucky inven-  
tion of mine,

Worth ten in the *old* diabolical  
line !

"In lesser matters it 's all the  
same,

I gain the thing by yielding the  
name ;

It 's really quite the broadest of  
jokes,

But, on my honor, there 's plenty  
of folks

So uncommonly fond of verbal  
cloaks,

They can't enjoy the dinners they  
eat,

Court the 'muse of the twinkling  
feet,'

Laugh or sing, or do anything meet  
For Christian people, without a

cheat

To make their happiness quite  
complete !

The Boston saints

Are fond of these feints ;

A theatre rouses the loudest com-  
plaints,

Till it 's thoroughly purged from  
pestilent taints,

By the charm of a name and a  
pious *Te Deum*, —

Yet they patronize actors, and  
handsomely fee 'em !

Keep (shade of 'the Howards!') a  
 gay 'Athenæum,'  
 And have, above all, a harmless  
 'Museum,'  
 Where folks who love plays may  
 religiously see 'em!

"But leaving a trifle which cost  
 me more trouble  
 By far than the worth of so flimsy  
 a bubble,  
 I come to a matter which really  
 claims  
 The studious care of the Devil of  
 Names.  
 There 's 'Charity' now —"

But the lecture was done,  
 Like old Goody Morey's, when  
 scarcely begun;  
 The devil's discourse by its serious  
 teaching  
 Had set 'em a-snoring, like regular  
 preaching!  
 One look of disdain on the sleepers  
 he threw,  
 As in bitter contempt of the slum-  
 bering crew,  
 And the devil had vanished with-  
 out more ado, —  
 A trick, I suspect, that he seldom  
 plays you!

---

## YE PEDAGOGUE:

A BALLAD.

### I.

RIGHTE learned is ye Pedagogue,  
 Fulle apt to reade and spelle,  
 And eke to teache ye parts of  
 speeche,  
 And strap ye urchins welle.

### II.

For as 't is meete to soake ye  
 feete,  
 Ye ailinge heade to mende,  
 Ye younker's pate to stimulate,  
 He beats ye other ende!

### III.

Righte lordlie is ye Pedagogue  
 As any turbaned Turke;  
 For welle to rule ye District  
 Schoole,  
 It is no idle worke.

### IV.

For oft Rebellion lurketh there  
 In breaste of secrete foes,  
 Of malice fulle, in waite to pulle  
 Ye Pedagogue his nose!

### V.

Sometimes he heares with trem-  
 bling feares,  
 Of ye ungodlie rogue  
 On mischieffe bent, with felle in-  
 tent  
 To licke ye Pedagogue!

### VI.

And if ye Pedagogue be smalle,  
 When to ye battell led,  
 In such a plight, God sende him  
 mighte  
 To breake ye rogue his heade!

### VII.

Dave after daye, for little paye,  
 He teacheth what he can,  
 And bears ye yoke, to please ye  
 folke,  
 And ye Committee-man.

### VIII.

Ah! many crosses hath he borne,  
 And many trials founde,  
 Ye while he trudged ye district  
 through,  
 And boarded rounde and rounde!

## IX.

Ah! many a steake hath he devoured,  
That, by ye taste and sighte,  
Was in disdaine, 't was very plaine,  
Of Daye his patent righte!

## X.

Fulle solemn is ye Pedagogue,  
Amonge ye noisy churls,  
Yet other while he hath a smile  
To give ye handsome girls;

## XI.

And one, — ye fayrest mayde of all, —  
To cheere his wayninge life,  
Shall be, when Springe ye flowers  
shall bringe,  
Ye Pedagogue his wife!

## THE STAMMERING WIFE.

## I.

WHEN, deeply in love with Miss  
Emily Cline,  
I vowed, if the maiden would only  
be mine,  
I would always endeavor to  
please her.  
She blushed her consent, though  
the stuttering lass  
Said never a word, except "You're  
an ass —  
An ass — an ass-iduous teaser!"

## II.

But when we were married I found  
to my ruth  
The stammering lady had spoken  
the truth,  
For often, in obvious dudgeon,  
She'd say, — if I ventured to give  
her a jog  
In the way of reproof, — "You're  
a dog — you're a dog —  
A dog — a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

## III.

And once when I said, "We can  
hardly afford  
This extravagant style, with our  
moderate hoard,  
And hinted we ought to be wiser,  
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,  
And fretfully cried, "You're a  
ju — you're a ju —  
A very ju-dicious adviser!"

## IV.

Again, when it happened that,  
wishing to shirk  
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,  
I begged her to go to a neighbor,  
She wanted to know why I made  
such a fuss,  
And saucily said, "You're a  
cus — cus — cus —  
You were always ac-cus-tomed  
to labor!"

## V.

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,  
And feeling that Madam was greatly to blame  
To scold me instead of caressing,  
I mimicked her speech — like a churl as I am —  
And angrily said, "You're a dam  
— dam — dam —  
A dam-age instead of a blessing!"

## A RHYMED EPISTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICK-  
ERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

DEAR KNICK: While myself and  
my spouse  
Sat tea-ing last evening, and  
chatting,  
And, mindful of conjugal vows,  
Were nicely agreed in combat-  
ing,

It chanced that myself and my  
 wife,  
 ('T was Madam occasioned the  
 pother!)  
 Falling suddenly into a strife,  
 Came near falling out with each  
 other!

In a brisk, miscellaneous chat,  
 Quite in tune with the chime of  
 the tea-things,  
 We were talking of this and of that,  
 Just as each of us happened to  
 see things,  
 When somehow or other it chanced,  
 (I don't quite remember the cue,)  
 That as talking and tea-ing ad-  
 vanced,  
 We found we were talking of  
 you!

I think — but perhaps I am wrong,  
 Such a subtle old chap is Sug-  
 gestion,

As he forces each topic along  
 By the trick of the "previous  
 question" —

Some remarks on a bacchanal  
 revel

Suggested that horrible elf  
 With the hoof and the horns, —  
 and the Devil,  
 Excuse me, suggested yourself!

"Ah! Knick, to be sure; by the  
 way,"

Quoth Madam, "what sort of a  
 man

Do you take him to be! — nay, but  
 stay,

And let *me* guess him out if I  
 can.

He's young, and quite handsome,  
 no doubt;

Rather slender, and not over-tall;  
 And he loves a snug little turn-out,  
 And turns out 'quite a love' at  
 a ball!"

And then she went on to portray  
 Such a very delightful ideal,  
 That a sensible stranger would  
 say

It really could n't be real.  
 "And his wife, what a lady must  
 she be?"

(KNICK's married, that I know,  
 and *you* know:)

You'll find her a delicate Hebe,  
 And not your magnificent  
 Juno!"

Now I am a man, you must learn,  
 Less famous for beauty than  
 strength,

And, for aught I could ever dis-  
 cern,

Of rather superfluous length.  
 In truth 't is but seldom one meets  
 Such a Titan in human abodes,  
 And when I stalk over the streets,  
 I'm a perfect Colossus of roads!

So I frowned like a tragedy-Roman,  
 For in painting the beautiful  
 elf

As the form of your lady, the wo-  
 man

Took care to be drawing herself;  
 While, mark you, the picture she  
 drew

So deuced *con amore* and free,  
 That fanciful likeness of you,  
 Was by no means a portrait of  
 me!

"How lucky for ladies," I hinted,  
 "That in our republican land  
 They may prattle, without being  
 stinted,

Of matters they don't under-  
 stand;

I'll show you, dear Madam, that  
 'KNICK'

Is n't dapper nor daintily slim,  
 But a gentleman decently thick,  
 With a manly extension of limb.

"And as to his youth, — talk of  
flowers  
Blooming gayly in frosty Decem-  
ber!

I'll warrant, his juvenile hours  
Are things he can scarcely re-  
member!

Here, Madam, quite plain to be  
seen,

Is the chap you would choose  
for a lover!"

And, producing your own Maga-  
zine,

I pointed elate to the cover!

"You see, ma'am, 't is just as I  
said,

His locks are as gray as a rat;

Here, look at the crown of his head,  
'T is bald as the crown of my  
hat!"

"Nay, my dear," interrupted my  
wife,

Who began to be casting about  
To get the last word in the strife,

"'T is his grandfather's picture,  
no doubt!"

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

### AN ECLOGUE.

#### CLOVERTOP.

I've thought, my Cousin, it's ex-  
tremely queer

That you, who love to spend your  
August here,

Don't bring, at once, your wife  
and children down,

And quit, for good, the noisy, dusty  
town.

#### SHILLINGSIDE.

Ah! simple swain, this sort of life  
may do

For such a verdant Clovertop as  
you,

Content to vegetate in summer air,  
And hibernate in winter — like a  
bear!

#### CLOVERTOP.

Here we have butter pure as vir-  
gin gold,

And milk from cows that can a tail  
unfold

With bovine pride; and new-laid  
eggs, whose praise

Is sung by pullets with their morn-  
ing lays;

Trout from the brook; good water  
from the well;

And other blessings more than I  
can tell!

#### SHILLINGSIDE.

There, simple rustic, we have  
nightly plays,

And operatic music, — charming  
ways

Of spending time and money, —  
lots of fun;

The Central Park — whene'er they  
get it done;

Barnum's Museum, full of things  
erratic,

Terrene, amphibious, airy, and  
aquatic!

#### CLOVERTOP.

Here we have rosy, radiant, romp-  
ing girls,

With lips of rubies, and with teeth  
of pearls;

I dare not mention half their witch-  
ing charms;

But, ah! the roundness of their  
milky arms,

And, oh! what polished shoulders  
they display,

Bending o'er tubs upon a washing-  
day!

## SHILLINGSIDE.

*There* we have ladies most superbly  
made  
(By fine *artistes*, who understand  
their trade),  
Who dance the German, flirt a  
graceful fan,  
And speak *such* French as no  
Parisian can;  
Who sing much louder than your  
country thrushes,  
And wear (thank Phalon!) far  
more brilliant blushes!

## CLOVERTOP.

*Here*, boastful Shilling, we have  
flowery walks,  
Where you may stroll, and hold  
delightful talks,  
(No saucy placard frowning as you  
pass,  
"Ten dollars' fine for walking on  
the grass!")  
Dim-lighted groves, where love's  
delicious words  
Are breathed to music of melodious  
birds.

## SHILLINGSIDE.

*There*, silly Clover, dashing belles  
we meet,  
Sweeping with silken robes the  
dusty street;  
May gaze into their faces as they  
pass,  
Beneath the rays of dimly burning  
gas,  
Or, standing at a crossing when it  
rains,  
May see some pretty ankles for our  
pains.

## CLOVERTOP.

*Here* you may angle for the  
speckled trout,  
Play him awhile, with gentle hand,  
about,  
Then, like a sportsman, pull the  
fellow out!

## SHILLINGSIDE.

*There* too, is fishing quite as good,  
I ween,  
Where careless, gaping gudgeons  
oft are seen,  
Rich as yon pasture, and almost  
as green!

## CLOVERTOP.

*Here* you may see the meadow's  
grassy plain,  
Ripe, luscious fruits, and shocks of  
golden grain;  
And view, luxuriant in a hundred  
fields,  
The gorgeous wealth that boun-  
teous Nature yields!

## SHILLINGSIDE.

*There* you may see Trade's won-  
drous strength and pride,  
Where merchant-navies throng on  
every side,  
And view, collected in Columbia's  
mart,  
Alike the wealth of Nature and of  
Art!

## CLOVERTOP.

Cease, clamorous cit! I love these  
quiet nooks,  
Where one may sleep, or dawdle  
over books,  
Or, if he wish of gentle love to  
dream,  
May sit and muse by yonder bab-  
bling stream —

## SHILLINGSIDE

Dry up your babbling stream! my  
Clovertop —  
You're getting garrulous; it's  
time to stop.  
I love the city, and the city's  
smoke;  
The smell of gas; the dust of coal  
and coke;  
The sound of bells: the tramp of  
hurrying feet;

The sight of pigs and Paphians in  
 the street;  
 The jostling crowd; the never-  
 ceasing noise  
 Of rattling coaches, and vociferous  
 boys;  
 The cry of "Fire!" and the ex-  
 citing scene  
 Of heroes running with their mad  
 "mersheen";  
 Nay, now I think that I could even  
 stand  
 The direful din of Barnum's brazen  
 band,  
 So much I long to see the town  
 again!  
 Good by! I'm going by the evening  
 train!  
 Don't fail to call whene'er you  
 come to town,  
 We'll do the city, boy, and do it  
 brown;  
 I've really had a pleasant visit  
 here,  
 And mean to come again another  
 year.

### THE FAMILY MAN.

I ONCE was a jolly young beau,  
 And knew how to pick up a fan,  
 But I've done with all that, you  
 must know,  
 For now I'm a family man!  
 When a partner I ventured to take,  
 The ladies all favored the plan;  
 They vowed I was certain to make  
 "Such an excellent family  
 man!"  
 If I travel by land or by water,  
 I have charge of some Susan or  
 Ann;  
 Mrs. Brown is so sure that her  
 daughter  
 Is safe with a family man!

The trunks and the bandboxes  
 round 'em  
 With something like horror I  
 scan,  
 But though I may mutter, "Con-  
 found 'em!"  
 I smile — like a family man!

I once was as gay as a templar,  
 But levity's now under ban;  
 Young people must have an ex-  
 emplar,  
 And I am a family man!

The club-men I meet in the city  
 All treat me as well as they can;  
 And only exclaim, "What a pity  
 Poor Tom is a family man!"

I own I am getting quite pensive;  
 Ten children, from David to Dan,  
 Is a family rather extensive;  
 But then — I'm a family man!

### THE SNAKE IN THE GLASS.

#### A HOMILY.

COME listen awhile to me, my lad;  
 Come listen to me for a spell;  
 Let that terrible drum  
 For a moment be dumb,  
 For your uncle is going to tell  
 What befell  
 A youth who loved liquor too well.  
 A clever young man was he, my  
 lad;  
 And with beauty uncommonly  
 blest,  
 Ere, with brandy and wine,  
 He began to decline,  
 And behaved like a person pos-  
 sessed;  
 I protest  
 The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern,  
 my lad;  
 He went to a tavern one night,  
 And drinking too much  
 Rum, brandy, and such,  
 The chap got exceedingly "tight";  
 And was quite  
 What your aunt would entitle a  
 fright.

The fellow fell into a snooze, my  
 lad;  
 'T is a horrible slumber he takes;  
 He trembles with fear,  
 And acts very queer;  
 My eyes! how he shivers and  
 shakes

When he wakes,  
 And raves about horrid great  
 snakes!

'T is a warning to you and to me,  
 my lad;

A particular caution to all, —  
 Though no one can see  
 The vipers but he, —  
 To hear the poor lunatic bawl: —  
 "How they crawl! —  
 All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed,  
 my lad;

Next morning he took to his bed;  
 And he never got up  
 To dine or to sup,

Though properly physicked and  
 bled;

And I read,  
 Next day, the poor fellow was  
 dead!

You 've heard of the snake in the  
 grass, my lad;

Of the viper concealed in the grass;  
 But now, you must know,  
 Man's deadliest foe

Is a snake of a different class;  
 Alas! —

'T is the viper that lurks in the  
 glass!

A warning to you and to me, my  
 lad;

A very imperative call: —

Of liquor keep clear;

Don't drink even beer,

If you 'd shun all occasion to fall;

If at all,

Pray take it uncommonly small.

And if you are partial to snakes,  
 my lad

(A passion I think rather low),

Don't enter, to see 'em,

The *Devil's Museum*! —

'T is very much better to go

(That 's so!)

And visit a regular show!

## NE CREDE COLORI:

OR, TRUST NOT TO APPEARANCES.

THE musty old maxim is wise,  
 Although with antiquity hoary;  
 What an excellent homily lies  
 In the motto, *Ne crede colori*!

A blustering minion of Mars  
 Is vaunting his battles so gory;  
 You see some equivocal scars,  
 And mutter, *Ne crede colori*!

A fellow solicits your tin  
 By telling a runaway story;  
 You look at his ebony skin,  
 And think of, *Ne crede colori*!

You gaze upon beauty that vies  
 With the rose and the lily in  
 glory,  
 But certain "inscrutable dyes"  
 Remind you, *Ne crede colori*!

There 's possibly health in the flush  
 That rivals the red of Aurora;  
 But brandy-and-water can blush,  
 And whisper, *Ne crede colori*!

My story is presently done,  
 Like the ballad of good Mother  
 Morey;  
 But all imposition to shun,  
 Remember, *Ne crede colori!*

---

### CLARA TO CLOE.

AN EPISTLE FROM A CITY LADY  
 TO A COUNTRY COUSIN.

DEAR CLOE:—I'm deeply your  
 debtor  
 (Though the mail was uncommonly slow)  
 For the very agreeable letter  
 You wrote me a fortnight ago.  
 I know you are eagerly waiting  
 For all that I promised to write,  
 But my pen is unequal to stating  
 One half that my heart would  
 indite.

The weather is terribly torrid;  
 And writing's a serious task;  
 The new style of bonnet is horrid;  
 And so is the new-fashioned  
*basque*;

The former—but language would  
 fill  
 Were its epithets doubly as  
 strong—

The latter is worn with a tail  
 Very ugly and tediously long!

And then as to *crinoline*—Gracious!

If you only could see Cousin  
 Ruth!

The pictures, for once, are veracious,

And editors utter the truth!

I know you will think it a pity;  
 And every one makes such a  
 sneer of it;

But there is n't a saint in the city  
 Whose skirts are entirely clear  
 of it!

And then what a fortune of stuff  
 To cover the skeleton over!—  
 Charles says the idea is enough  
 To frighten a sensible lover;  
 And, pretending that *we* are to  
 blame

For every financial declension,  
 Swears husbands must soon do the  
 same,  
 If wives have another "extension"!

The town is exceedingly dull,  
 And so is the latest new farce;  
 The parks are uncommonly full,  
 But beaux are deplorably scarce;  
 They're gone to the "Springs"  
 and the "Falls,"  
 To exhibit their greyhounds and  
 graces,  
 And recruit at—what Frederick  
 calls—  
 The Brandy-and-Watering Places!

Since my former epistle, which  
 carried

The news of that curious plot,—  
 Of Miss S. who ran off—and was  
 married;

Of Miss B. who ran off—and  
 was not,—

There is n't a whisper of scandal  
 To keep gentle ladies in humor,  
 And Gossip, the pleasant old Vandal,

Is dying for want of a rumor!

CLARA.

P. S. — But was n't it funny? —  
 Mrs. Jones, at a party last week,  
 (The lady so proud of her money,  
 Of whom you have oft heard me  
 speak,)

Appeared so delightfully stupid,  
 When she spoke, through the  
 squeak of her phthisic,  
 Of the statue of Psyche and Cupid  
 As "the *statute of Cuppid and  
 Physic*"! C.

---

CLOE TO CLARA.

A SARATOGA LETTER.

DEAR CLARA:—I wish you were  
 here:

The prettiest spot upon earth!  
 With everything charming, my  
 dear,—

Beaux, badinage, music, and  
 mirth!

Such rows of magnificent trees,  
 Overhanging such beautiful  
 walks,

Where lovers may stroll, if they  
 please,

And indulge in the sweetest of  
 talks!

We go every morning, like geese,  
 To drink at the favorite Spring;

Six tumblers of water apiece  
 Is simply the regular thing;

For such is its wonderful virtue,  
 Though rather unpleasant at  
 first,

No quantity ever can hurt you,  
 Unless you should happen to  
 burst!

And then, what a gossiping sight!  
 What talk about William and  
 Harry;

How Julia was spending last night;  
 And *why* Miss Morton should  
 marry!

Dear Clara, I've happened to see  
 Full many a tea-table slaughter;  
 But, really, scandal with tea  
 Is nothing to scandal with water!

*Apropos* of the Spring — have you  
 heard

The quiz of a gentleman here  
 On a pompous M. C. who averred

That the *name* was remarkably  
 queer?

"The Spring — to keep it from  
 failing —

With wood is encompassed  
 about,

And derives, from its permanent  
*railing*,

The title of 'Congress,' no  
 doubt!"

'T is pleasant to guess at the rea-  
 son,

The genuine motive, which  
 brings

Such all-sorts of folks, in the sea-  
 son,

To stop a few days at the  
 Springs.

Some come to partake of the wa-  
 ters

(The sensible, old-fashioned  
 elves);

Some come to dispose of their  
 daughters,

And some to dispose of — them-  
 selves!

Some come to exhibit their faces  
 To new and admiring beholders;

Some come to exhibit their graces,  
 And some to exhibit their shoul-  
 ders;

Some come to make people stare  
 At the elegant dresses they've  
 got;

Some to show what a lady may  
 wear,

And some — what a lady should  
 not!

Some come to squander their treas-  
 ure,

And some their funds to im-  
 prove;

And some for mere love of pleasure,  
 And some for the pleasure of love;  
 And some to escape from the old,  
 And some to see what is new;  
 But most — it is plain to be told —  
 Come here — because other folks do!

And that, I suppose, is the reason  
 Why *I* am enjoying, to-day,  
 What 's called "the height — of  
 the season"  
 In rather the loftiest way.  
 Good by — for now I must stop —  
 To Charley's command I resign, —  
 So I 'm his for the regular hop,  
 But ever most tenderly thine,  
 CLOE.

### THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

ONCE, when a lad, it was my hap  
 To gain my mother's kind permission  
 To go and see a foreign chap  
 Who called himself "The Great  
 Magician";  
 I recollect his wondrous skill  
 In divers mystic conjurations,  
 And how the fellow wrought at will  
 The most prodigious transformations.

I recollect the nervous man  
 Within whose hat the great deceiver  
 Broke eggs, as in a frying-pan,  
 And took 'em smoking from the beaver!  
 I recollect the lady's shawl  
 Which the magician rent asunder,

And then restored; but, best of all,  
 I recollect the Ribbon-wonder!

I mean, of course, the funny freak  
 In which the wizard, at his pleasure,  
 Spins lots of ribbons from his cheek  
 (Where he had hid 'em, at his leisure).

Yard after yard, of every hue,  
 Comes blazing out, and still the fellow  
 Keeps spinning ribbons, red and blue,  
 And black, and white, and green, and yellow!

I ne'er shall see another show  
 To rank with the immortal  
 "Potter's";<sup>3</sup>  
 He 's dead and buried long ago,  
 And others charm our sons and daughters;  
 Years — years have fled — alas!  
 how quick,  
 Since I beheld the Great Magician,  
 And yet I 've seen the Ribbon-Trick  
 In many a curious repetition!

Thus, when an author I have read  
 Who much amazed the world of letters  
 With gems his fluent pen has shed,  
 (All nicely pilfered from his betters,)  
 Presto! — 't is done! — and all complete,  
 As in my youth's enraptured vision,  
 I 've seen again the Ribbon-Feat,  
 And thought about the Great Magician!

So, when a sermon I have heard  
 Made up of bits of borrowed learning,

Some cheap mosaïc which has  
 stirred  
 The wonder of the undiscern-  
 ing,  
 Swift as a flash has memory then  
 Recalled the ancient exhibition;  
 I saw the Ribbon-Trick again,  
 And thought about the Great  
 Magician!

So when some flippant man-o'-  
 jokes,  
 Though in himself no dunce was  
 duller,  
 Has dazzled all the simple folks  
 With brilliant jests of every col-  
 or,  
 I 've whispered thus (while fast  
 and thick  
 The changes flashed across my  
 vision):—  
 "How well he plays the Ribbon-  
 Trick!  
 By Jove! he beats the Great  
 Magician."

I ne'er shall see another show  
 To rank with the immortal  
 "Potter's";  
 He 's dead and buried long ago,  
 And others charm our sons and  
 daughters;  
 Years, years have fled—alas!  
 how quick,  
 Since I beheld the Great Magi-  
 cian,  
 And yet I 've seen the Ribbon-  
 Trick  
 In many a curious repetition!

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## THE BLARNEY STONE.

### I.

IN Blarney Castle, on a crumbling  
 tower,  
 There lies a stone (above your  
 ready reach),

Which to the lips imparts, 't is  
 said, the power  
 Of facile falsehood, and persua-  
 sive speech;  
 And hence, of one who talks in  
 such a tone,  
 The peasants say, "He 's kissed  
 the Blarney Stone!"

### II.

Thus, when I see some flippant  
 tourist swell  
 With secrets wrested from an  
 Emperor,  
 And hear him vaunt his bravery,  
 and tell  
 How once he snubbed a Mar-  
 quis, I infer  
 The man came back—if but the  
 truth were known—  
 By way of Cork, and kissed the  
 Blarney Stone!

### III.

So, when I hear a shallow dandy  
 boast  
 (In the long ear that marks a  
 brother dunce)  
 What precious favors ladies' lips  
 have lost,  
 To his advantage, I suspect, at  
 once,  
 The fellow 's lying; that the dog  
 alone  
 (Enough for him!) has kissed the  
 Blarney Stone!

### IV.

When some fine lady,—ready to  
 defame  
 An absent beauty, with as sweet  
 a grace,—  
 With seeming rapture greets a  
 hated name,  
 And lauds her rival to her won-  
 dering face;

E'en Charity herself must freely  
own  
Some women, too, have kissed the  
Blarney Stone!

## V.

When sleek attorneys, whose seductive tongues,  
Smooth with the unction of a  
golden fee,  
"Breathe forth huge falsehoods  
from capacious lungs" \*  
(The words are Juvenal's), 't is  
plain to see  
A lawyer's genius is n't all his  
own;  
The specious rogue has kissed the  
Blarney Stone!

## VI.

When the false pastor, from his  
fainting flock  
Withholds the Bread of Life,  
the Gospel news,  
To give them quaint words, lest he  
should shock  
The fragile fabric of the paying  
pews,  
Who but must feel, the man, to  
Grace unknown,  
Has kissed, — not Calvary, — but  
the Blarney Stone!

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ODE TO THE PRINCE OF  
WALES.

INVITING HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
TO A COUNTRY COTTAGE.

O PRINCE of Wales!  
Unless my judgment fails,  
You've found your recent travel  
rather dreary;

\* "Immensa cavi spirant mendacia  
folles."

I don't expect an answer to the  
query, —

But are n't you getting weary?  
Weary of Bells, and Balls, and  
grand Addresses?

Weary of Military and their  
messes?

Weary of adulation and caresses?  
Weary of shouts from the admiring  
masses?

Weary of worship from the upper  
classes?

Weary of horses, may'rs, and  
asses?

Of course 't was kindly meant, —  
But don't you now repent

Your good Mamma's consent  
That you should *be*,

This side the sea,

The "*British Lion*" which you  
represent?

Pray leave your city courtiers and  
their capers,

And come to us: we've no picto-  
rial papers;

And no Reporters to distort your  
nose;

Or mark the awkward carriage of  
your toes;

Your style of sneezing, and such  
things as those;

Or, meaner still, in democratic  
spite,

Measure your Royal Highness by  
your height!

Then come to us!

We're not the sort of folk to make  
a fuss,

E'en for the PRESIDENT; but  
then, my boy,

We plumply promise you a special  
joy,

To Princes rarely known,  
And one you'll never find about  
a throne,

To wit, the bliss of being *let alone*!

No scientific bores from Athenæ-  
ums;  
No noisy guns, nor tedious *te-  
deums*,  
Shall vex your Royal Highness for  
a minute;  
A glass of lemonade, with "some-  
thing in it,"  
A fragrant meerschaum, with the  
morning news,  
Or sweet Virginia "fine-cut," if  
you choose, —  
These, and what else your High-  
ness may demand  
Of simple luxury, shall be at hand,  
And at your royal service. *Come!*  
O come where you may gain  
(What advertisers oft have sought  
in vain)  
"The comforts of a home"!  
Come, Prince of Wales! we  
greatly need  
Your royal presence, Sir, — we do  
indeed:  
For why? we have a pretty ham-  
let here,  
But then, you see, 't is equally as  
clear  
(Your Highness understands  
Shakesperian hints)  
A *Hamlet* is n't much without a  
*Prince!*

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### MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

If you ever should marry, said  
Major McGarth,  
While smoking a pipe by my  
bachelor-hearth,  
If you ever should wed, — and I  
would n't employ  
A word to prevent it, my broth of  
a boy, —  
Remember that wedlock 's a com-  
pany where

The parties, quite often, are more  
than a pair;  
'T is a lott'ry in which you are  
certain to draw  
A wife, and, most likely, a mother-  
in-law!

What the latter may be all con-  
jecture defies:  
She is never a blank; she is seldom  
a prize;  
Sometimes she is silly; sometimes  
she is bold;  
Sometimes—rather worse!—she 's  
a virulent scold.  
You dreamed of an angel to gladden  
your home,  
And with her — God help you! —  
a harpy has come;  
You fished for a wife without fail-  
ing or flaw,  
And find you have netted — a  
mother-in-law!

"Dear Anna," she says, "as you  
clearly may see,  
Has always been used to depending  
on me;  
Poor child! though the gentlest  
that ever was known,  
She could never be trusted a mo-  
ment alone;  
Such sensitive nerves, and such  
delicate lungs!"  
Cries the stoutest of dames with  
the longest of tongues.  
"Like mother like child; you re-  
member the saw;  
I 'm weakly myself," says your  
mother-in-law!

But your mother-in-law, you dis-  
cover ere long,  
Though feeble in body, in temper  
is strong;  
And so you surrender, — what else  
can you do?

She governs your wife, and your  
servants, and you;  
And calls you a savage, the  
coarsest of brutes,  
For trampling the carpet with mud  
on your boots;  
And vows she committed a stupid  
“fox-paw”  
In rashly becoming your mother-  
in-law!

And so, said the Major, pray, let  
me advise  
The carefullest use of your ears  
and your eyes;  
And, *ceteris paribus*, take you a  
maid  
(Of widows, my boy, I am some-  
thing afraid!)  
Who gives you — the darling! —  
her hand and her love,  
With a sigh for her “dear sainted  
mother above!”  
From which the conclusion you  
safely may draw,  
She will never appear as your  
mother-in-law!

## NIL ADMIRARI.

### I.

WHEN Horace in Vendusian groves  
Was scribbling wit or sipping  
“Massie,”  
Or singing those delicious loves  
Which after ages reckon classic,  
He wrote one day — ’t was no va-  
gary —  
These famous words: — *Nil admi-  
rari!*

### II.

“Wonder at nothing!” said the  
bard;  
A kingdom’s fall, a nation’s ris-  
ing,

A lucky or a losing card,  
Are really not at all surprising;  
However men or manners vary,  
Keep cool and calm; *Nil admirari!*

### III.

If kindness meet a cold return;  
If friendship prove a dear delu-  
sion;  
If love, neglected, cease to burn,  
Or die untimely of profusion, —  
Such lessons well may make us  
wary,  
But need n’t shock; *Nil admirari!*

### IV.

Does disappointment follow gain?  
Or wealth elude the keen pur-  
suer?  
Does pleasure end in poignant  
pain?  
Does fame disgust the lucky  
wooer,  
Or haply prove perversely chary?  
’T was ever thus; *Nil admirari!*

### V.

Does January wed with May,  
Or ugliness consort with beauty?  
Does Piety forget to pray?  
And, heedless of connubial duty,  
Leave faithful Ann for wanton  
Mary?  
’T is the old tale; *Nil admirari!*

### VI.

Ah! when the happy day we  
reach  
When promisers are ne’er de-  
ceivers;  
When parsons practise what they  
preach,  
And seeming saints are all be-  
lievers,  
Then the old maxim you may vary,  
And say no more, *Nil admirari!*

## THE COQUETTE.

## A PORTRAIT.

"You're clever at drawing, I own,"

Said my beautiful cousin Lisette,  
As we sat by the window alone,

"But say, can you paint a Coquette?"

"She's painted already," quoth I;

"Nay, nay!" said the laughing Lisette,

"Now none of your joking, — but try

And paint me a thorough Coquette."

"Well, cousin," at once I began

In the ear of the eager Lisette,

"I'll paint you as well as I can  
That wonderful thing, a Coquette.

"She wears a most beautiful face,"

("Of course!" said the pretty Lisette,)

"And is n't deficient in grace,  
Or else she were not a Coquette.

"And then she is daintily made "

(A smile from the dainty Lisette)

"By people expert in the trade  
Of forming a proper Coquette.

"She's the winningest ways with  
the beaux,"

("Go on!" — said the winning Lisette,)

"But there is n't a man of them  
knows

The mind of the fickle Coquette!

"She knows how to weep and to  
sigh,"

(A sigh from the tender Lisette,)

"But her weeping is all in my  
eye, —

Not that of the cunning Coquette!

"In short, she's a creature of art,"

("O hush!" said the frowning Lisette,)

"With merely the ghost of a  
heart, —

Enough for a thorough Coquette.

"And yet I could easily prove"

("Now don't!" said the angry Lisette,)

"The lady is always in love, —

In love with herself, — the Coquette!

"There, — do not be angry! —  
you know,

My dear little cousin Lisette,

You told me a moment ago

To paint *you* — a thorough Coquette!"

## CARMEN LÆTUM:

RECITED, AFTER DINNER, BEFORE THE  
ALUMNI OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, AT  
THEIR SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,  
AUGUST 22, 1850.

A RIGHT loving welcome, my true-  
hearted Brothers,

Who have come out to visit the  
kindest of mothers;

You may think as you will, but  
there is n't a doubt

*Alma Mater* rejoices, and knows  
you are out!

Rejoices to see you in gratitude  
here,

Returning to honor her fiftieth  
year.

And while the good lady is so  
overcome

With maternal emotion, she 's  
stricken quite dumb,

(A thing, I must own, that 's  
enough to perplex

A shallow observer, who thinks  
that the sex,

Whatever may be their internal  
revealings,

Can never be pained with un-  
speakable feelings,)

Indulge me, dear Brothers, nor  
think me ill-bred,

If I venture a moment to speak in  
her stead.

I, who, though the humblest and  
homeliest one,

Feel the natural pride of a dutiful  
son,

And esteem it to-day the profound-  
est of joys,

That, not less than yourselves, I  
am one of the boys!

First as to her health, which,  
I'm sorry to say,

Has been better, no doubt, than  
she finds it to-day;

Yet when you reflect she 's been  
somewhat neglected,

She 's really as well as could well  
be expected;

And, spite of ill-treatment and  
permature fears,

Is a hearty old lady, for one of her  
years.

Indeed, I must tell you a bit of a  
tale,

To show you she 's feeling re-  
markably hale;

How she turned up her nose, but  
a short time ago,

At a rather good-looking importu-  
nate beau,

And how she refused, with a  
princess-like carriage

"A very respectable offer of mar-  
riage."\*

You see, my dear Brothers, a  
neighboring College

Who values himself on the depth  
of his knowledge,

With a prayer for her love, and an  
eye to her land,

Walked up to the lady and offered  
his hand.

For a minute or so she was all in  
a flutter,

And had not a word she could  
audibly utter;

For she felt in her bosom, beyond  
all concealing,

A kind of a — sort of a — widow-  
like feeling!

But recovering soon from the deli-  
cate shock,

She held up her head like an old-  
fashioned clock,

And, with proper composure, went  
on and defined,

In suitable phrases, the state of her  
mind;

Said she would n't mind changing  
her single condition,

Could she fairly expect to improve  
her position;

And thus, by some words of equiv-  
ocal scope,

Gave her lover decided "permis-  
sion to hope."

It were idle to talk of the billing  
and cooing

The amorous gentleman used in  
his wooing;

\* Allusion is had, in this and subse-  
quent lines, to an unsuccessful attempt  
to unite Middlebury College with the  
University of Vermont. The affair is  
here treated with the license of a din-  
ner poem, and with the partiality per-  
mitted to the occasion.

Or how she replied to his pressing  
advances,  
His oscular touches and ocular  
glances; —  
'T is enough that his courtship, by  
all that is known,  
Was quite the old story, and much  
like your own!

Thus the matter went on, till the  
lady found out,  
One very fine day, what the rogue  
was about, —  
That all that he wanted was merely  
that power  
By marital license to pocket her  
dower,  
And then to discard her in sorrow  
and shame,  
Bereaved of her home and her  
name and her fame.  
In deep indignation she turned on  
her heel,  
With such withering scorn as a  
lady might feel  
For a knave, who, in stealing her  
miniature case,  
Should take the gold setting, and  
leave her the face!  
But soon growing calm as the  
breast of the deep,  
When the breezes are hushed that  
the waters may sleep,  
She sat in her chair, like a digni-  
fied elf,  
And thus, while I listened, she  
talked to herself: —  
"Nay, 't was idle to think of so  
foolish a plan  
As a match with this pert Univer-  
sity-man,  
For I have n't a chick but would  
redden with shame  
At the very idea of my losing my  
name;  
And would feel that no sorrow so  
heavy could come

To his mother as losing her excel-  
lent home.  
'T is true I am weak, but my chil-  
dren are strong,  
And won't see me suffer privation  
or wrong;  
So, away with the dream of con-  
nubial joys,  
I 'll stick to the homestead, and  
look to the boys!"

How joyous, my friends, is the  
cordial greeting  
Which gladdens the heart at a  
family meeting;  
When brothers assemble at Friend-  
ship's old shrine  
To look at the present, and talk of  
"Lang Syne"! —  
Ah! well I remember the halcyon  
years,  
Too earnest for laughter, too pleas-  
ant for tears,  
When life was a boon in yon clas-  
sical court,  
Though lessons were long, and  
though commons were short!  
Ah! well I remember those excel-  
lent men,  
Professors and tutors, who reigned  
o'er us then;  
Who guided our feet over Science's  
bogs,  
And led us quite safe through Phi-  
losophy's fogs.  
Ah! well I remember the Presi-  
dent's \* face,  
As he sat at the lecture with dig-  
nified grace,  
And neatly unfolded the mystical  
themes  
Of various deep metaphysical  
schemes, —  
How he brightened the path of his  
studious flock,

\* Joshua Bates, D. D.

As he gave them a key to that  
wonderful *Locke*;  
How he taught us to feel it was  
fatal indeed  
With too much reliance to lean  
upon *Reid*;  
That *Stewart* was sounder, but  
wrong at the last,  
From following his master a little  
too fast,—  
Then closed the discourse in a  
scholarly tone,  
With a clear and intelligent creed  
of his own.  
That the man had his faults it were  
safe to infer,—  
Though I really don't recollect  
what they were,—  
I barely remember this one little  
truth,  
When his case was discussed by  
the critical youth,  
The Seniors and Freshmen were  
sure to divide,  
And the former were all on the  
President's side!

And well I remember another,  
whose praise  
Were a suitable theme for more  
elegant lays;  
But even in numbers ungainly and  
rough,  
I must mention the name of our  
glorious *HOUGH*!  
Who does not remember? for who  
can forget,  
Till Memory's star shall forever  
have set,  
How he sat in his place unaffected  
and bold,  
And taught us more truths than  
the lesson had told?  
Gave a lift to "*Old NOL*," for the  
love of the right,  
And a slap at the Stuarts, with  
cordial spite;

And, quite in the teeth of conven-  
tional rules,  
Hurled his adjectives down upon  
tyrants and fools?  
But, chief, he excelled in his prop-  
er vocation  
Of giving the classics a classic  
translation;  
In Latin and Greek he was almost  
oracular,  
And, what's more to his praise,  
understood the vernacular.  
O, 't was pleasant to hear him  
make English of Greek,  
Till you felt that no tongue was  
inherently weak;  
While Horace in Latin seemed  
quite understated,  
And rejoiced like old Enoch in be-  
ing translated!

And others there were — but the  
hour would fail,  
To bring them all up in historic  
detail;  
And yet I would give, ere the  
moment has fled,  
A sigh for the absent, a tear for  
the dead.  
There's not one of them all, where-  
e'er he may rove,  
In the shadows of earth, or the  
glories above,  
In the home of his birth, or in  
lands far away,  
But comes back to be kindly re-  
membered to-day!

One little word more, and my  
duty is done; —  
A health to our Mother, from each  
mother's son!  
Unfading in beauty, increasing in  
strength,  
May she flourish in health through  
the century's length;

And next when her children come  
round her to boast,  
May *Esto perpetua* then be the  
toast!

---

MY BOYHOOD.

Ah me! those joyous days are gone!  
I little dreamt, till they were flown,  
How fleeting were the hours!  
For, lest he break the pleasing  
spell,  
Time bears for youth a muffled  
bell,  
And hides his face in flowers!

Ah! well I mind me of the days,  
Still bright in memory's flattering  
rays,  
When all was fair and new;  
When knaves were only found in  
books,  
And friends were known by friend-  
ly looks,  
And love was always true!

While yet of sin I scarcely  
dreamed,  
And everything was what it  
seemed,  
And all too bright for choice;  
When fays were wont to guard  
my sleep,  
And *Crusoe* still could make me  
weep,  
And *Santa Claus*, rejoice!

When Heaven was pictured to my  
thought  
(In spite of all my mother taught  
Of happiness serene)  
A theatre of boyish plays, —  
One glorious round of holidays,  
Without a school between!

Ah me! those joyous days are gone;  
I little dreamt, till they were flown,  
How fleeting were the hours!

For, lest he break the pleasing  
spell,  
Time bears for youth a muffled  
bell,  
And hides his face in flowers!

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POST-PRANDIAL VERSES.

RECITED AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE PSI  
UPSILON FRATERNITY, IN BOSTON, JULY  
21, 1853.

DEAR Brothers, who sit at this  
bountiful board,  
With excellent viands so lavishly  
stored  
That, in newspaper phrase, 't would  
undoubtedly *groan*,  
If groaning were but a convivial  
tone,  
Which it is n't, — and therefore,  
by sympathy led,  
The table, no doubt, is rejoicing  
instead.

Dear Brothers, I rise, — and it  
won't be surprising  
If you find me, like bread, all the  
better for rising, —  
I rise to express my exceeding  
delight  
In our cordial reunion this glorious  
night!

Success to "PSI UPSILON!" —  
Beautiful name! —  
To the eye and the ear it is pleasant  
the same;  
Many thanks to old Cadmus who  
made us his debtors,  
By inventing, one day, those capi-  
tal letters  
Which still, from the heart, we  
shall know how to speak  
When we've fairly forgotten the  
rest of our Greek!

To be open and honest in all that  
 you do;  
 To every high trust to be faithful  
 and true;  
 In aught that concerns morality's  
 scheme,  
 To be more ambitious to *be* than  
 to *seem*;  
 To cultivate honor as higher in  
 worth  
 Than favor of fortune, or genius,  
 or birth;  
 By every endeavor to render your  
 lives  
 As spotless and fair as your—  
 possible wives;  
 To treat with respect all the inno-  
 cent rules  
 That keep us at peace with socie-  
 ty's foos;  
 But to face every *canon* that e'er  
 was designed  
 To batter a town or beleaguer a  
 mind,  
 Ere you yield to the Moloch that  
 Fashion has reared  
 One jot of your freedom, or hair  
 of your beard,—  
 All this, and much more, I might  
 venture to teach,  
 Had I only a "call"—and a  
 "license to preach";  
 But since I have not, to my mod-  
 esty true,  
 I'll lay it all by, as a layman  
 should do,  
 And drop a few lines, tipt with  
 Momus's flies,  
 To angle for shiners—that lurk in  
 your eyes!

May you ne'er get in love or in  
 debt with a doubt  
 As to whether or no you will ever  
 get out;  
 May you ne'er have a mistress who  
 plays the coquette,

Or a neighbor who blows on a  
 cracked clarinet;  
 May you learn the first use of a  
 lock on your door,  
 And ne'er, like Adonis, be killed  
 by a bore;  
 Shun canting and canters with  
 resolute force;  
 (A "canter" is shocking, except  
 in a horse;)  
 At jovial parties mind what you  
 are at,  
 Beware of your head and take care  
 of your hat,  
 Lest you find that a favorite son  
 of your mother  
 Has a brick in the one and an ache  
 in the other;  
 May you never, I pray, to worry  
 your life,  
 Have a weak-minded friend, or a  
 strong-minded wife;  
 A tailor distrustful, or partner sus-  
 picious;  
 A dog that is rabid, or nag that is  
 vicious;  
 Above all—the chief blessing the  
 gods can impart—  
 May you keep a clear head and a  
 generous heart;  
 Remember 't is blessed to give and  
 forgive;  
 Live chiefly to love, and love while  
 you live;  
 And dying, when life's little jour-  
 ney is done,  
 May your last, fondest sigh, be  
*PSI Upsilon!*

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### THE SILVER WEDDING.

TO JOHN NEWMAN, D. D.

"A WEDDING of Silver!—and  
 what shall we do?"  
 I said in response to my excellent  
 spouse,

Who hinted, this morning, we ought  
to renew,  
According to custom, our con-  
jugal vows.

“I would n’t much mind it, now —  
if — and suppose —  
The bride were a blooming —  
Ah! well — on my life,  
I think — to be candid — (don’t  
turn up your nose!)  
That every new wedding should  
bring a new wife!”

“And what if it should?” was the  
laughing reply;  
“Do you think, my dear John,  
you could ever obtain  
Another so fond and so faithful as I,  
Should you purchase a wig, and  
go courting again?”

“Ah! darling,” I answered, “’t is  
just as you say”;  
And clasping a waist rather  
shapely than small  
I kissed the dear girl in so ardent  
a way  
You would n’t have guessed we  
were married at all!

*My* wedding-day, Doctor, is also  
your own!  
And so I send greeting to bride-  
groom and bride, —  
The latter a wife good as ever was  
known;  
The former well worthy her hom-  
age and pride.

God bless your new nuptials! —  
Still happy at home,  
May you both grow serenely and  
gracefully old;

And, till the auriferous wedding  
shall come,  
Find the years that are past were  
as silver to gold!

September 9, 1866.

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LOOKING OUT INTO THE  
NIGHT.

Looking out into the night,  
I behold in space afar  
Yonder beaming, blazing star;  
And I marvel at the might  
Of the Giver of the rays,  
And I worship as I gaze,  
Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night,  
I espy two lovers near,  
And their happy words I hear,  
While their solemn troth they  
plight;  
And I bless the loving twain,  
Half in pleasure, half in pain, —  
Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night,  
Lo! a woman passing by,  
Glancing round with anxious  
eye,  
Tearful, fearful of the light:  
And I think what might have  
been  
But for treachery and sin, —  
Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night,  
I behold a distant sail  
Roughly beaten by the gale  
Till it vanishes from sight;  
And I ponder on the strife  
Of our fleeting human life, —  
Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night,  
 I bethink me of the rest  
 And the rapture of the blest  
 In the land where all is light;  
 Sitting on the heavenly shore,  
 Weeping never, — nevermore  
 “Looking out into the night!”

---

### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Good by, Old Year! I can but  
 say,  
 Sadly I see thee passing away;  
 Passing away with the hopes and  
 fears,  
 The bliss and pain, the smiles  
 and tears,  
 That come to us all in all the  
 years.

Good by, Old Year! Little indeed  
 Thy friendly voice we were wont  
 to heed,  
 Telling us, warning us every  
 day:—  
 “Transient mortals! work and  
 pray;  
 You, like me, are passing  
 away!”

Good by, Old Year! Whatever  
 may be  
 The sins and stains thou hast  
 chanced to see,  
 Consider, O Year! to purge the  
 same,  
 And wash away the sin and  
 shame,  
 Whilst thou wert passing,  
 CHRISTMAS came!

Good by, Old Year! With words  
 of grace  
 Leave us to him who takes thy  
 place;

And say, Old Year, unto the  
 New,  
 “Kindly, carefully, carry them  
 through,  
 For much, I ween, they have  
 yet to do!”

---

### DE MUSA.

“WRITE a poem — solemn — ear-  
 nest —  
 Worthy of your muse!”  
 Ah! when loving lips command  
 me,  
 How can I refuse?  
 But the subject! — that’s the  
 pother —  
 What am I to choose?

War? The theme is something  
 hackneyed;  
 Since old Homer’s time,  
 Half the minstrels, large and  
 little,  
 Have been making rhyme  
 With intent to prove that murder  
 (Wholesale) is sublime!

Love? A most delicious topic;  
 But how many score,  
 Nay, how many thousand poets  
 Deal in Cupid’s lore,  
 From *Anacreon* to *Catullus*,  
 Not to mention *Moore*.

Grief? Ah! little joy has Sorrow  
 In the mimic art;  
 Can the lyre’s melodious moaning  
 Ease the mourner’s smart,  
 Though the strings were very fibres  
 Of the player’s heart?

Nature, — posies, woods and wa-  
 ters?  
 Everlasting themes, —

Can the poets, in the rapture  
Of their finest dreams,  
Paint the lily of the valley  
Fairer than she seems?

Metaphysics? Quite in fashion, —  
But Apollo's curse  
Blasts the syllogistic rhymers;  
Why should I rehearse  
*Kant* in cantos, or old *Plato*  
Torture into verse?

Humor, satire, fun and fancy,  
Wit with wisdom blent, —  
These, to give my Muse amusement,  
Heaven has kindly lent;  
Let her live and die a-laughing,  
I shall be content!

# AUGUSTA.

"Incedit regina!"

"HANDSOME and haughty!" — a  
comment that came

From lips which were never ac-  
customed to malice;

A girl with a presence superb as  
her name,

And charmingly fitted for love —  
in a palace!

And oft I have wished (for in mus-  
ing alone

One's fancy is apt to be very  
erratic)

That the lady might wear — No!  
I never will own

A thought so decidedly undemo-  
cratic! —

But *if* 't were a *coronet* — this I'll  
aver,

No duchess on earth could more  
gracefully wear it;

And even a democrat, thinking of  
*her*,  
Might surely be pardoned for  
wishing to share it!

## ROGER BONTEMPS.

IMITATED FROM BÉRANGER.

### I.

By way of good example  
To all the gloomy clan,  
There came into existence  
Good Robin Merryman.  
To laugh at those who grumble,  
And be jolly as he can, —  
O that 's the only system  
Of Robin Merryman!

### II.

A hat so very ancient  
It might have covered Moses,  
Adorned, on great occasions,  
With ivy-leaves or roses;  
A coat the very coarsest  
Since tailoring began, —  
O that 's the gay apparel  
Of Robin Merryman!

### III.

Within his cottage Robin  
With joyful eye regards  
A table and a bedstead,  
A flute, a pack of cards,  
A chest, with nothing in it,  
An earthen water-can, —  
O these are all the riches  
Of Robin Merryman!

### IV.

To teach the village children  
The funniest kind of plays;  
To tell a clever story;  
To dance on holidays;

To puzzle through the almanac;  
 A merry song to scan, —  
 O that is all the learning  
 Of Robin Merryman!

## V.

To drink his mug of cider,  
 And never sigh for wine;  
 To look at courtly ladies,  
 Yet think his *Mag* divine;  
 To take the good that 's going,  
 Content with Nature's plan, —  
 O that is the philosophy  
 Of Robin Merryman!

## VI.

To say, "O Gracious Father!  
 Excuse my merry pranks;  
 For all thy loving-kindness  
 I give thee hearty thanks;  
 And may I still be jolly  
 Through life's remaining  
 span," —  
 O that 's the style of praying  
 With Robin Merryman!

## VII.

Now, all ye wretched mortals  
 Aspiring to be rich;  
 And ye whose gilded coaches  
 Have tumbled in the ditch;  
 Leave off your silly whining,  
 Adopt a wiser plan;  
 Go follow the example  
 Of Robin Merryman!

---

 THE KING OF NORMANDY.

(From Béranger's "Le Roi d'Yvetot.")

## I.

In Normandy there reigned a king  
 (I've quite forgot his name)

Who led a jolly sort of life,  
 And did n't care for fame.  
 A nightcap was his crown of state,  
 Which Jenny placed upon his  
 pate.

Ha! ha! laugh and sing:  
 O was n't he a funny king?

## II.

He ate his meals, like other folk,  
 Slept soundly and secure,  
 And on a donkey every year  
 He made his royal tour;  
 A little dog — it was his whim —  
 Was body-guard enough for him.

Ha! ha! laugh and sing:  
 O was n't he a funny king?

## III.

A single foible he confessed, —  
 A tendency to drink;  
 But kings who heed their subjects'  
 need

Should mind their own, I think;  
 And thus it was his tax he got, —  
 For every cask an extra pot.

Ha! ha! laugh and sing:  
 O was n't he a funny king?

## IV.

The lasses loved this worthy king;  
 And many a merry youth  
 Would hail his majesty as "Sire,"  
 And often spoke the truth.

He viewed his troops in goodly  
 ranks,  
 But still their cartridges were  
 blanks.

Ha! ha! laugh and sing:  
 O was n't he a funny king?

## V.

He never stole his neighbors' land  
 To magnify his realm;  
 But steered his little ship of state  
 With honor at the helm;

And when at last the king was  
dead,  
No wonder all the people said, —  
“Ah! ah! weep and sing:  
O was n't he a noble king?”

## THE HUNTER AND THE MILKMAID.

(From Béranger's “Le Chasseur et la Laitière.”)

### I.

THE lark is singing her matin lay,  
O come with me, fair maiden, I  
pray;  
Sweet, O sweet is the morning  
hour,  
And sweeter still is yon ivied  
bower;  
Wreaths of roses I'll twine for thee,  
O come, fair maiden, along with  
me!  
Ah! Sir Hunter, my mother is  
near;  
I really must n't be loitering  
here.

### II.

Thy mother, fair maiden, is far  
away,  
And never will listen a word we  
say.  
I'll sing thee a song that ladies  
sing  
In royal castles to please the king;  
A wondrous song, whose magical  
charm  
Will keep the singer from every  
harm.  
Fie! Sir Hunter, a fig for your  
song.  
Good by! for I must be going  
along.

### III.

Ah! well, if singing will not pre-  
vail,  
I'll tell thee, then, a terrible tale;  
'T is all about a Baron so bold,  
Huge and swart, and ugly and old,  
Who saw the ghost of his murdered  
wife, —  
A pleasant story, upon my life!  
Ah! Sir Hunter, the story is flat;  
I know one worth a dozen of  
that.

### IV.

I'll teach thee, then, a curious  
prayer  
Of wondrous power the wolf to  
scare,  
And frighten the witch that hovers  
nigh  
To blight the young with her evil  
eye.  
O guard, fair maiden, thy beauty  
well,  
A fearful thing is her wicked spell!  
O, I can read my missal, you  
know.  
Good by, Sir Hunter, for I must  
go.

### V.

Nay, tarry a moment, my charm-  
ing girl:  
Here is a jewel of gold and pearl;  
A beautiful cross it is, I ween,  
As ever on beauty's breast was  
seen.  
There's nothing at all but love to  
pay;  
Take it, and wear it, but only stay!  
Ah! Sir Hunter, what excellent  
taste!  
*I'm not — in such — particular  
— haste!*

## THE POET TO HIS GARRET.

(FROM BÉRANGER.)

THRICE welcome the place where  
 at twenty I sought  
 A nest for myself and my darling  
 grisette;  
 Where I learned the queer lessons  
 that poverty taught,  
 And with friendship and love  
 banished care and regret.  
 'T was here that we managed our  
 social affairs,  
 Unheeding what dunces or sages  
 might say;  
 How lightly I bounded up six pair  
 o' stairs!  
 Ah! life in a garret at twenty is  
 gay!

'T was only a garret! the table  
 stood here;  
 And there a flock-bed, — 't was  
 the best we could get;  
 And here on the plaster in charcoal  
 appear  
 Three lines of a poem, un-  
 finished as yet.  
 "Come back to me, Pleasures!"  
 I eagerly shout;  
 "To keep you alive in my juve-  
 nile day  
 How oft my repeater was 'put up  
 the spout!'"  
 Ah! life in a garret at twenty is  
 gay!

My laughing Lisette! would she  
 only come back.  
 In her jaunty straw bonnet how  
 charming was she!  
 Full well I remember her dexterous  
 knack  
 Of hanging her shawl where the  
 curtain should be;  
 Love! kiss her silk gown with your  
 fondest caress;  
 You know where she got it, I  
 venture to say.

I never was certain who paid for  
 the dress;  
 Ah! life in a garret at twenty is  
 gay!

One notable day in those glorious  
 years,  
 As we sat in the midst of our  
 feasting and fun,  
 A shout from the people saluted  
 our ears,  
 "Napoleon is victor! Marengo  
 is won!"  
 A new song of triumph at once we  
 essayed,  
 While cannon were blazing and  
 booming away,  
 "The free soil of France kings  
 shall never invade!"  
 Ah! life in a garret at twenty is  
 gay!

Away! I must go lest my reason  
 should reel;  
 For one of those days I would  
 cheerfully give,  
 With the pulses of youth that no  
 longer I feel,  
 All the lingering years I am des-  
 •tined to live;  
 The love, hope, and joy that at  
 twenty I had,  
 To have them condensed in one  
 glorious day,  
 Like those that I spent when a  
 light-hearted lad!  
 Ah! life in a garret at twenty is  
 gay!

## THE DINNER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Ah! many a guest is coming  
 Around my table to-day;  
 The fish, the flesh, and the poultry  
 Are smoking in goodly array;

The invitations were special,  
They say they will surely appear.

Hans, go look at the window;  
Time that the people were here!

Girls are coming by dozens,  
Maidens whom even their foes  
Never have once detected  
Kissing beneath the rose;  
Such are the damsels invited;  
They said they would surely appear.

Hans, go look at the window;  
Time that the maidens were here!

Plenty of fine young fellows  
Are coming to drink my health;  
Civil, and moral, and modest,  
Spite of their titles and wealth.  
The invitations were early;  
They say they will surely appear.

Hans, go look at the window;  
Time that the youngers were here!

Plenty of wives are coming,  
Such as the ugliest spouse  
Never has driven a moment  
To think of breaking their vows.  
How pleasant to see them together!  
They said they would surely appear;

Hans, go look at the window;  
Time that the women were here!

Husbands also are coming,  
Models of temperate lives;  
Men who are blind to beauty,  
Save in their excellent wives.

All were politely invited,  
And say they will surely appear;

Hans, go look at the window;  
Time that the fellows were here!

Poets are also invited;  
The pleasantest ever were known;

Who list to another's verses  
Cheerfully as to their own;  
What capital dining companions!  
They said they would surely appear.

Hans, go look at the window;  
Time that the poets were here!

Alas! with watching and waiting,  
The dinner is certainly spoiled;  
The viands are cold in the dishes,  
The roast and the baked and the boiled.

Perhaps we were over-punctilious;  
Our feast is a failure, I fear.

Hans, come away from the window;

Never a one will be here!

---

## FOOLS INCORRIGIBLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

### I.

ALL the old sages, however indeed  
They wrangle and fight in the bitterest way,

In one thing, at least, are fully agreed:

They wink at each other and laughingly say,

*For the mending of fools it is foolish to wait,*

*Fools will be fools as certain as fate.*

*Sons of Wisdom! make 'em your tools;*

*That, only that, is the use of fools!*

### II.

MERLIN, the ancient, long in his shroud,

Where I accosted him once in my youth,

Unto my questioning answered  
aloud,  
Solemnly speaking this notable  
truth:

*For the mending of fools it is fool-  
ish to wait,  
Fools will be fools as certain as fate.  
Sons of Wisdom! make 'em  
your tools;  
That, only that, is the use of  
fools!*

## III.

High on the top of an Indian mound  
I heard it once in the passing air;  
And Egypt's vaults, deep under the  
ground,

The same old tale were echoing  
there:

*For the mending of fools it is fool-  
ish to wait,  
Fools will be fools as certain as fate.  
Sons of Wisdom! make 'em  
your tools,  
That, only that, is the use of  
fools!*

## THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O I HAVE a man as good as can be,  
No woman could wish for a better  
than he.

Sometimes, indeed, he may chance  
to be wrong,

But his love for me is uncommonly  
strong.

He has one little fault that makes  
me fret,

He has ever less money, by far,  
than debt;

Moreover, he thrashes me now and  
then;

But, excepting that, he 's the best  
of men!

I own he is dreadfully given to  
drink,

Besides, he is rather too fond, I  
think,

Of playing at cards and dice; but  
then,

Excepting that, he 's the best of  
men!

He loves to chat with the girls, I  
know

('T is the way with men, they are  
always so),

But what care I for his flirting,  
when,

Excepting that, he 's the best of  
men?

When soaked with rum, he is hard-  
ly polite,

But knocks the crockery left and  
right,

And pulls my hair, and growls  
again;

But, excepting that, he 's the best  
of men!

I can't but say I think he is rash  
To pawn my pewter, and spend

the cash,  
But I have n't the heart to scold  
him, when,

Excepting that, he 's the best of  
men!

What joy to think he is all my own!  
The best of husbands that ever was

known;  
As good, indeed, as a man can be;  
And who could wish for a better

than he?

LOVE POEMS.



# LOVE POEMS.

---

WOULD N'T YOU LIKE TO  
KNOW?

## A MADRIGAL.

### I.

I KNOW a girl with teeth of pearl,  
And shoulders white as snow;  
She lives, — ah! well,  
I must not tell, —  
Would n't you like to know?

### II.

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,  
And wavy in its flow;  
Who made it less  
One little tress, —  
Would n't you like to know?

### III.

Her eyes are blue (celestial hue!)  
And dazzling in their glow;  
On whom they beam  
With melting gleam, —  
Would n't you like to know?

### IV.

Her lips are red and finely wed,  
Like roses ere they blow;  
What lover sips  
Those dewy lips, —  
Would n't you like to know?

### V.

Her fingers are like lilies fair  
When lilies fairest grow;  
Whose hand they press  
With fond caress, —  
Would n't you like to know?

### VI.

Her foot is small, and has a fall  
Like snowflakes on the snow;  
And where it goes  
Beneath the rose, —  
Would n't you like to know?

### VII.

She has a name, the sweetest  
name  
That language can bestow.  
'T would break the spell  
If I should tell, —  
Would n't you like to know?

---

## THE LOVER'S VISION.

### I.

IN my watching or my dreaming,  
Came to me a blessed vision;  
Whether real or but seeming,  
Boots me not to make decision:  
This I know — 't was all elysian.

## II.

By me sat a maiden fairer  
 Than the Oda's king possesses;  
 But I wrong her to compare her.  
 Happy, happy whom she blesses  
 With her kisses and caresses!

## III.

Golden hair, like sunlight stream-  
 ing  
 On the marble of her shoulder,  
 That with soft and snowy gleaming  
 Witched the eye of the behold-  
 er,  
 Dazed me, crazed me to enfold  
 her!

## IV.

Heart to heart we sat together;  
 (Ah, to feel her bosom's beat-  
 ing!)  
 Hand in hand in loving tether,  
 Lip with lip in rapture meeting,  
 Parting but for closer greeting.

## V.

Oft and oft I would be dreaming,  
 Could I bring that happy vision!  
 Was it real, or but seeming?  
 Boots me not to make decision:  
 This I know — 't was all elysian.

## THE OATH.

"Don't forget me!" sighing sad-  
 ly,  
 So my darling bade farewell,  
 Haply deeming I would gladly  
 Disenchant me of her spell.  
 Ah, the siren! when did Beauty  
 Ask in vain Love's simple debt?

Or when'er did languid Duty  
 Heed the warning, "Don't for-  
 get"?

By her eyes where love reposes,  
 By her wealth of golden hair,  
 By her cheek's ungathered roses,  
 By her neck divinely fair,

By her bosom, throne of blisses,  
 Hiding from the wanton light,  
 Pale with envy at the kisses  
 That her bolder lips invite;

By the hours so sweetly squandered  
 In the summer afternoons;  
 By the orchard where we wandered  
 In the sheen of harvest moons;

By the poets, new and olden,  
 Who in pity lent us speech  
 For the fancies, rare and golden,  
 That our words could never  
 reach, —

By all these my oath is given:  
 Though my soul remember not  
 Earthly fame or hope of heaven,  
 She shall never be forgot!

## UNREST.

ONE o'clock! and still I ponder  
 On the joys of yesterday;  
 Never lover weaker, fonder,  
 Sighed the weary hours away.

Ill-content with saying, singing,  
 All its worship o'er and o'er;  
 Still the heart would fain be cling-  
 ing  
 Round its idol, evermore!

Half in pleasure, half in sorrow,  
Thinking o'er each fervent  
kiss,  
Still I vainly strive to borrow  
From the Past its buried bliss.

Now I hear her fondly sighing,  
As when late we sat alone,  
While the dancer's feet were fly-  
ing, —  
Ah! the sigh is but my own!

"Thus my darling I would smother!  
— er!"  
In my dreaming oft I say.  
Foolish lips, that kiss each other!  
Hers, alas! are far away.

On my cheek I feel the billow  
Of her glowing bosom beat, —  
Ah! 't is but the pulseless pillow!  
Shall I curse or bless the cheat?

Dreaming, waking, I am weary.  
Would that morning might ap-  
pear!  
O, 't is dreary, very dreary,  
Thus to love, and not be near!

---

### TO MY LOVE.

"Da mi basia." — CATULLUS.

#### I.

Kiss me softly and speak to me  
low;  
Malice has ever a vigilant ear;  
What if Malice were lurking  
near?  
Kiss me, dear!  
Kiss me softly and speak to me  
low.

#### II.

Kiss me softly and speak to me  
low;  
Envy too has a watchful ear;  
What if Envy should chance to  
hear?  
Kiss me, dear!  
Kiss me softly and speak to me  
low.

#### III.

Kiss me softly and speak to me  
low;  
Trust me, darling, the time is  
near  
When we may love with never  
a fear;  
Kiss me, dear!  
Kiss me softly and speak to me  
low.

---

### TO LESBIA.

"On s'embrasse à chaque instant,  
Puis encore!"

VICTOR HUGO.

#### I.

GIVE me kisses! Do not stay,  
Counting in that careful way.  
All the coins your lips can print  
Never will exhaust the mint.  
Kiss me, then,  
Every moment — and again!

#### II.

Give me kisses! Do not stop,  
Measuring nectar by the drop.  
Though to millions they amount,  
They will never drain the fount.  
Kiss me, then,  
Every moment — and again!

## III.

Give me kisses! All is waste  
 Save the luxury we taste;  
 And for kissing, — kisses live  
 Only when we take or give.

Kiss me, then,  
 Every moment — and again!

## IV.

Give me kisses! Though their  
 worth

Far exceeds the gems of earth,  
 Never pearls so rich and pure  
 Cost so little, I am sure.

Kiss me, then,  
 Every moment — and again!

## V

Give me kisses! Nay, 't is true  
 I am just as rich as you;  
 And for every kiss I owe,  
 I can pay you back, you know.

Kiss me, then,  
 Every moment — and again!

## MY SAXON BLONDE.

THEY say the dark-eyed maids of  
 Spain

Are passionate and fond;  
 But eyes of blue are tender and  
 true, —  
 Give me my Saxon blonde!

An arch coquette is the bright  
 brunette,

Blithe and merry and gay;  
 Her love may last till the Summer  
 is past,  
 But my blonde's forever and aye!

If bards of old the truth have told,  
 The Sirens have raven hair;

But o'er the earth, since art had  
 birth,  
 They paint the Angels fair.

Ah! well, maybe, the truth to  
 see,

A lover is over fond;  
 And I can't deny — nor will I  
 try —

My love is a golden blonde!

## DARLING, TELL ME YES.

## A SONG.

## I.

ONE little moment more, Maud;  
 One little whisper more;  
 I have a word to speak, Maud,  
 I never breathed before.  
 What can it be but *love*, Maud?  
 And do I rightly guess  
 'T is pleasant to your ear, Maud?  
 O darling! tell me *yes*!

## II.

The burden of my heart, Maud,  
 There 's little need to tell;  
 There 's little need to say, Maud,  
 I 've loved you long and well.  
 There 's language in a sigh, Maud,  
 One's meaning to express;  
 And yours — was it for *me*, Maud?  
 O darling! tell me *yes*!

## III.

My eyes have told my love, Maud;  
 And on my burning cheek  
 You 've read the tender thought,  
 Maud,  
 My lips refused to speak.  
 I gave you all my heart, Maud,  
 'T is needless to confess;

And did you give me yours,  
Maud?

O darling! tell me *yes*!

IV.

'T is sad to starve a love, Maud,  
So worshipful and true;  
I know a little cot, Maud,  
Quite large enough for two;  
And you will be my wife, Maud?  
So may you ever bless,  
Through all your sunny life,  
Maud,  
The day you answered *yes*!

TIME AND LOVE.

AN ALLEGORY.

OLD Time and young Love, on a  
morning in May,  
Chanced to meet by a river in  
halcyon weather,  
And, agreeing for once, ('t is a  
fable, you 'll say,)   
In the same little boat made a  
voyage together.

Strong, steady, and patient, Time  
pulled at his oar,  
And swift o'er the water the  
voyagers go;  
But Love, who was thinking of  
Pleasure on shore,  
Complained that his boatman  
was wretchedly slow.

But Time, the old sailor, expert at  
his trade,  
And knowing the leagues that  
remained to be done,  
Content with the regular speed  
that he made,  
Tugged away at his oar and kept  
steadily on.

Love, always impatient of doubt  
or delay,  
Now sighed for the aid of the  
favoring gales,  
And scolded at Time, in the sau-  
ciest way,  
For not having furnished the  
shallop with sails.

But Time, as serene as a calendar  
saint,  
(Whatever the graybeard was  
thinking upon,)   
All deaf to the voice of the young-  
er's complaint,  
Tugged away at his oar and kept  
steadily on.

Love, vexed at the heart, only  
clamored the more,  
And cried, "By the gods! in  
what country or clime  
Was ever a lubber who handled an  
oar  
In so lazy a fashion as old Father  
Time?"

But Time only smiled in a cynical  
way,  
( 'T is often the mode with your  
elderly Don,)   
As one who knows more than he  
cares to display,  
And still at his oar pulled stead-  
ily on.

Grown calmer at last, the exuber-  
ant boy  
Enlivens the minutes with  
snatches of rhyme;  
The voyage, at length, he begins  
to enjoy,  
And soon has forgotten the pres-  
ence of Time!

But Time, the severe, egotistical elf,  
Since the day that his travels he  
entered upon,

Has ne'er for a moment forgotten  
himself,  
But tugs at his oar and keeps  
steadily on.

Awaking once more, Love sees  
with a sigh  
That the River of Life will be  
presently passed,  
And now he breaks forth with a  
piteous cry,  
"O Time, gentle Time! you are  
rowing too fast!"

But Time, well knowing that Love  
will be dead,  
Dead, — dead! in the boat! — ere  
the voyage is done,  
Only gives him an ominous shake  
of the head,  
While he tugs at his oar and  
keeps steadily on!

---

### LOVE'S CALENDAR.

#### TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

O SINCE 't is decreed by the envi-  
ous Fates,  
All deaf to the clamoring heart,  
That the truest and fondest of con-  
jugal mates  
Shall often be sighing apart;

Since the Days of our absence are  
many and sad,  
And the Hours of our meeting  
are few,  
Ah! what in a case so exceedingly  
bad,  
Can the deepest philosophy do?

Pray what can we do, — unfortu-  
nate elves,  
Unconscious of folly or crime, —

But make a new Calendar up for  
ourselves,  
For the better appraisal of time?

And the *Hours* alone shall the Cal-  
endar fill,  
(While *Blanks* show their dis-  
tance apart,)  
Just sufficiently near to keep off  
the chill  
That else might be freezing the  
heart;

And each Hour shall be such a  
glorious hour,  
Its moments so precious and  
dear,  
That in breadth, and in depth, and  
in bliss-giving power,  
It may fairly be reckoned a  
year!

---

### THE LAWYER'S VALENTINE.

I 'M notified, fair neighbor mine,  
By one of our profession,  
That this — the Term of Valen-  
tine —  
Is Cupid's Special Session.

Permit me, therefore, to report  
Myself, on this occasion,  
Quite ready to proceed to Court,  
And File my Declaration.

I 've an Attachment for you, too;  
A legal and a strong one;  
O, yield unto the Process, do;  
Nor let it be a long one!

No scowling bailiff lurks behind;  
He 'd be a precious noddie,  
Who, failing to Arrest the mind,  
Should go and Take the Body!

For though a form like yours might  
throw

A sculptor in distraction;  
I could n't serve a Capias, — no,  
I'd scorn so base an Action!

O, do not tell me of your youth,  
And turn away demurely;  
For though you're very young, in  
truth,  
You're not an Infant surely!

The Case is everything to me;  
My heart is love's own tissue;  
Don't plead a Dilatory Plea;  
Let's have the General Issue!

Or, since you've really no De-  
fence,  
Why not, this present Session,  
Omitting all absurd pretence,  
Give judgment by Confession?

So shall you be my lawful wife;  
And I — your faithful lover —  
Be Tenant of your heart for Life,  
With no Remainder over!

---

### A REASONABLE PETITION.

You say, dearest girl, you esteem  
me,  
And hint of respectful regard,  
And I'm certain it would n't be-  
seem me

Such an excellent gift to discard.  
But even the Graces, you'll own,  
Would lose half their beauty  
apart;

And Esteem, when she stands all  
alone,

Looks most unbecomingly tart.  
So grant me, dear girl, this peti-  
tion: —

If Esteem e'er again should come  
hither,

Just to keep her in cheerful con-  
dition,

Let Love come in company with  
her!

---

### THE CHAPEL OF TWO SAINTS.

In a famous Tuscan city  
Stands a chapel snug and small;  
Some old penitent's oblation,  
With a double dedication,  
To St. Peter and St. Paul.

To a soul so stoutly guarded  
What of evil could befall?  
When was ever plan completer  
Without robbery of Peter,  
Paying thus his due to Paul?

There it was I saw a lady,  
Very round and ripe and tall;  
Surely never face was sweeter  
Than she turned upon St. Peter,  
After bowing to St. Paul.

Long and ardently I worshipped, —  
Not the Saints, nor yet their  
Master,

But my feminine ideal;  
*Mea culpa!* she was real  
Flesh and blood, and they were  
plaster!

Good St. Anthony was tempted,  
Though a frigid old divine  
(Showing saints are only human),  
But he never saw a woman  
Half so beautiful as mine!

Pardon then my bad behavior,  
(Thus upon the twain I call,)  
As if you were in my case,  
And were asking special grace  
Of St. Peter and St. Paul!

THE LITTLE MAID AND THE  
LAWYER.

## A SONG.

## I.

THEY say, little maid, quoth Law-  
yer Brown,  
I'm the cleverest man in all the  
town.

Heigh-ho! says she,  
What's that to me?  
But they say, little maid, quoth  
Lawyer Brown,  
You're the prettiest girl in all the  
town.

Says she, If they do,  
What's that to you?

## II.

They say, little maid, quoth Law-  
yer Brown,  
I'm the richest man in all the  
town.

Heigh-ho! says she,  
What's that to me?  
But they say, little maid, quoth  
Lawyer Brown,  
You ought to be dressed in a finer  
gown.

Says she, If they do,  
What's that to you?

## III.

They say, little maid, quoth Law-  
yer Brown.  
That Johnny Hodge is an awkward  
clown.

Heigh-ho! says she,  
What's that to me?  
But they say, little maid, the law-  
yer said,  
That you and Johnny are going to  
wed.

Says she, If we do,  
What's that to you?

## DRINKING SONG.

## BY A TEETOTALER.

"Ex ipso fonte bibi." — OVID.

I've been drinking, I've been  
drinking,  
To intoxication's edge;  
Do not chide me; for the tippie  
Wasn't mentioned in the pledge.

Nay, believe me, — 't was not  
Brandy  
Wrought the roses that you see;  
One may get a finer crimson  
From a purer *eau-de-vie*.

No, indeed; it was not Claret  
(That were something over-  
weak);  
There's a vastly better vintage  
For the painting of a cheek.

Not Angelica, — the honey  
By Loyola's children pressed  
From the Andalusian clusters  
Ripened in the Golden West;

Not Madeira, Hock, nor Sherry;  
No, indeed, 't is none of these  
Makes me giddy in the forehead,  
Makes me tremble in the knees.

No; 't is not the Gallic "Widow"  
That has turned my foolish  
brain,  
Nor the wine of any vineyard  
Found in Germany or Spain.

Nay — I own it! — 't is the nectar  
That a favored lover sips  
(All unheeding of the danger!)  
From a maiden's pulpy lips!

This it is that I've been drinking  
To intoxication's edge;

Till I marvel that the tippie  
Is n't mentioned in the pledge!

For the taste is so enchanting  
'T is impossible to see,  
Should it grow into a habit,  
What the consequence may be.

Well, I'll heed the sage's lesson,  
Pleasant, though it prove in  
vain,  
And by drinking very largely  
Try to sober me again!

## EGO ET ECHO.

### A FANTASY.

#### I.

I ASKED of Echo, 't other day,  
(Whose words are few and often  
funny,)  
What to a novice she could say  
Of courtship, love, and matri-  
mony?  
Quoth Echo, plainly: "*Mat-  
ter-o'-money!*"

#### II.

Whom should I marry? should it  
be  
A dashing damsel, gay and  
pert, —  
A pattern of inconstancy;  
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?  
Quoth Echo, sharply: "*Nary  
flirt!*"

#### III.

What if, aweary of the strife  
That long has lured the dear  
deceiver,

She promised to amend her life,  
And sin no more, can I believe  
her?

Quoth Echo, very promptly:  
"*Leave her!*"

#### IV.

But if some maiden with a heart,  
On me should venture to bestow  
it:

Pray, should I act the wiser part  
To take the treasure, or forego  
it?

Quoth Echo, with decision: "*Go  
it!*"

#### V.

Suppose a billet-doux (in rhyme),  
As warm as if Catullus penned it,  
Declare her beauty so sublime  
That Cytherea's can't transcend  
it, —

Quoth Echo, very clearly: "*Send  
it!*"

#### VI.

But what if, seemingly afraid  
To bind her fate in Hymen's  
fetter,

She vow she means to die a  
maid, —

In answer to my loving letter?

Quoth Echo, rather coolly: "*Let  
her!*"

#### VII.

What if, in spite of her disdain,  
I find my heart entwined about  
With Cupid's dear delicious chain,  
So closely that I can't get out?

Quoth Echo, laughingly: "*Get  
out!*"

#### VIII.

But if some maid with beauty  
blest,

As pure and fair as Heaven can  
make her,

Will share my labor and my rest,  
Till envious Death shall overtake  
her?  
Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*): "Take  
her!"

# THE MAIDEN TO THE MOON.<sup>4</sup>

O MOON! did you see  
My lover and me  
In the valley beneath the sycamore-  
tree?  
Whatever befell,  
O Moon! don't tell;  
'T was nothing amiss, you know  
very well.

O Moon! you know,  
A long time ago  
You left the sky and descended  
below,  
Of a Summer's night,  
By your own sweet light,  
To meet your Endymion on Lat-  
mos height.

And there, O Moon!  
You gave him a boon,  
You would n't, I'm sure, have  
granted at noon;  
'T was nothing amiss,  
Being only the bliss  
Of giving — and taking — an inno-  
cent kiss!

Some churlish lout,  
Who was spying about,  
Went off and blabbed, and so it  
got out;  
But for all the gold  
The sea could hold,  
O Moon! I would n't have gone  
and told!

So, Moon! don't tell,  
Whatever befell  
My lover and me in the leafy dell;  
He is honest and true,  
And, remember, too,  
We only behaved like your lover  
and you!

## DAISY DAY.

### A REMINISCENCE OF TRAVEL.

It was in an Irish city,  
In the pleasant month of May,  
That I met the clever, pretty,  
Lively, lovely Daisy Day.  
Like myself, a transient ranger  
From Columbia's troubled shore,  
Could I deem her quite a stranger,  
Though we never met before?

Love of country — so despotic  
In our precious native land —  
Finds us doubly patriotic,  
Straying on a foreign strand;  
Hence, perhaps, her friendly man-  
ner,  
And my pulse's quicker play,  
When, beneath St. Patrick's ban-  
ner,  
I accosted Daisy Day.

Bless me! how all eyes were cent-  
red  
On her, when the parlor door  
Opened, and the lady entered  
Like a queen upon the floor!  
'T was as if, that summer even,  
Some superlative perfume,  
Wafted by the breath of Heaven,  
Suddenly had filled the room!  
Happy favorite of Nature,  
Hebe in her sunny face,

Juno in her queenly stature,  
 More than Juno in her grace,  
 Eyes befitting Beauty's goddess,  
 Mouth to steal your heart away,  
 Bust that strained her ample bod-  
     ice, —  
 Such was charming Daisy Day.

Well, what then? Ah! Holy  
 Mother!

Pardon one pathetic sigh;  
 She 's the "partner" of another,  
 And — I own it — so am I!  
 But a poet owes to Beauty  
 More than common men can pay,  
 And I 've done my simple duty,  
 Singing thus of Daisy Day.

---

### A SUMMER SCENE.

I SAW you, lately, at an hour  
 To lovers reckoned dear  
 For tender trysts; and this is what  
 I chanced to see and hear:

You sat beneath the Summer  
     moon,  
 A friend on either hand,  
 And one applauded your discourse,  
 And one — could understand.

You quoted gems of poesy  
 By mighty masters wrought;  
 And one remarked the pleasant  
     rhyme,  
 And one, the golden thought.

Your smiles (how equally be-  
     stowed!)  
 Upon the list'ners fell;  
 And one was fain to praise your  
     eyes,  
 And one, to read them well.

You jested in a merry vein,  
 And, conscious, played the  
     child;  
 And one was moved to brave re-  
     tort,  
 And one, in silence, smiled.

You spoke of angel-life above  
 That evermore endures;  
 And one looked up, with lifted  
     hands,  
 And one — was kissing yours!

And then you laughed the ringing  
     laugh  
 That shows a spirit glad;  
 And one, thereat, was very gay,  
 And one was something sad.

And did you guess (ah! need I  
     ask?)  
 While thus they sat with you,  
 That one was but a light gallant,  
 And one a lover true?

---

### TO A BEAUTIFUL STRAN- GER.

A GLANCE, a smile, — I see it  
     yet!  
 A moment ere the train was  
     starting;  
 How strange to tell! we scarcely  
     met,  
 And yet I felt a pang at parting.

And you, (alas! that all the while  
 'T is I alone who am confessing!)  
 What thought was lurking in your  
     smile  
 Is quite beyond my simple guess-  
     ing.

I only know those beaming rays  
 Awoke in me a strange emotion,  
 Which, basking in their warmer  
 blaze,  
 Perhaps might kindle to devo-  
 tion.

Ah! many a heart as stanch as  
 this,  
 By smiling lips allured from  
 Duty,  
 Has sunk in Passion's dark  
 abyss, —  
 "Wrecked on the coral reefs of  
 Beauty!"

And so, 't is well the train's swift  
 flight  
 That bore away my charming  
 stranger  
 Took her — God bless her! — out of  
 sight,  
 And me, as quickly, out of dan-  
 ger!

### HERCULES SPINNING.

#### I.

BOND slave to Omphalè,  
 The haughty Lydian queen,  
 Fond slave to Omphalè,  
 The beauteous Lydian queen,  
 Lo! Hercules is seen  
 Spinning, spinning like a maid,  
 While aside his club is laid,  
 And the hero boasts no more  
 All his doughty deeds of yore,  
 But with sad, submissive mien  
 Spinning, spinning still is seen,  
 Bond slave to Omphalè,  
 Fond slave to Omphalè,  
 The haughty Lydian queen.

#### II.

Shame! that for a woman's whim,  
 He, so stout of heart and limb,  
 Must his nature so abuse  
 Thus his mighty arm to use, —  
 Not the manly mace to whirl,  
 But a tiny spindle twirl,  
 Spinning, spinning like a girl,  
 With a soft, submissive mien,  
 Bond slave to Omphalè,  
 Fond slave to Omphalè,  
 The haughty Lydian queen.

#### III.

Fond slave to Omphalè, —  
 Bond slave no more;  
 Love has loosed whom Tyranny  
 Basely bound before!  
 The distaff now is cast aside,  
 And, leaning on his club in pride,  
 Lo! Hercules is seen  
 In majesty serene, —  
 A hero sitting by his bride,  
 Fair Omphalè, his queen!

#### IV.

Whatever mortals crave,  
 So rule the gods above  
 That manly Strength is Beauty's  
 slave,  
 And Beauty yields to Love.

### HOW IT HAPPENED.

"AH! we love each other well,  
 Better far than words can tell,"  
 Said my charmer; "but in vain  
 Are my efforts to explain  
 How it happened. Tell me now,  
 Dearest, of the *why* and *how*!  
 Since the fact we cannot doubt,  
 Tell me how it came about."

Well, my darling, I will try  
 To explain the *how* and *why*,  
 (Speaking for myself, not *you*;  
 That, of course, I cannot do.)  
 Not your brilliant mind alone  
 Could have thus enthralled my  
     own;  
 Not the charm of every grace  
 Beaming from your sunny face;  
 Not your voice, though music be  
 Less melodious to me;  
 Not your kisses, sweeter far  
 Than the drops of Hybla are;  
 None of these, from each apart,  
 Could have so enchained my heart;  
 Nay, not e'en the wondrous whole  
 Could have fixed my wayward  
     soul;  
 Had not love *your* love pre-  
     vailed,  
 All the rest had surely failed.  
 There! you have the reason,  
     dear;  
 Is the explanation clear?  
 Ah! I own it seems but weak;  
 Half the *why* is yet to seek;  
 Only this I surely know,  
 Never woman witched me so!  
 Happy let my charmer be,  
 Since her eyes in mine may see  
 Flashes of the hidden fire  
 (Half devotion, half desire),  
 And her ears may hear the sighs  
 That from yearning love arise,  
 Whispering, in the fondest tone,  
 "Take me! I am all your own!"

---

EXAUDI ANGELUS.

HEAR thou my prayer, O angel  
     kind!  
 Who brought my gladdened eyes  
     to see  
 Him whom so long I yearned to  
     find,

And gave his dear heart all to  
     me;  
 O, guard him well, that I may  
     prove  
 Blest in my lover and my love.

And keep thou her whose fearful  
     breast  
     Still trembles for its new-found  
     joy,  
 (Knowing, ah me! but little rest)  
     Lest envious maids or gods de-  
     stroy  
 This wondrous happiness that  
     seems  
 Too bright for aught save angel  
     dreams.

O, bless us twain! and kindly  
     teach;  
     And safely guard each hallowed  
     name  
 From blighting hint or blasting  
     speech  
     To make our cheeks all red for  
     shame,  
 That blush not for the love they  
     bear  
 In thy pure presence, angel fair.

And while, with lips that closer  
     cling  
     In dread to part, we say "Fare-  
     well!"  
 Keep thou this love a holy thing  
     That in us evermore may dwell,  
 By circling hearth or sundering  
     sea,  
 Where'er our thankful hearts may  
     be!

---

CARL AND I.

HE calls me beautiful; and I  
 Ask of my glass the reason why;  
     Alack for me!

And yet though little there I see,  
I must be beautiful, I trow,  
When such as he can deem me so.

He calls me brilliant; all in vain  
I strive the wonder to explain;  
Alack for me!

And yet, whate'er my fancy be,  
Some spark of wit therein must  
glow  
When such as he can think it so.

He calls me noble; and I turn  
My soul within my soul to learn;  
Alack for me!

I am not proud of what I see;  
And yet some goodness there must  
grow,  
When such as he can find it so.

He calls me lovely; and I try  
To seek the specious reason why;  
Alack for me!

And yet though vain my question  
be,  
I must be lovely — well I know —  
When such as he can love me so!

## DO I LOVE THEE ?

### A SONG.

Do I love thee? Ask the bee  
If she loves the flowery lea  
Where the honeysuckle blows  
And the fragrant clover grows.  
As she answers, Yes or No,  
Darling! take my answer so.

Do I love thee? Ask the bird  
When her matin song is heard,  
If she loves the sky so fair,  
Fleecy cloud and liquid air.  
As she answers, Yes or No,  
Darling! take my answer so.

Do I love thee? Ask the flower  
If she loves the vernal shower,  
Or the kisses of the sun,  
Or the dew, when day is done.  
As she answers, Yes or No,  
Darling! take my answer so.

## THE LOVER'S CONFESSION.

"COME, name my fault!" I said,  
"that I  
May mend it." So I made reply  
To Laura, darling of my heart,  
Whom long, in vain, by every art  
I tried to force to franker speech.  
"Do tell me plainly, I beseech,  
For my soul's sake, that while I  
live  
I may repent and Heaven forgive!"  
"'Tis *worldliness!*" at last she  
said,  
And, blushing, drooped her lovely  
head,  
As if she feared I might infer  
She meant forgetfulness of *her*.  
"And is that *all?*" I answered.  
"Well,  
I own the world's enchanting  
spell;  
The fault is one I cannot hide;  
But ah! 't is not for you to chide;  
Still, dearest, let me worldly be,  
Since *you* are 'all the world' to  
me!"

## A PHILOSOPHICAL QUERY.

TO —.

IF Virtue be measured by what we  
resist,  
When against Inclination we  
strive,

You and I have been proved, we  
 may fairly insist,  
 The most virtuous mortals alive!  
 Now Virtue, we know, is the  
 brightest of pearls,  
 But as Pleasure is hard of eva-  
 sion,  
 Should we envy, or pity, the stoical  
 churls  
 Who never have known a tempta-  
 tion?

---

LIP-SERVICE.

I.

JULIA once and once again,  
 In coquettish fashion

Heedless of her lover's pain,  
 Mocked his burning passion:  
 "Words of worship lightly fall  
 From a courtier, surely;  
 Mere lip-service, — that is all!"  
 Said the maid, demurely.

II.

Then his kisses fell like dew  
 (Just where Love would choose  
 'em)  
 On her mouth; and through and  
 through  
 Thrilled her glowing bosom;  
 Till she felt — nor uttered she  
 Whisper of negation —  
 "Mere lip-service" still may be  
 Perfect adoration!



FAIRY TALES LEGENDS, AND  
APOLOGUES.



# FAIRY TALES, LEGENDS, AND APOLOGUES.

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FATHER PUMPKIN; OR, AL-  
WAYS IN LUCK.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

## I.

IN Cairo once there dwelt a worthy  
man,  
Toilsome and frugal, but ex-  
tremely poor;  
"Howe'er," he grumbled, "I  
may toil and plan,  
The wolf is ever howling at my  
door,  
While arrant rascals thrive and  
prosper; hence  
I much misdoubt the ways of  
Providence.

## II.

"Allah is Allah; and, we all agree,  
Mohammed is his Prophet. Be  
it so;  
But what 's Mohammed ever done  
for me,  
To boil my kettle, I should like  
to know?  
The thieves fare better; and I  
much incline  
From this day forth to make their  
calling mine."

## III.

"Dog of an Arab!" cried his pi-  
ous spouse,  
"So you would steal to better  
your estate,

And hasten Allah's vengeance!  
Shame! arouse!

Why sit you there repining at  
your fate?  
Pray to the Prophet, — sinner that  
you are, —  
Then wash your face and go to the  
Bazaar.

## IV.

"Take with you pen and paper  
and a book,  
And, sitting in a corner, gravely  
make  
Some mystic scrawls; put on a  
solemn look,  
As if you were a wise and  
learned sheik;  
And, mark my word, the people  
in a trice  
Will come in throngs to purchase  
your advice."

## V.

"'T is worth a trial, woman, I  
confess;  
Things can't be worse," the  
moody Arab said;  
"But then, alas! I have no proper  
dress,  
Not e'en a turban to adorn my  
head."  
"Allah be praised!" Just here  
the woman spied  
A hollow pumpkin lying at her  
side.

## VI.

"See! this will do!" and, cutting  
it in twain,

She placed the half upon her  
husband's pate;

"'T is quaint and grave, and well  
befits thy brain,

Most reverend master," cried  
the dame, elate.

"Now to thy labor hasten thee  
away,

And thou shalt prosper from this  
very day!"

## VII.

And so, obedient to his wife's com-  
mand,

The anxious sheik procured a  
little nook

In the Bazaar, where, sitting by a  
stand,

With much grimace he pored  
upon his book,

Peering around, at intervals, to spy  
A customer, if such a thing were  
nigh.

## VIII.

And soon, indeed, a customer ap-  
peared,

A peasant pale and sweating  
with distress.

"Good Father Pumpkin! may  
your mighty beard"

(Bowling in reverence) "be never  
less!

I come to crave your counsel; for,  
alas!

Most learned Father, I have lost  
my ass."

## IX.

"Now, curse the donkey!" cried  
the puzzled man,

Unto himself, "and curse Fati-  
ma too,

Who sent me here! for, do the  
best I can,

And that 's the best that any  
one can do,

I 'm sure to blunder." So, in  
sheer despair,

He named the graveyard; "Seek  
your donkey there!"

## X.

It chanced the ass that very mo-  
ment grazed

Within the graveyard, as the  
sheik had told;

And so the peasant, joyful and  
amazed,

Gave thanks and money; nor  
could he withhold

His pious prayers, but, bowing to  
the ground,

Cried, "Great is Allah! — for my  
ass is found!"

## XI.

"Allah is Allah!" said the grate-  
ful sheik,

Returning homeward with his  
precious fee;

"I much rejoice for dear Fatima's  
sake;

Few men, in sooth, have such a  
mate as she;

Most wives are bosh, or worse than  
bosh, but mine

In wit and beauty is almost di-  
vine!"

## XII.

Next day he hastened early to his  
post,

But found some clients had ar-  
rived before;

One eager dame a skein of silk  
had lost;

Another money; and a dozen  
more,

Of either sex, were waiting to re-  
cover  
A fickle mistress or a truant lover.

XIII.

With solemn face the sheik replied  
to each  
Whate'er his whim might move  
his tongue to say;  
And all turned out according to  
his speech;  
And so it chanced for many a  
lucky day,  
Till "Father Pumpkin" grew a  
famous seer,  
Whose praise had even reached the  
Sultan's ear.

XIV.

"Allah is Allah!" cried the hap-  
py sheik;  
"And nevermore, Fatima, will  
I doubt  
Mohammed is his prophet; let us  
take  
Our ease henceforward —"  
Here a sudden shout  
Announced the Sultan's janizaries,  
sent,  
They said, to seize him, — but  
with kind intent.

XV.

"The Grand Seraglio has been  
robbed by knaves  
Of all the royal jewels; and the  
Porte,  
To get them back again, your  
presence craves  
In Stamboul; he will pay you  
richly for 't,  
If you succeed; if not, — why  
then, instead  
Of getting money, you will lose  
your head."

XVI.

"My curse upon thee!" cried the  
angry man  
Unto Fatima; "see what thou  
hast done!  
O woman, woman! since the  
world began  
All direst mischiefs underneath  
the sun  
Are woman's doing —" Here the  
Sultan's throng  
Of janizaries bade him, "Come  
along!"

XVII.

The seer's arrival being now pro-  
claimed  
Throughout the capital, the rob-  
bers quake  
With very fear; while, trembling  
and ashamed,  
In deeper terror sits the wretched  
sheik,  
Cursing Fatima for a wicked wife  
Whose rash ambition has betrayed  
his life.

XVIII.

"But seven short days my sands  
have yet to run,  
And then, alas! I lose my fool-  
ish head;  
These seven white beans I'll swal-  
low, one by one,  
To mark each passing day ere I  
am dead.  
Alas! alas! the Sultan's hard de-  
cree!  
The sun is setting: *there goes one!*"  
said he.

XIX.

Just then a thief (the leader of the  
band  
Who stole the Sultan's jewels)  
passing by,

Heard the remark, and saw the  
 lifted hand,  
 And ran away as fast as he could  
 fly,  
 To tell his comrades that, beyond  
 a doubt,  
 The cunning seer had fairly found  
 him out.

## XX.

Next day another, ere the hour was  
 dark,  
 Passed by the casement where  
 the sheik was seen;  
 His hand was lifted warningly, and  
 hark!  
 “*There goes a second!*” (swal-  
 lowing the bean.)  
 The robber fled, amazed, and told  
 the crew  
 ’T was time to counsel what were  
 best to do.

## XXI.

But still,—as if the faintest doubt  
 to cure,—  
 The following eve the robbers  
 sent a third;  
 And so till six had made the matter  
 sure,  
 (For unto each the same event  
 occurred),  
 When, taking counsel, they at once  
 agreed  
 To seek the wizard and confess the  
 deed.

## XXII.

“Most reverend Father,” thus the  
 chief began,  
 “Thy thoughts are just; thy  
 spoken words are true;  
 To hide from thee surpasses mor-  
 tal man;  
 Our evil works henceforward we  
 eschew,

For now we know that sinning  
 never thrives;  
 Here, take the jewels, but O, spare  
 our lives!”

## XXIII.

“The law enjoins,” the joyful  
 sheik replied,  
 “That bloody Death shall end  
 the robber’s days;  
 But, that your sudden virtue may  
 be tried,  
 Swear on the Koran you will  
 mend your ways,  
 And then depart.” The robbers  
 roundly swore,  
 In Allah’s name, that they would  
 rob no more.

## XXIV.

“Allah is Allah!” cried the grate-  
 ful sheik,  
 Holding the jewels in the vizier’s  
 face.  
 The vizier answered, “Sir, be  
 pleased to take  
 The casket to the Sultan. “No,  
 your Grace,”  
 The sheik replied, “the gems are  
*here*, you see;  
 Pray tell the Sultan he may come  
 to me!”

## XXV.

The Sultan came, and, ravished to  
 behold  
 The precious jewels to his hand  
 restored,  
 He made the finder rich in thanks  
 and gold,  
 And on the instant pledged his  
 royal word,  
 And straight confirmed it in the  
 Prophet’s name,  
 To grant whatever he might choose  
 to claim.

## XXVI.

"Sire of the Faithful! publish a decree"

(The sheik made answer) "and proclaim to all  
That none henceforth shall ever question me  
Of any matter either great or small;  
I ask no more. So shall my labors cease;  
My waning life I fain would spend in peace."

## XXVII.

The Sultan answered: "Be it even so;  
And may your beard increase a thousand-fold;  
And may your house with children overflow!"  
And so the sheik, o'erwhelmed with praise and gold,  
Returned unto the city whence he came,  
Blessing Mohammed's and Fatima's name.

## THE KING AND THE COTTAGER.

## A PERSIAN LEGEND.

## I.

PRAY list unto a legend  
The ancient poets tell;  
'T is of a mighty monarch  
In Persia once did dwell;  
A mighty queer old monarch  
Who ruled his kingdom well.

## II.

"I must build another palace,"  
Observed this mighty King;

"For this is getting shabby  
Along the southern wing;  
And, really, for a monarch,  
It is n't quite the thing.

## III.

"So I will have a new one,  
Although I greatly fear,  
To build it just to suit me,  
Will cost me rather dear;  
And I'll choose, God wot, another spot,  
Much finer than this here."

## IV.

So he travelled o'er his kingdom  
A proper site to find,  
Where he might build a palace  
Exactly to his mind,  
All with a pleasant prospect  
Before it, and behind.

## V.

Not long with this endeavor  
The King had travelled round,  
Ere, to his royal pleasure,  
A charming spot he found;  
But an ancient widow's cabin  
Was standing on the ground.

## VI.

"Ah! here," exclaimed the monarch,  
"Is just the proper spot,  
If this woman would allow me  
To remove her little cot."  
But the beldam answered plainly,  
She had rather he would not!

## VII.

"Within this lonely cottage,  
Great Monarch, I was born;  
And only from this cottage  
By Death will I be torn:  
So spare it in your justice,  
Or spoil it in your scorn!"

## VIII.

Then all the courtiers mocked her,  
 With cruel words and jeers:—  
 "'T is plain her royal master  
 She neither loves nor fears;  
 We would knock her ugly hovel  
 About her ugly ears!

## IX.

"When ever was a subject  
 Who might the King withstand?  
 Or deem his spoken pleasure  
 As less than his command?  
 Of course he'll rout the beldam,  
 And confiscate her land!"

## X.

But, to their deep amazement,  
 His Majesty replied:  
 "Good woman, never heed them,  
 The *King* is on your side;  
 Your cottage is your castle,  
 And here you shall abide.

## XI.

"To raze it in a moment,  
 The power is mine, I grant;  
 My absolute dominion  
 A hundred poets chant;  
 For being *Khan* of Persia,  
 There's nothing that I *can't*!"

## XII.

('T was in this pleasant fashion  
 The mighty monarch spoke;  
 For kings have merry fancies  
 Like other mortal folk:  
 And none so high and mighty  
 But loves his little joke.)

## XIII.

"But power is scarcely worthy  
 Of honor or applause,  
 That in its domination  
 Contemns the widow's cause,

Or perpetrates injustice  
 By trampling on the laws.

## XIV.

"That I have wronged the mean-  
 est  
 No honest tongue may say:  
 So bide you in your cottage,  
 Good woman, while you may;  
 What's yours by deed and pur-  
 chase  
 No man may take away.

## XV.

"And I will build beside it,  
 For though your cot may be  
 In such a lordly presence  
 No fitting thing to see,  
 If it honor not my castle,  
 It will surely honor me!

## XVI.

"For so my loyal people,  
 Who gaze upon the sight,  
 Shall know that in oppression  
 I do not take delight;  
 Nor hold a king's convenience  
 Before a subject's right."

## XVII.

Now from his spoken purpose  
 The King departed not;  
 He built the royal dwelling  
 Upon the chosen spot,  
 And there they stood together,  
 The palace and the cot.

## XVIII.

Sure such unseemly neighbors  
 Were never seen before;  
 "His Majesty is doting,"  
 His silly courtiers swore;  
 But all true loyal subjects,  
 They loved the King the more.

## XIX.

Long, long he ruled his kingdom  
 In honor and renown;  
 But danger ever threatens  
 The head that wears a crown,  
 And Fortune, tired of smiling,  
 For once put on a frown.

## XX.

For ever secret Envy  
 Attends a high estate;  
 And ever lurking Malice  
 Pursues the good and great;  
 And ever base Ambition  
 Will end in deadly Hate.

## XXI.

And so two wicked courtiers,  
 Who long had strove in vain,  
 By craft and evil counsels,  
 To mar the monarch's reign,  
 Contrived a scheme infernal  
 Whereby he should be slain.

## XXII.

But as all deeds of darkness  
 Are wont to leave a clew  
 Before the glaring sunlight  
 To bring the knaves to view,  
 That sin may be rewarded,  
 And Satan get his due, —

## XXIII.

To plan their wicked treason,  
 They sought a lonely spot  
 Behind the royal palace,  
 Hard by the widow's cot,  
 Who heard their machinations,  
 And straight revealed the plot!

## XXIV.

"I see," exclaimed the Persian,  
 "The just are wise alone;

Who spares the rights of others  
 May chance to guard his own;  
 The widow's humble cottage  
 Has propped a monarch's  
 throne!"

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## THE YOUTH AND THE NORTHWIND.

## A TALE OF NORWAY.

ONCE on a time — 't was long  
 ago —

There lived a worthy dame  
 Who sent her son to fetch some  
 flour,  
 For she was old and lame.

But while he loitered on the road,  
 The Northwind chanced to stray  
 Across the careless younker's path,  
 And stole the flour away.

"Alas! what shall we do for  
 bread?"  
 Exclaimed the weeping lad;  
 "The flour is gone, — the flour is  
 gone, —  
 And it was all we had!"

And so he sought the Northwind's  
 cave,  
 Beside the distant main;  
 "Good Mister Boreas," said the  
 lad,  
 "I want my flour again."

"'T was all we had to live  
 upon, —  
 My mother old and I;  
 O give us back the flour again,  
 Or we shall surely die!"

"I have it not," the Northwind growled;

"But, for your lack of bread,  
I give to you this table-cloth;  
'T will serve you well instead;

"For you have but to spread it out,  
And every costly dish  
Will straight appear at your command,  
Whatever you may wish."

The lad received the magic cloth  
With wonder and delight,  
And thanked the donor heartily,  
As well, indeed, he might.

Returning homeward, at an inn  
Just half his journey through,  
He fain must show his table-cloth,  
And what the cloth could do.

So while he slept the knavish host  
Went slyly to his bed,  
And stole the cloth, — but shrewdly placed  
Another in its stead.

Unknowing what the rogue had done,  
The lad went on his way,  
And came unto his journey's end  
Just at the close of day.

He showed the dame his table-cloth,  
And told her of its power;  
"Good sooth!" he cried, "'t was well for us  
The Northwind stole the flour."

"Perhaps," exclaimed the cautious crone,  
"The story may be true;  
'T is mighty little good, I ween,  
Your table-cloth can do."

And now the younker spread it forth,  
And tried the spell. Alas!  
'T was but a common table-cloth,  
And nothing came to pass.

Then to the Northwind, far away,  
He sped with might and main;  
"Your table-cloth is good for naught;  
I want my flour again!"

"I have it not," the Northwind growled,  
"But, for your lack of bread,  
I give to you this little goat,  
'T will serve you well instead.

"For you have but to tell him this: —  
'Make money, Master Bill!'  
And he will give you golden coins,  
As many as you will."

The lad received the magic goat  
With wonder and delight,  
And thanked the donor heartily,  
As well, indeed, he might.

Returning homeward, at the inn  
Just half his journey through,  
He fain must show his little goat,  
And what the goat could do.

So while he slept the knavish host  
Went slyly to the shed,  
And stole the goat, — but shrewdly placed  
Another in his stead.

Unknowing what the rogue had done,  
The youth went on his way,  
And reached his weary journey's end  
Just at the close of day.

He showed the dame his magic  
goat,  
And told her of his power;  
"Good sooth!" he cried, "'t was  
well for us  
The Northwind stole the flour."

"I much misdoubt," the dame  
replied,  
"Your wondrous tale is true;  
'T is little good, for hungry folk,  
Your silly goat can do!"

"Good Master Bill," the lad ex-  
claimed,  
"Make money!" but, alas!  
'T was nothing but a common goat,  
And nothing came to pass.

Then to the Northwind, angrily,  
He sped with might and main;  
"Your foolish goat is good for  
naught;  
I want my flour again!"

"I have it not," the Northwind  
growled,  
"Nor can I give you aught,  
Except this cudgel, — which, in-  
deed,  
A magic charm has got;

"For you have but to tell it this:  
'My cudgel, hit away!'  
And, till you bid it stop again,  
The cudgel will obey."

Returning home, he stopt at night  
Where he had lodged before;  
And feigning to be fast asleep,  
He soon began to snore.

And when the host would steal the  
staff,  
The sleeper muttered, "Stay,  
I see what you would fain be at;  
Good cudgel, hit away!"

The cudgel thumped about his  
ears,  
Till he began to cry,  
'O stop the staff, for mercy's sake!  
Or I shall surely die!"

But still the cudgel thumped away  
Until the rascal said,  
"I'll give you back the cloth and  
goat,  
O spare my broken head!"

And so it was the lad reclaimed  
His table-cloth and goat;  
And, growing rich, at length be-  
came  
A man of famous note;

He kept his mother tenderly,  
And cheered her waning life;  
And married — as you may sup-  
pose —  
A princess for a wife;

And while he lived had ever near,  
To favor worthy ends,  
A cudgel for his enemies,  
And money for his friends.

## THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

### A HINDOO FABLE.

#### I.

It was six men of Indostan  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the Elephant  
(Though all of them were blind),  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

#### II.

The *First* approached the Ele-  
phant,  
And happening to fall

Against his broad and sturdy side,  
 At once began to bawl:  
 "God bless me! but the Elephant  
 Is very like a wall!"

## III.

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,  
 Cried, "Ho! what have we  
 here  
 So very round and smooth and  
 sharp?  
 To me 't is mighty clear  
 This wonder of an Elephant  
 Is very like a spear!"

## IV.

The *Third* approached the animal,  
 And happening to take  
 The squirming trunk within his  
 hands,  
 Thus boldly up and spake:  
 "I see," quoth he, "the Elephant  
 Is very like a snake!"

## V.

The *Fourth* reached out his eager  
 hand,  
 And felt about the knee.  
 "What most this wondrous beast  
 is like  
 Is mighty plain," quoth he;  
 "'T is clear enough the Elephant  
 Is very like a tree!"

## VI.

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch  
 the ear,  
 Said: "E'en the blindest man  
 Can tell what this resembles most;  
 Deny the fact who can,  
 This marvel of an Elephant  
 Is very like a fan!"

## VII.

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun  
 About the beast to grope,  
 Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
 That fell within his scope,  
 "I see," quoth he, "the Elephant  
 Is very like a rope!"

## VIII.

And so these men of Indostan  
 Disputed loud and long,  
 Each in his own opinion  
 Exceeding stiff and strong,  
 Though each was partly in the  
 right,  
 And all were in the wrong!

## MORAL.

So oft in theologic wars,  
 The disputants, I ween,  
 Rail on in utter ignorance  
 Of what each other mean,  
 And prate about an Elephant  
 Not one of them has seen!

## THE TREASURE OF GOLD.

## A LEGEND OF ITALY.

## I.

A BEAUTIFUL story, my darlings,  
 Though exceedingly quaint and  
 old,  
 Is a tale I have read in Italian,  
 Entitled, The Treasure of Gold.

## II.

There lived near the town of Bo-  
 logna  
 A widow of virtuous fame,

Alone with her only daughter, —  
Madonna Lucrezia by name.

## III.

A lady whom changing fortune  
Had numbered among the poor;  
And she kept an inn by the way-  
side,  
For the use of peasant and  
boor.

## IV.

One day at the door of the tavern  
Three roving banditti appeared,  
And one was a wily Venetian,  
To guess by his curious beard.

## V.

And he spoke to the waiting host-  
ess  
In phrases exceedingly fine,  
And sat himself down with his  
fellows,  
And called for a flagon of wine.

## VI.

At length, after deeply discoursing  
In voices suspiciously low,  
The travellers rose from the table,  
And made preparation to go.

## VII.

"Madonna," up spoke the Ve-  
netian,  
"Pray do us the kindness to  
hold  
Awhile, for our better convenience,  
This snug little treasure of gold."

## VIII.

"Indeed," said the smiling Lucre-  
zia,  
"You're welcome to leave it,  
— but stay;

I have never a lock in my hovel,  
And the bag may be stolen away.

## IX.

"Besides," said the woman, "con-  
sider,  
There's no one the fact to attest;  
In pledge for so precious a treasure  
You have only my word, at the  
best."

## X.

"In faith!" said the civil Vene-  
tian,  
"We have n't a morsel of fear;  
But to guard against awkward  
mischances,  
Let the matter in writing ap-  
pear."

## XI.

And this was a part of the writing  
She gave the banditti to hold:  
"Not to one, nor to two, but to all  
Will I render the treasure of  
gold."

## XII.

Now the robbers were scarcely de-  
parted  
When the cunning Venetian  
came back,  
With, "Madam, allow me the  
favor  
Of putting my seal to the sack."

## XIII.

But the moment she gave him the  
treasure,  
A horseman rode up, and behold!  
While the woman went out to at-  
tend him,  
The villain ran off with the gold!

## XIV.

"Alas!" cried the widow, in anguish,  
 "Alas for my daughter forlorn;  
 I would we had perished together,  
 The day Giannetta was born!"

## XV.

In sooth, she had reason for sorrow,  
 Although it were idle to weep;  
 She was sued in the court of Bologna  
 For the money she promised to keep.

## XVI.

"Now go, Giannetta," she faltered,  
 "To one that is versed in the laws;  
 But stop at the shrine of the Virgin,  
 And beg her to favor our cause."

## XVII.

Alas for Madonna Lucrezia!  
 In vain Giannetta applied  
 To each lawyer of note in the city;  
 They were all on the opposite side!

## XVIII.

At last, as the sorrowing maiden  
 Sat pondering her misery over,  
 And breathing a prayer to the Virgin,  
 She thought of Lorenzo, her lover;

## XIX.

A student well read in the statutes,  
 According to common report,  
 But one who, from modest aversion,  
 Had never appeared in the court.

## XX.

"I'll try!" said the faithful Lorenzo,  
 After hearing her narrative through,  
 "And for strength in the hour of trial,  
 I'll think, Giannetta, of you!"

## XXI.

Next morning the judges assembled;  
 The claimants' attorneys were heard,  
 And gave a most plausible version  
 Of how the transaction occurred;

## XXII.

Then showed, by the widow's confession,  
 She had taken the money to hold,  
 And proved that, though often requested,  
 She failed to surrender the gold.

## XXIII.

The judges seemed fairly impatient  
 To utter the fatal decree,  
 When, lo! the young student Lorenzo  
 Stands up, and commences a plea:—

## XXIV.

"Your Honors! I speak for the widow;  
 Some words have been (carelessly) said  
 Concerning a written agreement;  
 I ask that the writing be read."

## XXV.

"Of course," said the Court, "it is proper  
 The writing appear in the case;

The sense of a written agreement  
May give it a different face."

XXVI.

"Observe," said the student, "the  
bargain  
To which we are willing to  
hold,—  
'Not to one, nor to two, but to all,  
Will I render the treasure of  
gold.'

XXVII.

"We stand by the writing, your  
Honors,  
And candidly ask of you whether  
These fellows can sue for their  
money  
Till they come and demand it  
together?"

XXVIII.

And so it was presently settled,  
For so did the judges decide;  
And great was the joy of the wid-  
ow,  
And great was her daughter's  
pride.

XXIX.

And fast grew the fame of Lorenzo,  
For making so clever a plea,  
Till never in all Bologna  
Was lawyer so wealthy as he.

XXX.

And he married his own Giannetta,  
As the story is pleasingly told;  
And such were the bane and the  
blessing  
That came of the Treasure of  
Gold!

THE NOBLEMAN, THE FISH-  
ERMAN, AND THE PORTER.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

I.

It was a famous nobleman  
Who flourished in the East,  
And once, upon a holiday,  
He made a goodly feast,  
And summoned in of kith and kin  
A hundred at the least.

II.

Now while they sat in social chat  
Discoursing frank and free,  
In came the steward, with a bow,  
"A man below," said he,  
"Has got, my lord, the finest fish  
That ever swam the sea!"

III.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the noble-  
man,  
"Then buy it in a trice;  
The finest fish that ever swam  
Must needs be very nice;  
Go, buy it of the fisherman,  
And never mind the price."

IV.

"And so I would," the steward  
said,  
"But, faith, he would n't hear  
A word of money for his fish,  
(Was ever man so queer?)  
But said he thought a hundred  
stripes  
Could not be counted dear!"

V.

"Go bring him here," my lord  
replied;  
"The man I fain would see;

A merry wag, by your report,  
 This fisherman must be."  
 "Go bring him here! Go bring  
 him here!"  
 Cried all the company.

## VI.

The steward did as he was bid,  
 When thus my lord began:  
 "For this fine fish what may you  
 wish?  
 I'll buy it, if I can."  
 "One hundred lashes on my  
 back!"  
 Exclaimed the fisherman.

## VII.

"Now, by the Rood! but this is  
 good,"  
 The laughing lord replied;  
 "Well, let the fellow have his way;  
 Go, call a groom!" he cried;  
 "But let the payment he demands  
 Be modestly applied."

## VIII.

He bared his back and took the  
 lash  
 As it were merry play;  
 But at the fiftieth stroke, he said,  
 "Good master groom, I pray  
 Desist a moment, if you please;  
 I have a word to say.

## IX.

"I have a partner in the case, —  
 The fellow standing there;  
 Pray take the jacket off his back,  
 And let him have his share;  
 That one of us should take the  
 whole  
 Were surely hardly fair!"

## X.

"A partner?" cried the noble-  
 man,  
 "Who can the fellow mean?"  
 "I mean," replied the fisherman,  
 With countenance serene,  
 "*Your porter there!* the biggest  
 knave  
 That ever yet was seen.

## XI.

"The rogue who stopped me at  
 the gate,  
 And would n't let me in  
 Until I swore to give him half  
 Of all my fish should win.  
*I've got my share!* Pray let, my  
 lord,  
*His payment now begin!*"

## XII.

"What you propose," my lord  
 replied,  
 "Is nothing more than fair;  
 Here, groom, — lay on a hundred  
 stripes,  
 And mind you do not spare.  
 The scurvy dog shall never say  
 He did n't get his share!"

## XIII.

Then all that goodly company  
 They laughed with might and  
 main,  
 The while beneath the stinging lash  
 The porter writhed in pain.  
 "So fare all villains," quoth my  
 lord,  
 "Who seek dishonest gain!"

## XIV.

Then, turning to the fisherman,  
 Who still was standing near,

He filled his hand with golden  
 coins,  
 Some twenty sequins clear,  
 And bade him come and take the  
 like  
 On each succeeding year.

## THE DERVIS AND THE KING.

### A TURKISH TALE.

A PIOUS Dervis, once upon a time,  
 Of all his sect the wisest and the  
 best,  
 Journeyed, on foot, through many  
 a foreign clime,  
 To serve his Master in some holy  
 quest.

And so it chanced that on a certain  
 day,  
 While plodding wearily along  
 the road,  
 He saw before him, near the pub-  
 lic way,  
 The house wherein the Tartar  
 King abode.

Musing the while on some absorb-  
 ing thought  
 That quite engrossed the pious  
 pilgrim's mind;  
 The palace seemed — just what  
 the Dervis sought —  
 A caravansary of the better  
 kind.

Entering the palace by an open  
 door,  
 Straight to the gallery the Dervis  
 goes,  
 Lays down his meagre wallet on  
 the floor,  
 And spreads his blanket for a  
 night's repose.

It chanced the King, soon after,  
 passing by,  
 Observed the man, and with an  
 angry air,  
 As one who sees a robber or a spy,  
 Bade him avow what business  
 brought him there.

"My business here," the Dervis  
 meekly said,  
 "Is but to rest, as any traveller  
 might;  
 In this good tavern I have made  
 my bed,  
 And here I mean to tarry for the  
 night."

"A caravansary — eh?" the King  
 exclaimed  
 (His visage mantling with a royal  
 grin),

"Now look around you, man, and  
 be ashamed!  
 How *could* you take my palace  
 for an inn?"

"Sire," said the Dervis (seeing  
 his mistake),

"I purpose presently to answer  
 this;

But grant me, first, the liberty to  
 make  
 Some brief inquiries, if 't is not  
 amiss.

"Pray tell me, Sire, who first re-  
 sided here?"

"My ancestors, — as the tradi-  
 tion goes."

"Who next?" "My father, —  
 that is very clear."

"Who next?" "Myself, — as  
 everybody knows."

"And who — Heaven grant you  
 many years to reign! —  
 Will occupy the house when you  
 have done?"

"Why," said the monarch, "that  
is very plain, —  
Of course 't will be the Prince,  
my only son!"

"Sire," said the Dervis, gravely,  
"I protest, —  
Whate'er the building you may  
choose to call, —  
A house that knows so many a  
transient guest,  
Is but a caravansary, after  
all!"

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## THE MONARCH AND THE MARQUIS.

### AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

#### I.

It was a merry monarch  
Who ruled a distant land,  
And ever, for his pastime,  
Some new device he planned,  
And once, to all his servants,  
He gave this queer command.

#### II.

Quoth he: "To every stranger  
Who comes unto my court  
Let a fried fish be given,  
And of the finest sort;  
Then mark the man's behavior,  
And bring me due report.

#### III.

"If, when the man has eaten  
The fish unto the bone,  
The glutton turns it over, —  
Then, by my royal throne,  
For this, his misdemeanor,  
The gallows shall atone!"

#### IV.

Now when this regal mandate,  
According to report,  
Had slain a score of strangers,  
To serve the monarch's sport,  
It chanced a gay young Marquis  
Came to the royal court.

#### V.

His Majesty received him  
As suited with his state,  
But when he sat at dinner,  
The fish was on the plate;  
Alas! he turns it over,  
Unconscious of his fate.

#### VI.

Then, to his dire amazement,  
Three guardsmen, standing nigh,  
Conveyed him straight to prison,  
And plainly told him why, —  
And how, in retribution,  
That he was doomed to die!

#### VII.

The Marquis, filled with sorrow,  
Implored the monarch's ruth,  
Whereat the King relented  
(A gracious deed, in sooth!)  
And granted these conditions,  
In pity of his youth: —

#### VIII.

That for three days the culprit  
Should have the King's reprieve;  
Also, to name three wishes  
The prisoner had leave, —  
One each succeeding morning, —  
The which he should receive.

#### IX.

"Thanks!" said the grateful Mar-  
quis,  
"His Majesty is kind;

And, first, to wed his daughter  
Is what I have in mind;  
Go, bid him fetch a parson  
The holy tie to bind."

## X.

Now when the merry monarch  
This bold demand had heard,  
With grief and indignation  
His royal breast was stirred;  
But he had pledged his honor,  
And so he kept his word.

## XI.

Now, if the first petition  
He reckoned rather bold,  
What was the King's amazement  
To hear the second told, —  
To wit, the monarch's treasure  
Of silver and of gold!

## XII.

To beg the culprit's mercy  
This mighty King was fain;  
But pleading and remonstrance  
Were uttered all in vain;  
And so he gave the treasure  
It cost him years to gain.

## XIII.

Sure ne'er was mortal monarch  
In such dismay as he!  
He woke next morning early  
And went himself to see  
What, in the name of wonder,  
The third demand would be.

## XIV.

"I ask," replied the Marquis,  
"(My third and final wish),  
That you should call the servants  
Who served the fatal dish,  
And have the eyes extinguished  
That saw me turn the fish."

## XV.

"Good!" said the monarch gayly,  
With obvious delight,  
"What you demand, Sir Marquis,  
Is reasonable, quite;  
That they should pay this forfeit  
Is nothing more than right.

## XVI.

"How was it, — Mr. Chamberlain?"  
But he at once denied  
That he had seen the culprit  
Turn up the other side;  
"It must have been the Steward,"  
The Chamberlain replied.

## XVII.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Steward,  
"It surely was n't I!  
It must have been the Butler" —  
Who quickly made reply,  
"It must have been the guards-  
men,  
Unless the fellows lie!"

## XVIII.

But they, in turn, protested,  
With plausible surprise,  
(And dreadful imprecations,  
If they were telling lies!)  
That nothing of the matter  
Had come before their eyes.

## XIX.

"Good father," said the Princess,  
"I pray you ponder this,"  
(And here she gave the monarch  
A reverential kiss,)  
"My husband must be guiltless,  
If none saw aught amiss!"

## XX.

The monarch frowned a little,  
And gravely shook his head:

"Your Marquis should be punished;  
Well, — let him live," he said,  
"For though he cheats the gal-  
lows,  
The man, at least, is wed!"

## THE CALIPH AND THE CRIPPLE.

### AN ARABIAN TALE.

THE Caliph, Ben Akas, whose sur-  
name was "Wise,"

From the wisdom and wit he  
displayed,  
One morning rode forth in a mer-  
chant's disguise  
To see how his laws were obeyed.

While riding along, in a leisurely  
way,

A beggar came up to his side,  
And said, "In the name of the  
Prophet, I pray  
You'll give a poor cripple a  
ride."

Ben Akas, amazed at the mendi-  
cant's prayer,  
Asked where he was wishing to  
go.

"I'm going," he said, "to the  
neighboring fair;  
But my crutches are wretchedly  
slow."

"Get up!" said the Caliph; "a  
saddle like this  
Is hardly sufficient for two;  
And yet, by the Prophet! —  
't were greatly amiss  
To snub a poor cripple like  
you."

The beggar got up, and together  
they rode  
Till they came to the neighbor-  
ing town,  
When, hard by the house where  
the Cadi abode,  
He bade his companion get  
down.

"Nay, get down *yourself*!" was  
the fellow's reply,  
Without the least shame or re-  
morse.

"Indeed!" said the Caliph, "and  
pray tell me why?"  
Quoth the beggar, "To give me  
the horse!"

"You know very well that the nag  
is my own;  
And if you resort to the laws,  
You do not imagine your story  
alone  
Sufficient to carry the cause?"

"The Cadi is reckoned the wisest  
of men,  
And, looking at you and at me,  
After hearing us both, 't is a hun-  
dred to ten  
The cripple will get the decree."

"Very well!" said Ben Akas, as-  
tonished to hear  
The impudent fellow's dis-  
course,

"If the Cadi is wise, there 'is  
little to fear  
But I soon shall recover my  
horse."

"Agreed!" said the beggar;  
"whate'er the decree,  
The verdict shall find me con-  
tent."

"As to that," said the other,  
"we'll presently see."  
And so to the Cadi they went.

It chanced that a cause was en-  
grossing the Cadi,  
Where a woman occasioned the  
strife;  
And both parties claimed the iden-  
tical lady  
As being his own lawful wife.

The one was a peasant; a scholar  
the other;  
And each made a speech in his  
turn;  
But, what was a very particular  
pothor,  
The woman refused to be sworn.

"Enough for the present!" the  
Cadi declared,  
"Come back in the morning,"  
said he;  
"And now" (to Ben Akas) "the  
Court is prepared  
To hear what your grievance  
may be."

Ben Akas no sooner the truth had  
narrated  
When the beggar as coolly re-  
plies:  
"I swear, by the Prophet! the  
fellow has stated  
A parcel of impudent lies!

"I was coming to market, and  
when I descried  
A man by the wayside alone,  
Looking weary and faint, why, I  
gave him a ride;  
Now he swears that the horse is  
his own!"

"Very well," said the Judge, "let  
us go to the stable,  
And each shall select in his  
turn."

Ben Akas went first, and was  
easily able  
His favorite steed to discern.

The cripple went next; though  
the stable was full,  
The true one was instantly  
shown.  
"Your Honor," said he, "did you  
think me so dull  
That I could n't distinguish my  
own?"

Next morning the Cadi came into  
the court,  
And sat himself down at his  
ease;  
And thither the suitors and people  
resort  
To list to the Judge's decrees.

First calling the scholar, who sued  
for his spouse,  
His Honor thus settled the  
doubt:  
"The woman is yours; take her  
home to your house,  
And don't let her often go out."

Then calling before him Ben Akas,  
whose cause  
Stood next in the calendar's  
course,  
He said: "By the Prophet's in-  
flexible laws,  
Let the merchant recover his  
horse!

"And as for the beggar, I further  
decide  
His villany fairly has earned  
A good hundred lashes well laid  
on his hide;  
*Meshallah!* The court is ad-  
jourmed."

Ben Akas that night sought the  
Cadi's abode,  
And said: "'T is the Caliph you  
see.

Though hither, indeed, as a mer-  
chant I rode,  
I am About Ben Akas to thee."

The Cadi, abashed, made the lowest of bows,

And, kissing his Majesty's hand,  
Cried: "Great is the honor you do  
to my house;

I wait for your royal command!"

"I fain would possess," was the  
Caliph's reply,

"Your wisdom; so tell me, I  
pray,  
How your Honor discovered where  
justice might lie  
In the causes decided to-day."

"Why, as to the woman," the  
Cadi replied,

"It was easily settled, I think;  
Just taking the lady a moment  
aside,

I said, 'Fill my standish with  
ink.'

"And quick, at the order, the bottle  
was taken,

With a dainty and dexterous  
hold;  
The standish was washed; the  
fluid was shaken;  
New cotton put in for the  
old —"

"I see!" said the Caliph; "the  
story is pleasant;

Of course it was easy to tell  
The scholar swore truly; the  
spouse of a peasant  
Could never have done it so  
well.

"And now for the horse?" "That  
was harder, I own,

For, mark you, the beggarly elf  
(However the rascal may chance  
to have known)  
Knew the palfrey as well as  
yourself.

"But the truth was apparent, the  
moment I learned

What the animal thought of the  
two;  
The impudent cripple he savagely  
spurned,  
But was plainly delighted with  
you!"

Ben Akas sat musing and silent  
awhile,

As one whom devotion employs;  
Then, raising his head with a  
heavenly smile,  
He said, in a reverent voice: —

"Sure Allah is good and abundant  
in grace!

Thy wisdom is greater than  
mine;  
I would that the Caliph might  
rule in his place  
As well as thou servest in  
thine!"

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## THE UGLY AUNT.<sup>5</sup>

### A NORWEGIAN TALE.

#### I.

It was a little maiden  
Lived long and long ago,  
(Though when it was, and where  
it was,  
I'm sure I do not know,)  
And her face was all the fortune  
This maiden had to show.

#### II.

And yet — what many people  
Will think extremely rare  
In one who, like this maiden,  
Ne'er knew a mother's care —

The neighbors all asserted  
That she was good as fair.

## III.

"Alack!" exclaimed the damsel,  
While bitter tears she shed,  
"I'm little skilled to labor,  
And yet I must be fed;  
I fain by daily service  
Would earn my daily bread."

## IV.

And so she sought a palace,  
Where dwelt a mighty queen,  
And when the royal lady  
The little maid had seen,  
She loved her for her beauty,  
Despite her lowly mien.

## V.

Not long she served her Majesty  
Ere jealousy arose  
(Because she was the favorite,  
As you may well suppose),  
And all the other servants  
Became her bitter foes.

## VI.

And so these false companions,  
In envy of her face,  
Contrived a wicked stratagem  
To bring her to disgrace,  
And fill her soul with sorrow,  
And rob her of her place.

## VII.

They told her royal Majesty  
(Most arrant liars they!)  
That often, in their gossiping,  
They'd heard the maiden say  
That she could spin a pound of flax  
All in a single day!

## VIII.

"Indeed!" exclaimed her Majesty,  
"I'm fond of spinning, too;  
So come, my little maiden,  
And make your boasting true:  
Or else your foolish vanity  
You presently may rue!"

## IX.

Alas! the hapless damsel  
Was now afflicted sore,  
No mother e'er had taught her  
In such ingenious lore;  
A spinning-wheel, in all her life,  
She ne'er had seen before!

## X.

But fearing much to tell the queen  
How she had been belied,  
She tried to spin upon the wheel,  
And still in vain she tried;  
And so — 't was all that she could  
do —  
She sat her down and cried.

## XI.

Now while she thus laments her fate  
In sorrow deep and wild,  
A beldam stands before her view,  
And says, in accents mild:  
"What ails thee now, my pretty  
one,  
Say, what's the matter, child?"

## XII.

Soon as she heard the piteous case,  
"Cheer up!" the beldam said,  
"I'll spin for thee the pound of flax,  
And thou shalt go to bed,  
If only thou wilt call me 'aunt,'  
The day that thou art wed!"

## XIII.

The maiden promised true and fair,  
And when the day was done,

The queen went in to see the task,  
 And found it fairly spun.  
 Quoth she, "I love thee passing  
     well,  
 And thou shalt wed my son.

## XIV.

"For one who spins so well as thee  
 (In sooth! 't is wondrous fine!)  
 With beauty, too, so very rare,  
 And goodness such as thine,  
 Should be the daughter of a queen,  
 And I will have thee mine!"

## XV.

Now when the wedding-day had  
     come,  
 And, decked in royal pride,  
 Around the smoking table sat  
 The bridegroom and the bride,  
 With all the royal kinsfolk,  
 And many guests beside,

## XVI.

In came a beldam, with a frisk;  
 Was ever dame so bold?  
 Or one so lean and wrinkled,  
 So ugly and so old,  
 Or with a nose so very long  
 And shocking to behold?

## XVII.

Now while they sat in wonderment  
 This curious dame to see,  
 She said unto the Princess,  
 As bold as bold could be:  
 "Good morrow, gentle lady!"  
 "Good morrow, *Aunt!*" quoth  
     she.

## XVIII.

The Prince with gay demeanor,  
 But with an inward groan,  
 Then bade her sit at table,  
 And said, in friendly tone,

"If you're my bride's relation,  
 Why, then you are my own!"

## XIX.

When dinner now was ended,  
 As you may well suppose,  
 The Prince still thought about his  
     *Aunt,*  
 And still his wonder rose  
 Where could the ugly beldam  
 Have got so long a nose.

## XX.

At last he plainly asked her,  
 Before that merry throng,  
 And she as plainly answered  
 (Nor deemed his freedom wrong):  
 "'T was spinning, in my girlhood,  
 That made my nose so long."

## XXI.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his High-  
     ness,  
 And then and there he swore:  
 "Though spinning made me hus-  
     band  
 To her whom I adore,  
 Lest she should spoil her beauty,  
 Why, she shall spin no more!"

## THE THREE GIFTS.

## A TALE OF NORTH GERMANY.

THREE gentlemen mounted their  
     horses one day,  
 And far in the country they rode,  
 Till they came to a cottage, that  
     stood by the way,  
 Where an honest old weaver  
     abode.

This honest old weaver was wretchedly poor,  
 Yet he never was surly or sad;  
 He welcomed the travellers into his door,  
 And gave them the best that he had.

They ate and they drank, till the weaver began  
 To fear that they never would cease;  
 But when they had finished, they gave to the man  
 A hundred gold guineas apiece.

Then the gentlemen mounted their horses again,  
 And, bidding the weaver "Good night,"  
 Went dashing away over valley and plain,  
 And were presently lost to his sight.

Sure never was weaver so happy before,  
 And never seemed guineas so bright;  
 He counted the pieces a hundred times o'er,  
 With more than a miser's delight.

Then snug in some rags he hid them away,  
 As if he had got them by stealth,  
 Lest his meddlesome wife, who was absent that day,  
 Should know of his wonderful wealth.

Soon after, a travelling rag-dealer came,  
 The rags in the bundle were sold,

And with them (the woman was little to blame)  
 The three hundred guineas of gold.

When a calendar year had vanished and fled,  
 The gentlemen came as before.  
 "Now how does it happen," they moodily said,  
 "We find you so wretchedly poor?"

"Alas!" said the weaver, "this many a day  
 The money is missing, in sooth;  
 In a bundle of rags it was hidden away,  
 ('Fore God! I am telling the truth.)

"But once, in my absence, a rag-dealer came,  
 The rags in the bundle were sold,  
 And with them (the woman was surely to blame)  
 The three hundred guineas of gold."

"It was foolishly done," the gentlemen swore;  
 "Now, prithee, be careful of these."  
 And they gave him again, the same as before,  
 A hundred gold guineas apiece.

Then the gentlemen mounted their horses again,  
 And, bidding the weaver "Good night,"  
 Went dashing away over valley and plain,  
 And were presently lost to his sight.

"I' faith," said the weaver, "no  
wonder they chid;  
But now I am wiser, I trust."  
So the three hundred guineas he  
carefully hid  
Far down in a barrel of dust.

But soon, in his absence, a dust-  
man came,  
The dust in the barrel was sold;  
And with it (the woman was little  
to blame)  
The three hundred guineas of  
gold.

When a calendar year had vanished  
and fled,  
The gentlemen came as before.  
"Now how does it happen," they  
angrily said,  
"We find you so wretchedly  
poor?"

"Was ever," he cried, "so luck-  
less a wight?  
As surely as Heaven is just,  
The money I hid from my spouse's  
sight  
Far down in a barrel of dust;

"But when I was absent the dust-  
man came,  
The dust in the barrel was sold,  
And with it (the woman was surely  
to blame)  
The three hundred guineas of  
gold."

"Take that for your folly!" the  
gentlemen said;  
"Was ever so silly a wight?"  
And they tossed on the table a  
lump of lead,  
And were presently out of his  
sight.

"'Tis plain," said the weaver,  
"they meant to flout,  
And little I marvel; alas! —  
My wife is a fool; and there isn't  
a doubt  
That I am an arrant ass!"

While thus he was musing in sor-  
row and shame,  
And wishing that he were dead,  
Into his cottage a fisherman came  
To borrow a lump of lead.

"Ah! here," he cried, "is the  
thing I wish  
To mend my broken net;  
Will you give it me for the finest  
fish  
That I this day may get?"

"With all my heart!" the weaver  
replies;  
And so the fisherman brought  
That night a fish of wondrous  
size, —  
The finest that he had caught.

He opened the fish, when lo and  
behold!  
He found a precious stone, —  
A diamond large as the lead he  
sold,  
And bright as the morning sun!

For a thousand guineas the stone  
he sold  
(It was worth a hundred more),  
And never, 'tis said, in bliss or  
gold,  
Was weaver so rich before.

But often — to keep her sway, no  
doubt,  
As a genuine woman must —  
The wife would say, "I brought it  
about  
By selling the rags and dust!"

## THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

## FROM THE SPANISH.

## I.

"ONCE on a time " there flourished  
 in Madrid  
 A painter, clever, and the pet of  
 Fame,  
 Don José, — but the rest were bet-  
 ter hid;  
 So please accept the simple  
 Christian name,  
 Only, to keep my verse from being  
 prosy,  
 Pray mind your *Spanish*, and pro-  
 nounce it, *Hozy*.

## II.

Don José, — who, it seems, had  
 lately won  
 Much praise and cash, — to crown  
 a lucky week,  
 Resolved for once to have a little  
 fun,  
 To ease him of his easel, — so to  
 speak;  
 And so, in honor of his limning la-  
 bors,  
 He gave a party to his artist-neigh-  
 bors.

## III.

A strange affair; for not a woman  
 came  
 To grace the table; e'en the  
 painter's spouse,  
 Donna Casilda, a most worthy  
 dame,  
 Was, rather roughly, told to quit  
 the house,  
 And go and gossip, for the evening,  
 down  
 Among her cousins in the lower  
 town.

## IV.

The lady went; but presently came  
 back,  
 For mirth or mischief, with a  
 jolly cousin,  
 And sought a closet, where an  
 ample crack  
 Revealed the revellers, sitting,  
 by the dozen,  
 Discussing wine and — Art? — No,  
 "women folks!"  
 In senseless satire and indecent  
 jokes.

## V.

"Women?" said José, "what do  
 women know  
 Of poetry or painting?" ("Hear  
 him talk!"  
 Whispered the list'ners.) "When  
 did woman show  
 A ray of genius in the higher  
 walk  
 Of either? No; to *them* the gods  
 impart  
*Arts*, — quite enough, — but deuce  
 a bit of Art!"

## VI.

("Wretch!" cried the ladies.)  
 "Yes," said José, "take  
 Away from women love-intrigues  
 and all  
 The cheap disguises they are wont  
 to make  
 To hide their spots, — they 'd  
 sing extremely small!"  
 ("Fool!" said his spouse, "we'll  
 settle, by and by,  
 Who sings the smallest, villain, —  
 you or I!")

## VII.

To make the matter worse, the jo-  
 vial guests  
 Were duly mindful not to be ex-  
 ceeded

In coarse allusions and unsavory jests,

But — following José — talked,  
of course, as *he* did;

I've been, myself, to many a bachelor-party,

And found them, mainly, less refined than hearty.

## VIII.

The party over, full of inward ire,  
Casilda plotted, silently and long,

Some fitting vengeance. Women seldom tire

In their resentments, whether right or wrong:

In classic authors we are often warned

There 's naught so savage as a  
"woman scorned."

## IX.

Besides, Casilda, be it known, had much

Of what the French applaud —  
and not amiss —

As *savoir-faire* (I do not know the Dutch);

The literal Germans call it *Mut-terwiss*,

The Yankees *gumption*, and the Grecians *nous*, —

A useful thing to have about the house.

## X.

At length the lady hit upon a plan  
Worthy of Hermes for its deep disguise;

She got a carpenter, — a trusty man, —

To make a door, and of a certain size,

With curious carvings and heraldic bands,

And bade him wait her ladyship's commands.

## XI.

Then falling sick, — as gentle ladies know

The ready art, unless romances lie, —

She groaned aloud, and bade Don, José go,

And quickly, too, — or she should surely die, —

And fetch her nurse, — a woman who abode

Some three miles distant by the nearest road.

## XII.

With many a frown and many a bitter curse

He heard the summons. 'T was a pretty hour,

He said, to go a-gadding for a nurse!

At twelve at night! — and in a drenching shower!

He'd never go, — unless the devil sent, —

And then Don José took his hat and went!

## XIII.

A long, long hour he paced the dirty street

Where dwelt the nurse, but could n't find the place;

For he had lost the number; and his feet,

Though clad in leather, made a bootless chase;

He fain had questioned some one; all in vain, —

The very thieves were fearful of the rain!

## XIV.

Returning homeward from his  
weary tramp,  
He reached his house, — or  
where his house should be;  
When, by the glimmer of the entry-  
lamp,  
Don José saw — and marvelled  
much to see —  
An ancient, strange, and most fan-  
tastic door,  
The like whereof he'd never seen  
before!

## XV.

“Now, by Our Lady! this is  
mighty queer!”  
Cried José, staring at the graven  
wood,  
“I know my dwelling stands ex-  
actly here;  
At least, I'm certain here is  
where it stood  
Two hours ago, when (here he gave  
a curse)  
Donna Casilda sent me for the  
nurse.

## XVI.

“I know the houses upon either  
side;  
There stands the dwelling of the  
undertaker;  
Here my good friend Morena lived  
and died;  
And here's the shop of old Trap-  
pal, the baker;  
And yet, as sure as iron is n't brass,  
'Tis not my door, or I'm a precious  
ass!

## XVII.

“However, I will knock”; and so  
he did,  
And called, “Casilda!” loud  
enough to rouse

The very dullest watchman in  
Madrid;  
But woke, instead, the porter of  
the house,  
Who rudely asked him, Where he  
got his beer?  
And bade him, “Go! — there's no  
Casilda here!”

## XVIII.

Don José crossed himself in dire  
dismay,  
Lest he had lost his reason, or  
his sight;  
At least 't was certain he had lost  
his way;  
And, hoping sleep might set the  
matter right,  
He sought and found the dwelling  
of a friend  
Who lived in town, — quite at the  
other end.

## XIX.

Next morning José, rising with the  
sun,  
Returned, once more, to seek the  
missing house;  
And there it stood, as it had always  
done,  
And there stood also his indig-  
nant spouse  
With half her city cousins at her  
back,  
Waiting to put poor José on the  
rack.

## XX.

“A charming husband, *you!*” the  
dame began,  
“To leave your spouse in peril  
of her life,  
For tavern revellers! You're a  
pretty man,  
Thus to desert your lawful, wed-  
ded wife,

And spend your nights — O villain! — don't explain,  
I'll be revenged if there is law in Spain!"

## XXI.

"Nay, Madam, hear me! — just a single word —"

And then he told her of his fruitless search

To find the beldam; and of what occurred, —

*How his own house had left him in the lurch!*

Here such a stream of scorn came pouring in,

Don José's voice was smothered in the din.

## XXII.

"Nay," said Casilda, "*that* will never do;

Your own confession plainly puts you down!

Say you were tipsy (it were nothing new),

And spent the night carousing through the town

With other toppers; *that* may be received;

But, faith! *your* tale will never be believed!"

## XXIII.

Crazed with the clamor of the noisy crew

All singing chorus to the injured dame,

Say, what the deuce could poor Don José do? —

He prayed for pardon, and confessed his shame;

And gave no dinners, in his future life,  
Without remembering to invite his wife!

## THE DERVIS AND HIS ENEMIES.

## A TURKISH LEGEND.

## I.

NEAR Babylon, in ancient times,  
There dwelt a humble, pious Dervis

Who lived on alms, and spent his days

In exhortation, prayer, and praise, —

Devoted to the Prophet's service.

## II.

To him, one day, a neighbor sent  
A gift extremely rare and pleasant, —

A fatted ox of goodly size;

Whereat the grateful Dervis cries,

"Allah be praised for this fine present!"

## III.

So large a gift were hard to hide;

Nor was he careful to conceal it;

Indeed, a thief had chanced to spy

The ox as he was passing by,

And so resolved to go and steal it.

## IV.

Now while he sought, with this intent,

The owner's humble habitation,

He met a stranger near the place,  
Who seemed, to judge him by his  
face,  
A person of his own vocation.

## V.

And so the thief, as one who knew  
What to a brother-rogue was  
owing,  
Politely bade the man "Good day,"  
And asked him, in a friendly way,  
His name, and whither he was  
going.

## VI.

The stranger bowed, and gruffly  
said:  
"My name is Satan, at your service!  
And I am going, Sir, to kill  
A man who lives near yonder  
hill, —  
A fellow called the 'Holy Dervis.'

## VII.

"I hate him as a mortal foe;  
For, spite of me and Nature's  
bias,  
There's scarce a knave in all these  
parts  
But this vile Dervis, by his arts,  
Has made him honest, chaste,  
and pious!"

## VIII.

"Sir, I am yours!" the thief replied;  
"I scorn to live by honest labor;  
And even now I'm on my way  
To steal an ox received to-day  
By this same Dervis from a  
neighbor."

## IX.

"I'm glad to see you," said the  
fiend,  
"You seem, indeed, a younger  
brother;  
And, faith! in such a case as this,  
It certainly were much amiss  
If we should fail to aid each  
other!"

## X.

While thus discoursing, sooth to  
say,  
Each knave had formed the  
resolution  
(Lest aught occur to mar his plan)  
To be himself the foremost man  
To put his scheme in execution.

## XI.

"For," said the thief unto himself,  
"Before his work is half completed,  
The Dervis, murdered where he  
lies,  
Will rouse the neighbors with his  
cries,  
And so my plan will be defeated!"

## XII.

"If *he* goes first," the other  
thought,  
"His cursed ox may chance to  
bellow;  
Or else, in breaking through the  
door,  
He'll wake the Dervis with the roar,  
And I shall fail to kill the fellow!"

## XIII.

So when they reached the hermit's  
house,  
The devil whispered, quite demurely,

"While I go in, you stand without;  
My job despatched, we'll go  
about  
The other business more securely."

## XIV.

"Nay," said the robber, "I protest  
I don't at all approve the measure;  
This seems to me the better plan:  
Just wait till I have robbed the man,  
Then you may kill him at your leisure."

## XV.

Now when, at last, they both refused  
To yield the point in controversy,  
To such a height the quarrel rose,  
From words and threats they came to blows,  
And beat each other without mercy!

## XVI.

Perceiving that the devil's strokes  
Surpassed his own in weight and number,  
The thief, before he took to flight,  
Cried, "Murder! help!" with all his might,  
And roused the Dervis from his slumber.

## XVII.

"Thieves! thieves!" cried Satan,  
going off  
(To figure at some tavern-revel).  
And so by this fraternal strife

The Dervis saved his ox and life,  
Despite the robber and the devil!

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 RAMPSINITUS AND THE ROBBERS.

## AN EGYPTIAN TALE.

In charming old Herodotus,  
If you were college-bred,  
The Tale of Rampsinitus  
You may, perchance, have read;  
If not, 't is little matter, —  
You may read it here instead.

This Rampsinitus was a king  
Who lived in days of old,  
And, finding that his treasury  
Was quite too small to hold  
His jewels and his money-bags  
Of silver and of gold,

He built a secret chamber,  
With this intent alone,  
(That is, he got an architect  
And caused it to be done,)  
A most substantial structure  
Of mortar and of stone.

A very solid building  
It appeared to every eye,  
Except the master-mason's,  
Who plainly could espy  
One stone that fitted loosely  
When the masonry was dry.

A dozen years had vanished,  
When, in the common way,  
The architect was summoned  
His final debt to pay;

And thus unto his children  
The dying man did say:—

“Come hither now, my darling  
sons,  
Come, list my children twain,  
I have a little secret  
I am going to explain;  
’T is a comfort, now I ’m dying,  
That I have n’t lived in vain.”

And then he plainly told them  
Of the trick that he had done;  
How in the royal chamber  
He had put a sliding stone,—  
“You ’ll find it near the bottom,  
On the side that ’s next the sun.

“Now I feel that I am going;  
Swift ebbs the vital tide;  
No longer in this wicked world  
My spirit may abide.”  
And so this worthy gentleman  
Turned up his toes and died.

It was n’t long before the sons  
Improved the father’s hint,  
And searched the secret chamber  
To discover what was in ’t;  
And found, by self-promotion,  
They were “Masters of the  
Mint!”

At length King Rampsinitus  
Perceived, as well he might,  
His caskets and his money-bags  
Were getting rather light;  
“And yet,” quoth he, “my bolts  
and bars  
Are all exactly right!

“I wonder how the cunning dog  
Has managed to get in;

However, it is clear enough,  
I ’m-losing lots of tin;  
I ’ll try the virtue of a trap  
Before the largest bin!”

In came the thief that very night,  
And soon the other chap,  
Who waited at the opening,  
On hearing something snap,  
Went in and found his brother  
A-sitting in the trap.

“You see me in a pretty fix!”  
The gallant fellow said;  
“’T is better, now, that one should  
die  
Than two of us be dead.  
Lest both should be detected,  
Cut off my foolish head!”

“Indeed,” replied the other,  
“Such a cut were hardly kind,  
And to obey your order,  
I am truly disinclined;  
But, as you ’re the elder brother,  
I suppose I ought to mind.”

So, with his iron hanger  
He severed, at a slap,  
The noddle of the victim,  
Which he carried through the  
gap,  
And left the bleeding body  
A-sitting in the trap.

His Majesty’s amazement  
Of course was very great,  
On entering the chamber  
That held his cash and plate,  
To find the robber’s body  
Without a bit of pate!

To solve the mighty mystery  
Was now his whole intent;

And everywhere, to find the head,  
His officers were sent;  
But every man came again  
No wiser than he went.

At last he set a dozen men  
The mystery to trace;  
And bade them watch the body  
In a very public place,  
And note what signs of sorrow  
They might see in any face.

The robber, guessing what it  
meant,  
Was naturally shy;  
And, though he mingled in the  
crowd,  
Took care to "mind his eye,"  
For fear his brother's body-guard  
His sorrow should espy.

"I'll cheat 'em yet!" the fellow  
said;  
And so that very night,  
He planned a cunning stratagem  
To get the soldiers "tight";  
And steal away his brother's trunk  
Before the morning light.

He got a dozen asses,  
And put upon their backs  
As many loads as donkeys  
Of wine in leather sacks;  
Then set the bags a-leaking  
From a dozen little cracks.

Then going where the soldiers  
Were keeping watch and ward,  
The fellows saw the leaking wine  
With covetous regard,  
And straightway fell a-drinking,  
And drank extremely hard.

The owner stormed and scolded  
With well-affected spunk,

But still they kept a-drinking  
Till all of them were drunk;  
And so it was the robber  
Stole off his brother's trunk!

Now when King Rampsinitus  
Had heard the latest news,  
'T is said his royal Majesty  
Expressed his royal views  
In language such as gentlemen  
Are seldom known to use.

Now when a year had vanished,  
He formed another plan  
To catch the chap who'd stolen  
The mutilated man;  
And summoning the Princess,  
His Majesty began:—

"My daughter, hold a masquerade,  
And offer—as in fun—  
Five kisses (in your chamber)  
To every mother's son  
Who'll tell the shrewdest mischief  
That he has ever done.<sup>6</sup>

"If you chance to find the robber  
By the trick that I have planned,  
Remember, on the instant,  
To seize him by the hand,  
Then await such further orders  
As your father may command."

The Princess made the party,  
Without the least dissent.  
'T was a general invitation,  
And everybody went,—  
The robber with the others,  
Though he guessed the king's  
intent.

Now when the cunning robber  
Was questioned, like the rest,

He said: "Your Royal Highness,  
I solemnly protest  
Of all my subtle rogueries,  
I scarce know which is best;

"But I venture the opinion,  
'T was a rather pretty job,  
When, having with my hanger  
Cut off my brother's nob,  
I managed from the soldiers  
His headless trunk to rob!"

And now the frightened Princess  
Gave a very heavy groan,  
For, to her consternation,  
The cunning thief had flown,  
And left the hand she grappled  
Still lying in her own!

(For he a hand had borrowed,  
'T is needful to be said,  
From the body of a gentleman  
That recently was dead,  
And *that* he gave the Princess  
The moment that he fled!)

Then good King Rampsinitus  
Incontinently swore  
That this paragon of robbers  
He would persecute no more  
For such a clever rascal  
Had never lived before!

And in that goodly company,  
His Majesty declared  
That if the thief would show him-  
self

His person should be spared,  
And with his only daughter  
In marriage should be paired!

And when King Rampsinitus  
Had run his mortal lease,

He left them in his testament  
Just half a crown apiece;  
May every modest merit  
Thus flourish and increase!

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POOR TARTAR.

A HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

I.

THERE's trouble in Hungary, now,  
alas!  
There's trouble on every hand!  
For that terrible man,  
The Tartar Khan,  
Is ravaging over the land!

II.

He is riding forth with his ugly  
men,  
To rob and ravish and slay;  
For deeds like those,  
You may well suppose,  
Are quite in the Tartar-way.

III.

And now he comes, that terrible  
chief,  
To a mansion grand and old;  
And he peers about  
Within and without,  
And what do his eyes behold?

IV.

A thousand cattle in fold and field,  
And sheep all over the plain;  
And noble steeds  
Of rarest breeds,  
And beautiful crops of grain.

## V.

But finer still is the hoarded wealth  
That his ravished eyes behold; ..  
In silver plate  
Of wondrous weight,  
And jewels of pearl and gold!

## VI.

A nobleman owns this fine estate;  
And when the robber he sees,  
'T is not very queer  
He quakes with fear,  
And trembles a bit in the knees.

## VII.

He quakes in fear of his precious  
life,  
And, scarce suppressing a groan,  
"Good Tartar," says he,  
"Whatever you see  
Be pleased to reckon your own!"

## VIII.

The Khan looked round in a lei-  
surely way  
As one who is puzzled to choose;  
When, cocking his ear,  
He chanced to hear  
The creak of feminine shoes.

## IX.

The Tartar smiled a villanous  
smile,  
When, like a lily in bloom,  
A lady fair  
With golden hair  
Came gliding into the room.

## X.

The robber stared with amorous  
eyes;  
Was ever so winning a face?  
And long he gazed  
As one amazed  
To see such beauty and grace.

## XI.

A moment more, and the lawless  
man  
Had seized his struggling prey,  
Without remorse,  
And taking horse  
He bore the lady away.

## XII.

"Now Heaven be praised!" the  
nobleman cried,  
"For many a mercy to me!  
I bow me still  
Unto his will, —  
*God pity the Tartar!*" said he.

## THE FOUR MISFORTUNES.

## A HEBREW TALE.

## I.

A PIOUS Rabbi, forced by heathen  
hate  
To quit the boundaries of his  
native land,  
Wandered abroad, submissive to  
his fate,  
Through pathless woods and  
wastes of burning sand.

## II.

A patient ass, to bear him in his  
flight,  
A dog, to guard him from the  
robber's stealth,  
A lamp, by which to read the law  
at night, —  
Was all the pilgrim's store of  
worldly wealth.

## III.

At set of sun he reached a little town,  
 And asked for shelter and a crumb of food;  
 But every face repelled him with a frown,  
 And so he sought a lodging in the wood.

## IV.

"'T is very hard," the weary traveller said,  
 "And most inhospitable, I protest,  
 To send me fasting to this forest bed;  
 But God is good, and means it for the best!"

## V.

He lit his lamp to read the sacred law,  
 Before he spread his mantle for the night;  
 But the wind rising with a sudden flaw,  
 He read no more, — the gust put out the light.

## VI.

"'T is strange," he said, "'t is very strange, indeed,  
 That ere I lay me down to take my rest,  
 A chapter of the law I may not read, —  
 But God is good, and all is for the best."

## VII.

With these consoling words the Rabbi tries  
 To sleep, his head reposing on a log,

But, ere he fairly shut his drowsy eyes,  
 A wolf came up and killed his faithful dog.

## VIII.

"What new calamity is this?" he cried;  
 "My honest dog — a friend who stood the test  
 When others failed — lies murdered at my side!  
 Well, — God is good, and means it for the best!"

## IX.

Scarce had the Rabbi spoken, when, alas!  
 As if, at once, to crown his wretched lot,  
 A hungry lion pounced upon the ass,  
 And killed the faithful donkey on the spot.

## X.

"Alas! alas!" the weeping Rabbi said,  
 "Misfortune haunts me like a hateful guest;  
 My dog is gone, and now my ass is dead.  
 Well, — God is good, and all is for the best!"

## XI.

At dawn of day, imploring heavenly grace,  
 Once more he sought the town;  
 but all in vain;

A band of robbers had despoiled  
the place,  
And all the churlish citizens  
were slain!

## XII.

"Now God be praised!" the grate-  
ful Rabbi cried,  
"If I had tarried in the town to  
rest,  
I too, with these poor villagers,  
had died.  
Sure, God is good, and all is for  
the best!"

## XIII.

"Had not the wanton wind put  
out my lamp,  
By which the sacred law I would  
have read,  
The light had shown the robbers  
to my camp,  
And here the villains would have  
left me dead.

## XIV.

"Had not my faithful animals  
been slain.  
Their noise, no doubt, had drawn  
the robbers near,  
And so their master, it is very  
plain,  
Instead of them, had fallen mur-  
dered here.

## XV.

"Full well I see that this hath  
happened so  
To put my faith and patience to  
the test.  
Thanks to His name! for now I  
surely know  
That God is good, and all is for  
the best!"

THE WANDERING JEW.<sup>7</sup>

## A BALLAD.

COME list, my dear,  
And you shall hear  
About the wonderful Wandering  
Jew,  
Who night and day,  
The legends say,  
Is taking a journey he never gets  
through.

What is his name,  
Or whence he came,  
Or whither the weary wanderer  
goes;  
Or why he should stray  
In this singular way,  
Many have marvelled, but nobody  
knows.

Though oft, indeed,  
(As you may read  
In ancient histories quaint and  
true,)  
A man is seen  
Of haggard mien  
Whom people call the Wandering  
Jew.

Once in Brabant,  
With garments scant,  
And shoeless feet, a stranger ap-  
peared;  
His step was slow,  
And white as snow  
Were his waving locks and flowing  
beard.

His cheek was spare,  
His head was bare;  
And little he recked of heat or  
cold;  
Misfortune's trace  
Was in his face,  
And he seemed at least a century  
old.

"Now, goodman, bide,"  
 The people cried,  
 "The night with us,—it were  
 surely best;  
 The wind is cold,  
 And thou art old,  
 And sorely needest shelter and  
 rest!"

"Thanks! thanks!" said he,  
 "It may not be  
 That I should tarry the night with  
 you;  
 I cannot stay;  
 I must away,  
 For I, alas! am the Wandering  
 Jew!"

"We oft have read,"  
 The people said,  
 "Thou bearest ever a nameless  
 woe;  
 Now, prithee tell  
 How it befell  
 That thou art always wandering  
 so?"

"The time would fail  
 To tell my tale,  
 And yet a little, ere I depart,  
 Would I relate  
 About my fate,  
 For some, perhaps, may lay it to  
 heart.

"When but a youth  
 (And such, in sooth,  
 Are ever of giddy and wanton  
 mood),  
 With tearless eye  
 I saw pass by  
 The Saviour bearing the hateful  
 rood.

"And when he stooped,  
 And, groaning, drooped  
 And staggered and fell beneath the  
 weight,  
 I cursed his name,  
 And cried, 'For shame!  
 Move on, blasphemer, and meet thy  
 fate!'

"He raised his head,  
 And, smiling, said:  
 'Move on thyself! In sorrow and  
 pain,  
 When I am gone  
 Shalt thou move on,  
 Nor rest thy foot till I come  
 again!'

"Alas! the time  
 That saw my crime, —  
 'T was more than a thousand  
 years ago!  
 And since that hour  
 Some inward power  
 Has kept me wandering to and fro.

"I fain would die  
 That I might lie  
 With those who sleep in the silent  
 tomb;  
 But not for me  
 Is rest, — till He  
 Shall come to end my dreadful  
 doom.

"The pestilence  
 That hurries hence  
 A thousand souls in a single night  
 Brings me no death  
 Upon its breath,  
 But passes by in its wayward flight.

"The storm that wrecks  
 A hundred decks,  
 And drowns the shuddering, shriek-  
 ing crew

Still leaves afloat  
The fragile boat  
That bears the life of the Wander-  
ing Jew.

"But I must away;  
I cannot stay;  
Nor further suffer a moment's loss;  
Heed well the word  
That ye have heard, —  
Nor spurn the Saviour who bore  
the Cross!"

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### THE THREE GOOD DAYS.

#### A LEGEND OF ITALY.

IN Casena dwelt a widow;  
Worldly fortune she had none;  
Nor a single near relation  
Save her silly, idle son.

Little heeded he her counsel  
When she bade him stir about, —  
Ever yawning, dozing, sleeping,  
Like a good-for-nothing lout.

Ofte and ofte his mother told him  
(Dame Lucetta was her name),  
"Rise, Lucello! (so she called  
him),  
Get thee out, — for very shame!"

"See, the sun is high in heaven!  
Quit, my boy, your lazy bed;  
Go and seek some honest labor;  
So good days shall crown your  
head."

Much the foolish fellow marvelled  
What "good days" might  
chance to be;  
When, at last, the lad determined  
He would even go and see.

So, next morning, lo! the slug-  
gard,  
Rising lazily and late,  
Sauntered forth, and on, and on-  
ward,  
Till he reached the city gate.

Here Lucello, tired with walking  
In the sultry summer heat,  
Straightway laid him down to  
slumber  
Right across the trodden street!

Now it chanced three wicked rob-  
bers,  
Coming from the secret place  
Where their stolen wealth was  
buried,  
Met the stranger face to face.

And the first, as he was passing,  
Seeing some one in the way  
(For he stumbled on the sleeper),  
Bade him civilly, "Good day!"

"There is *one*!" Lucello an-  
swered,  
Minding what the dame had said,  
How "good days," for good be-  
havior,  
Were to crown his lucky head.

But the robber, conscience-smitten  
Touching the unlawful pelf,  
Deemed the words the lad had  
spoken  
Plainly pointed to himself!

Soon another robber, passing,  
 His "Good day" was fain to  
 give;  
 "Here is luck!" exclaimed Lu-  
 cello,  
 "That's the *second*, as I live!"

Trembling, now the rogues awaited  
 The arrival of the third,  
 When again "Good day" was  
 given,  
 Which with joy Lucello heard.

"Number *three*, by all that's  
 lucky!"  
 Cried the boy, with keen delight;  
 "My good days are quickly coming;  
 Faith! the dame was in the  
 right!"

Whereupon the robbers, guessing  
 That the lad was well aware  
 Of the treasure they had hidden,  
 Straightway offered him a share;

Which he joyfully accepted,  
 And in triumph carried home,  
 And with rapture told his mother,  
 How his lucky days had come!

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## THE STORY OF ECHO.

A BEAUTIFUL maiden was *Echo*,  
 As classical history tells,  
 A favorite nymph of *Diana*,  
 Who dwelt among forests and  
 dells.

Now *Echo* was very loquacious,  
 And though she was silly and  
 young,  
 It seems that she never was weary  
 Of plying her voluble tongue.

And, I'm sorry to say in addition,  
 Besides her impertinent clack,  
 She had, upon every occasion,  
 A habit of answering back.

Though even the wisest of matrons  
 In grave conversation was heard,  
 Miss *Echo* forever insisted  
 On having the ultimate word, —

A fault so exceedingly hateful,  
 That *Juno* (whom *Echo* betrayed  
 While the goddess was hearing the  
 babble)  
 Determined to punish the maid.

Said she: "In reward of your folly,  
 Henceforward in vain you will  
 try  
 To talk in the manner of others;  
 At best, you can only *reply*!"

A terrible punishment truly  
 For one of so lively a turn,  
 And it brought the poor maiden to  
 ruin;  
 The way you shall presently  
 learn.

For, meeting the handsome *Nar-  
 cissus*,  
 And wishing his favor to gain,  
 Full often she tried to address him,  
 But always endeavored in vain.

And when, as it finally happened,  
 He spoke to the damsel one day,  
 Her answers seemed only to mock  
 him,  
 And drove him in anger away.

Ah! sad was the fate of poor  
*Echo*, —  
 Was ever so hapless a maid?  
 She wasted away in her sorrow  
 Until she was wholly decayed.

But her voice is still living immortal, —  
 The same you have frequently heard,  
 In your rambles in valleys and forests,  
 Repeating your ultimate word!

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### A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Two College Professors, — I won't give their names  
 (Call one of them *Jacob*, the other one *James*), —  
 Two College Professors, who ne'er in their lives  
 Had wandered before from the care of their wives,  
 One day in vacation, when lectures were through,  
 And teachers and students had nothing to do,  
 Took it into their noddles to go to the Races,  
 To look at the nags, and examine their paces,  
 And find out the meaning of "bolt-ing" and "baiting,"  
 And the (clearly preposterous) practice of "waiting,"  
 And "laying long odds," and the other queer capers  
 Which cram the reports that appear in the papers;  
 And whether a "stake" is the same as a post?  
 And how far a "heat" may resemble a roast?  
 And whether a "hedge," in the language of sport,  
 Is much like the plain agricultural sort?

And if "making a book" is a thing which requires  
 A practical printer? and who are the buyers? —  
 Such matters as these, — very proper to know, —  
 And no thought of betting, induced them to go  
 To the Annual Races, which then were in force  
 (Horse-racing, in fact, is a matter of course,  
 Apart from the pun) in a neighboring town;  
 And so, as I said, the Professors went down.  
 The day was the finest that ever was known;  
 The atmosphere just of that temperate tone  
 Which pleases the Spirit of (man and) the Times,  
 But impossible, quite, to describe in my rhymes.  
 The track had been put in a capital plight  
 By a smart dash of rain on the previous night,  
 And all things "went off" — save some of the horses —  
 As lively as crickets or Kansas divorces!

Arrived at the ground, it is easy to guess  
 Our worthy Professors' dismay and distress  
 At all the queer things which expanded their eyes  
 (Not to mention their ears) to a wonderful size!  
 How they stared at the men who were playing at poker,  
 And scolded the chap with the "sly little joker";  
 And the boy who had "something uncommonly nice,"

Which he offered to sell at a very  
high price, —  
A volume that did n't seem over-  
refined,  
And clearly was *not* of the Sunday-  
school kind.  
All this, and much more, — but  
your patience will fail,  
Unless I desist, and go on with my  
tale.

Our worthy Professors no sooner  
had found  
Their (ten-shilling) seats in the  
circular ground,  
And looked at the horses, — when,  
presently, came  
A wish to know what was the *Fa-  
vorite's* name;  
And how stood the *betting*, — quite  
plainly revealing  
The old irrepressible horse-race-y  
feeling  
Which is born in the bone, and is  
apt to come out  
When thorough-bred coursers are  
snorting about.

The Professors, in fact, — I am  
grieved to report, —  
At the very first match entered  
into the sport,  
And bet (with each other) their  
money away —  
Just *Fifty* apiece — on the *Brown*  
and the *Bay*;  
And shouted as loud as they ever  
could bellow,  
“Hurrah for the filly!” and “Go  
it, old fellow!”  
And, “Stick to your business!”  
and “Rattle your pegs!” —  
Like a jolly old brace of profes-  
sional “Legs!”

The race being over, quoth *Jacob*,  
“I see  
My wager is forfeit; to *that* I agree

The *Fifty* is yours, by the techni-  
cal rules  
Observed, I am told, by these  
horse-racing fools;  
But then, as a *Christian*, — I'm  
sorry to say it, —  
My Conscience, you know, won't  
allow me to pay it!”

“No matter,” quoth *James*, “I  
can hardly refuse  
To accord with your sound theo-  
logical views:  
A tardy repentance is better than  
none;  
I must tell you, however, 't was  
*your* horse that won!  
But of course you won't think of  
demanding the pelf,  
For *I* have a conscience as well as  
yourself!”

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## THE ORIGIN OF WINE.

### A GERMAN LEGEND.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO O. M.  
TINKHAM, ESQ.

#### I.

YE friends of good cheer, I pray  
you give ear;  
I sing of old Noah who planted  
the vine;  
But first, if you please, our thirst  
to appease,  
Let's drink to his health in a  
bumper of wine!

#### II.

When the Deluge was o'er, and  
good Father Noah  
Sat moping one day in the shade  
of a tree,

An Angel came near, and thinking  
 it queer,  
 Said: "Tell me, I pray, what  
 the matter may be."

## III.

Says Noah: "I'm curst with a  
 horrible thirst;  
 So painful, indeed, I am ready  
 to sink;  
 I have plenty to eat, there's no  
 lack of meat;  
 But, sir, on my honor, I've  
 nothing to drink!"

## IV.

"See, on every side," the Angel  
 replied,  
 "There is water enough both in  
 river and rill,  
 Your fever to slake, — not to men-  
 tion the lake,  
 And many a fountain that flows  
 from the hill."

## V.

Says Noah: "I know the waters  
 still flow,  
 But the Deluge has ruined the  
 fluid for drink;  
 So many bad men were soaked in  
 it then,  
 The water now tastes of the sin-  
 ners, I think."

## VI.

"It can't be denied," the Angel  
 replied,  
 "There is something of reason in  
 what you have said;  
 Since the water is bad, it is fitting  
 you had  
 A good wholesome tippie to drink  
 in its stead."

## VII.

Then flying away, the very next  
 day  
 The Angel came back with a  
 handful of seeds;  
 And taught the good man the  
 properest plan  
 Of planting, and hoeing, and  
 killing the weeds.

## VIII.

Ah! what color and shape! 'tis  
 the beautiful grape;  
 In clusters of purple they hang  
 from the vine;  
 And these being pressed, it is easily  
 guessed  
 Old Noah thenceforward drank  
 nothing but wine.

## IX.

So, a cup ere we part to the man  
 of our heart,  
 Old Noah, the primitive grower  
 of wine;  
 And one brimming cup (nay, fill  
 it quite up)  
 To the Angel who gave him the  
 seed of the vine!

## THE PARROT OF NEVERS.

## I.

ONCE on a time there flourished in  
 Nevers,  
 Within a nunnery of godly note,  
 A famous parrot, so exceeding fair  
 In the deep lustre of his emerald  
 coat,  
 They called him Ver-Vert, — syl-  
 lables that mean  
 In English much the same as  
 Double Green.

## II.

n youth transplanted from an Indian strand,  
 For his soul's health with Christian folks to dwell,  
 His morals yet were pure, his manners bland;  
 Gay, handsome, brilliant, and, the truth to tell,  
 Pert and loquacious, as became his age;  
 n short, well worthy of his holy cage.

## III.

Dear to the sisters for his winning ways  
 Was gay Ver-Vert; they kept him ever near,  
 And kindly taught him many a holy phrase,  
 Enforced with titbits from their daily cheer,  
 And loved him better, they would oft declare,  
 Than any one, except their darling *Mère!*

## IV.

Ah! ne'er was parrot happier than he;  
 And happy was the lucky girl of whom  
 He asked — according as his whim might be —  
 The privilege at eve to share her room,  
 Where, perched upon the relics, he would sleep  
 Through the long night in slumber calm and deep.

## V.

At length, what joy to see! — the bird had grown,  
 With good example, thoughtful and devout,

He said his prayers in such a nasal tone,  
 His piety was quite beyond a doubt;  
 And some declared that soon, with proper teaching,  
 He 'd rival the Superior at preaching!

## VI.

If any laughed to see his solemn ways,  
 In curt rebuke, "*Orate!*" \* he replied;  
 And when his zeal provoked a shower of praise,  
 "*Deo sit laus!*" † the humble novice cried;  
 And many said they did n't mind confessing  
 His "*Pax sit tecum!*" ‡ brought a special blessing.

## VII.

Such wondrous talents, though awhile concealed,  
 Could not be kept in secrecy forever;  
 Some babbling nun the precious truth revealed,  
 And all the town must see a bird so clever;  
 Until at last so wide the wonder grew,  
 'T was fairly bruited all the country through.

## VIII.

And so it fell, by most unlucky chance,  
 A distant city of the parrot heard;

\* Pray!

† Praise be to God.

‡ Peace be with you.

The story reached some sister-nuns  
 at Nantz,  
 Who fain themselves would see  
 this precious bird  
 Whose zeal and learning had suf-  
 ficed to draw  
 On blest Nevers such honor and  
*éclat*.

## IX.

What could they do? — well, here  
 is what they did,  
 To the good Abbess presently  
 there went  
 A friendly note, in which the  
 writers bid  
 A thousand blessings hasten  
 their descent  
 Upon her honored house, — and  
 would she please  
 To grant a favor asked upon their  
 knees?

## X.

'T was only this, that she would  
 deign to lend  
 For a brief space that charming  
 parroquet;  
 They hoped the bold request might  
 not offend  
 Her ladyship, but then they fain  
 would get  
 Such proof as only he could well  
 advance  
 To silence certain sceptic nuns of  
 Nantz.

## XI.

The letter came to hand, and such  
 a storm  
 Of pious wrath was never heard  
 before;  
 The mildest sister waxed exceed-  
 ing warm, —  
*"Perdre Ver - Vert! O ciel!  
 plutôt la mort!"*

They all broke forth in one terrific  
 cry,  
 What? — lose their darling? —  
 they would rather die!

## XII.

But, on reflection, it was reckoned  
 best  
 To take the matter into grave  
 debate,  
 And put the question fairly to the  
 test  
 (Which seemed, indeed, a nice  
 affair of state),  
 If they should lend their precious  
 pet or not;  
 And so they held a session, long  
 and hot.

## XIII.

The sisters all with one accord  
 express  
 Their disapproval in a noisy  
*"No!"*  
 The graver dame — who loved the  
 parrot less —  
 Declared, Perhaps 't were best  
 to let him go;  
 Refusal was ungracious, and, in-  
 deed,  
 An ugly quarrel might suffice to  
 breed.

## XIV.

Vain was the clamor of the younger  
 set;  
*"Just fifteen days and not a  
 moment more"*  
 (Mamma decided) *"we will lend  
 our pet;*  
*Of course his absence we shall  
 all deplore,*

But then, remember, he is only lent  
For two short weeks," — and off  
the parrot went!

## XV.

In the same bark that bore the  
bird away  
Were several Gascons and a vul-  
gar nurse,  
Besides two Cyprian ladies; sooth  
to say,  
Ver-Vert's companions could n't  
have been worse.  
Small profit such a youth might  
hope to gain  
From wretches so licentious and  
profane.

## XVI.

Their manners struck him as ex-  
tremely queer;  
Such oaths and curses he had  
never heard  
As now in volleys stunned his  
saintly ear;  
Although he did n't understand  
a word,  
Their conversation seemed im-  
proper, very,  
To one brought up within a mon-  
astery.

## XVII.

For his, remember, was a Christian  
tongue  
Unskilled in aught save pious  
prose or verse  
By his good sisters daily said or  
sung;  
And now to hear the Gascons  
and the nurse  
Go on in such a roaring, ribald  
way,  
He knew not what to think, nor  
what to say.

## XVIII.

And so he mused in silence; till at  
last  
The nurse reproached him for a  
sullen fool,  
And poured upon him a terrific  
blast  
Of questions, such as, where  
he'd been to school?  
And was he used to travelling  
about?  
And did his mother know that he  
was out?

## XIX.

"*Ave Maria!*" \* said the parrot,  
— vexed  
By so much banter into sudden  
speech, —  
Whereat all laughed to hear the  
holy text,  
And cried, "By Jove! the chap  
is going to preach!"  
"Come," they exclaimed, "let's  
have a song instead."  
"*Cantate Domino!*" † the par-  
rot said.

## XX.

At this reply they laughed so loud  
and long  
That poor Ver-Vert was fairly  
stricken dumb.  
In vain they teased him for a  
merry song;  
Abashed by ridicule and quite  
o'ercome  
With virulent abuse, the wretched  
bird  
For two whole days refused to  
speak a word.

\* Hail Mary.

† Let us sing unto the Lord.

## XXI.

Meanwhile he listened to their vile  
discourse

In deep disgust; but still the  
stranger thought

Their slang surpassed in freedom,  
pith, and force

The purer language which the  
missal taught,

And seemed, besides, an easier  
tongue to speak

Than prayer-book Latin or monastic  
Greek.

## XXII.

In short, to tell the melancholy  
truth,

Before the boat had reached its  
destined shore

He who embarked a pure, ingenu-  
ous youth,

Had grown a profligate, and  
cursed and swore

Such dreadful oaths as e'en the  
Gascons heard

With shame, and said, "The  
Devil's in the bird!"

## XXIII.

At length the vessel has arrived  
in port

And half the sisterhood are wait-  
ing there

To greet their guest, and safely to  
escort

To their own house the wonder-  
ful Ver-Vert, —

The precious parrot whom their  
fancies paint

Crowned with a halo like a very  
saint!

## XXIV.

Great was the clamor when their  
eyes beheld

The charming stranger in the  
emerald coat;

"Ver-Vert, indeed!" — his very  
hue compelled

A shout of praise that reached  
the highest note.

"And then such eyes! and such a  
graceful walk!

And soon — what rapture! — we  
shall hear him talk!"

## XXV.

At length the Abbess, in a nasal  
chant

(Intended, doubtless, for a pretty  
speech),

Showered him with thanks that he  
had deigned to grant

His worthy presence there, and  
to beseech

His benediction in such gracious  
terms

As might befit the sinfulest of  
worms.

## XXVI.

Alas for youthful piety! the bird,  
Still thinking o'er the lessons  
latest learned,

For a full minute answered not a  
word,

And then, as if to show how  
much he spurned

The early teachings of his holy  
school,

He merely muttered, "Curse the  
silly fool!"

## XXVII.

The lady, startled at the queer re-  
mark,

Could not but think that she had  
heard amiss;

And so began to speak again, —  
but hark!

What diabolic dialect is this? —

Such language for a saint was  
most improper,  
Each word an oath, and every  
oath a whopper!

## XXVIII.

'Parbleu!' "Morbleu!" and  
every azure curse  
To pious people strictly disal-  
lowed,  
Including others that were vastly  
worse,  
Came rattling forth on the aston-  
ished crowd  
In such a storm that one might  
well compare  
The dreadful volley to a *feu*  
*d'enfer*!

## XXIX.

All stood aghast in horror and dis-  
may;  
Some cried, "For shame! is  
that the way they teach  
their pupils at Nevers?" Some  
ran away,  
Rending the welkin with a pier-  
cing screech;  
Some stopt their ears for modesty;  
and some  
Though shocked) stood waiting  
something worse to come.

## XXX.

In brief, the dame, replete with  
holy rage  
At being thus insulted and dis-  
graced,  
Shut up the hateful parrot in his  
cage,  
And sent him back with all con-  
venient haste

And this indignant note: "In time  
to come  
Be pleased to keep your precious  
prize at home!"

## XXXI.

When to Nevers the wicked wan-  
derer came,  
All were delighted at his quick  
return;  
But who can paint their sorrow  
and their shame  
When the sad truth the gentle  
sisters learn,  
That he who left them chanting  
pious verses,  
Now greets his friends with horrid  
oaths and curses!

## XXXII.

'T is said that after many bitter  
days  
In wholesome solitude and penance  
passed,  
Ver-Vert grew meek, reformed his  
wicked ways,  
And died a hopeful penitent at  
last.  
The moral of my story is n't  
deep, —  
"Young folks, beware what com-  
pany you keep!"

KING SOLOMON AND THE  
BEES.

## A TALE OF THE TALMUD.

## I.

WHEN Solomon was reigning in  
his glory,  
Unto his throne the Queen of  
Sheba came,

(So in the Talmud you may read  
the story)

Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,  
To see the splendors of his court,  
and bring  
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

## II.

Nor this alone; much had her  
Highness heard  
What flowers of learning graced  
the royal speech;  
What gems of wisdom dropped  
with every word;  
What wholesome lessons he was  
wont to teach  
In pleasing proverbs; and she  
wished, in sooth,  
To know if Rumor spoke the simple truth.

## III.

Besides, the queen had heard  
(which piqued her most)  
How through the deepest riddles  
he could spy;  
How all the curious arts that  
women boast  
Were quite transparent to his  
piercing eye;  
And so the queen had come—a  
royal guest—  
To put the sage's cunning to the  
test.

## IV.

And straight she held before the  
monarch's view,  
In either hand, a radiant wreath  
of flowers;  
The one, bedecked with every  
charming hue,  
Was newly culled from Nature's  
choicest bowers;

The other, no less fair in every  
part,  
Was the rare product of divinest  
Art.

## V.

"Which is the true, and which the  
false?" she said.

Great Solomon was silent. All-  
amazed,  
Each wondering courtier shook his  
puzzled head,  
While at the garlands long the  
monarch gazed,  
As one who sees a miracle, and  
fain,  
For very rapture, ne'er would  
speak again.

## VI.

"Which is the true?" once more  
the woman asked,  
Pleased at the fond amazement  
of the king,  
"So wise a head should not be  
hardly tasked,  
Most learned liege, with such a  
trivial thing!"  
But still the sage was silent; it  
was plain  
A deepening doubt perplexed the  
royal brain.

## VII.

While thus he pondered, presently  
he sees,  
Hard by the casement, — so the  
story goes, —  
A little band of busy, bustling  
bees,  
Hunting for honey in a withered  
rose.

The monarch smiled, and raised  
his royal head;  
"Open the window!" — that was  
all he said.

VIII.

The window opened at the king's  
command;  
Within the room the eager in-  
sects flew,  
And sought the flowers in Sheba's  
dexter hand!  
And so the king and all the cour-  
tiers knew  
That wreath was Nature's; and  
the baffled queen  
Returned to tell the wonders she  
had seen.

IX.

My story teaches (every tale  
should bear  
A fitting moral) that the wise  
may find  
In trifles light as atoms in the air,  
Some useful lesson to enrich the  
mind,  
Some truth designed to profit or to  
please, —  
As Israel's king learned wisdom  
from the bees!

THE PIOUS BRAHMIN AND  
HIS NEIGHBORS.

A HINDOO FABLE.

A PIOUS Brahmin made a vow  
Upon a certain day  
To sacrifice a fatted sheep;  
And so, his vow to pay,  
One morning to the market-place  
The Brahmin took his way.

It chanced three cunning neigh-  
bors,

Three rogues of brazen brow,  
Had formed the wicked purpose  
(My tale will tell you how),  
To cheat the pious Brahmin,  
And profit by his vow.

The leader of these cunning knaves  
Went forth upon the road,  
And bearing on his shoulders  
What seemed a heavy load,  
He met the pious Brahmin  
Not far from his abode.

"What have you there?" the  
Brahmin said.

"Indeed," the man replies,  
"I have the finest, fattest sheep,  
And of the largest size;  
A sheep well worthy to be slain  
In solemn sacrifice!"

And then the rogue laid down his  
load,  
And from a bag drew forth  
A scurvy dog. "See there!"  
he cried,  
"The finest sheep on earth!  
And you shall have him, if you  
will,  
For less than he is worth."

"Wretch!" cried the pious Brah-  
min,  
"To call a beast so mean  
A goodly sheep! 'Tis but a dog  
Accurséd and unclean;  
The foulest, leanest, lamest cur  
That ever yet was seen!"

Just then the second rogue came  
up.

"What luck!" he said, "to  
find  
So soon a sheep in flesh and fleece  
Exactly to my mind!"

"A sheep?" exclaimed the Brahmin,

"Then I am surely blind!"

"You must be very blind indeed,  
Or fond of telling lies,

To say the beast is *not* a sheep!"

The cunning rogue replies;

"Go get a leech to mend your  
tongue,

Or else to mend your eyes!"

Now while these men disputed  
thus,

The other rogue drew near,  
And all agreed this honest man  
Should make the matter clear.

"O stranger!" cried the Brahmin,

"What creature have we  
here?"

"A goodly sheep!" the stranger  
said.

"Alas!" the Brahmin cried,

"A moment since I would have  
sworn

This honest fellow lied;

But now I know it is a sheep,  
Since thus you all decide!"

And so it was the cunning knaves  
Prevailed in their device;

The pious Brahmin bought the dog,  
Nor higgled at the price.

"'T will make," he said, "unto  
the gods

A pleasing sacrifice!"

But ill betide the fatal hour

His filthy blood was shed;

It brought no benison, alas!

Upon the Brahmin's head;

The gods were angry at the deed,

And sent a curse instead!

The meaning of this pleasant tale  
Is very plainly shown;

The man is sure to fall, at last,

Who does n't stand alone;

Don't trust to other people's eyes,

But learn to mind your own!

## THE ROMANCE OF NICK VAN STANN.<sup>8</sup>

I CANNOT vouch my tale is true,  
Norswear, indeed, 't is wholly new;  
But, true or false, or new or old,  
I think you 'll find it fairly told.

A Frenchman, who had ne'er  
before

Set foot upon a foreign shore,  
Weary of home, resolved to go  
And see what Holland had to show.  
He did n't know a word of Dutch,  
But that could hardly grieve him  
much;

He thought, — as Frenchmen al-  
ways do, —

That all the world could *parley-  
voo!*

At length our eager tourist stands  
Within the famous Netherlands,  
And, strolling gayly here and there  
In search of something rich or rare,  
A lordly mansion greets his eyes.

"How beautiful!" the Frenchman  
cries,

And, bowing to the man who sate  
In livery at the garden-gate;

"Pray, Mr. Porter, if you please,  
Whose very charming grounds are  
these?

And — pardon me — be pleased to  
tell

Who in this splendid house may  
dwell?"

To which, in Dutch, the puzzled  
man

Replied what seemed like "*Nick Van Stann*." \*

"Thanks!" said the Gaul, "the owner's taste

Is equally superb and chaste;  
So fine a house, upon my word,  
Not even Paris can afford.

With statues, too, in every niche,  
Of course, *Monsieur Van Stann* is  
rich,

And lives, I warrant, like a king, —  
Ah! wealth must be a charming  
thing!"

In Amsterdam the Frenchman  
meets

A thousand wonders in the streets;  
But most he marvels to behold  
A lady dressed in silk and gold.

Gazing with rapture at the dame,  
He begs to know the lady's name,  
And hears — to raise his wonder  
more —

The very words he heard before.  
"*Mercié!*" he cries, "well, on  
my life,

Milord has got a charming wife;  
'T is plain to see, this *Nick Van  
Stann*

Must be a very happy man!"

Next day, our tourist chanced  
to pop

His head within a lottery-shop,  
And there he saw, with staring  
eyes,

The drawing of the Mammoth  
Prize.

"Ten Millions! 'T is a pretty  
sum;

I wish I had as much at home!  
I'd like to know, as I'm a sinner,  
What lucky fellow is the winner."

Conceive our traveller's amaze  
To hear again the hackneyed  
phrase!

\* *Ik kan niet verstaan*, — I don't understand.

"What! No? not *Nick Van Stann*  
again?

Faith! he's the luckiest of men!  
You may be sure we don't advance  
So rapidly as that in France.

A house, the finest in the land;  
A lovely garden, nicely planned;  
A perfect angel of a wife,

And gold enough to last a life, —  
There never yet was mortal man  
So blest as *Monsieur Nick Van*

*Stann!*

Next day the Frenchman chanced  
to meet

A pompous funeral in the street,  
And asking one who stood near by  
What nobleman had pleased to  
die?

Was stunned to hear the old reply.  
The Frenchman sighed and shook  
his head.

"*Mon Dieu!* poor *Nick Van Stann*  
is dead!

With such a house, and such a  
wife,

It must be hard to part with life;  
And then, to lose that Mammoth  
Prize —

He wins, and — pop! — the winner  
dies!

Ah! well, his blessings came so  
fast

I greatly feared they could n't last;  
And thus, we see, the sword of  
Fate

Cuts down alike the small and  
great!"

## THE FISHERMAN AND THE FLOUNDER.

### A GERMAN FAIRY TALE.

A FISHERMAN, poor as poor can be,  
Who lived in a hovel beside the sea,

Was fishing one day, when "Lo!"  
 he cries,  
 "I've caught a flounder of wondrous size,  
 As fine a flounder as one could wish!"  
 "O no, you have n't!" exclaimed the fish;  
 "In spite of my scaly skin," he said,  
 "I am not a fish, but a Prince instead;  
 Condemned to suffer this watery woe;  
 So I beg, good man, you will let me go!"  
 The fisherman, frightened at what he heard,  
 Let the flounder go with never a word  
 Except "Good by! I'd rather eschew  
 Than cook a flounder who talks like you!"  
 His hovel now the fisherman sought,  
 And told his wife of the fish he caught,  
 And how his luck was all in vain,  
 For he let the flounder off again!  
 "And did you ask for nothing?—alack!"  
 The woman cried: "Go presently back,  
 And tell the Prince of our wretched lot,  
 And ask him to give us a finer cot!"  
 To mind his wife he was something loth,  
 But he feared the woman when she was wroth;  
 And so he went to the ocean-side,  
 And thus the fisherman loudly cried:  
 "O good flounder in the sea,  
 Hither quickly come to me;

For Pauline, my loving dame,  
 Wants queer things I fear to name."  
 Whereat the flounder, swimming near,  
 Said, "Why, O why, am I summoned here?"  
 And the trembling fisherman answered thus:  
 "My dame is always making a fuss;  
 A cosey hovel is hers and mine,  
 But she fain would have a cottage fine!"  
 "Go home," said the fish, "this very minute;  
 The cottage is hers; you'll find her in it!"  
 He hied him home in haste, and lo!  
 The fisherman found it even so.  
 "How happy," he cried, "we now shall be!"  
 But the woman answered, "We shall see!"  
 When a month was past, the woman sighed  
 For a larger house. "Now go," she cried,  
 "And tell the flounder ('tis my command)  
 I want a mansion large and grand!"  
 To mind the dame he was truly loth,  
 But he feared the woman when she was wroth;  
 So he went again to the ocean-side,  
 And loudly thus the fisherman cried:  
 "O good flounder in the sea,  
 Hither quickly come to me;  
 For Pauline, my loving dame,  
 Wants queer things I fear to name."  
 Whereat the flounder, swimming near,  
 Said, "Why again am I summoned here?"

And the trembling fisherman answered thus:

"My wife is always making a fuss;

She deems our cottage much too small;

She wants a mansion large and tall."

"Go home," said the fish, "this very minute;

The mansion is there; you'll find her in it!"

He hied him home in haste, and lo!

The fisherman found it even so.

And he cried, "How happy we shall be!"

But the woman answered, "We shall see!"

When a week was past, the woman sighed

For a castle grand. "Now go," she cried,

"And tell the flounder that he must give

Your wife a palace wherein to live."

To mind the dame he was greatly loth,

But he feared the woman when she was wroth;

So he went again to the ocean-side, And softly thus the fisherman cried:

"O good flounder in the sea,  
Hither quickly come to me;  
For Pauline, my loving dame,  
Wants queer things I fear to name!"

Whereat the flounder, swimming near,

Said, "Why again am I summoned here?"

And the trembling fisherman answered thus:

"My dame is always making a fuss;

She deems our mansion poorly planned;

She wants a palace great and grand!"

"Go home," said the fish, "this very minute;

The palace is there; you'll find her in it!"

He hied him home in haste, and, lo!

The fisherman found it even so, And he cried, "How happy we shall be!"

But the woman answered, "We shall see!"

When a day was past, with growing pride,

For regal power the woman sighed; And she bade the fisherman tell the fish

To reign as a king was now her wish.

To mind the dame he was sadly loth,

But he feared the woman when she was wroth;

So he went again to the ocean-side, And softly thus the fisherman cried:

"O good flounder in the sea,  
Hither quickly come to me;  
For Pauline, my loving dame,  
Wants queer things I fear to name."

Whereat the flounder, swimming near,

Said, "Why again am I summoned here?"

And the trembling fisherman answered thus:

"My dame is always making a fuss;

She has got a palace great and grand,

And now she asks for royal command!"

"Go home!" said the fish, "at the palace gate

You'll find her a king in royal state!"

He hied him home in haste, and, lo!  
The fisherman found it even so.

"Good faith," said he, "'t is a  
charming thing  
To be, like you, a sovereign king.  
With a golden crown upon your  
brow.

I'm sure you'll be contented  
now!"

"Not I, indeed," the woman said,  
"A triple crown would grace my  
head;

And I am worthy, I humbly  
hope.

Go tell the flounder to make me  
pope!"

"A pope? my dear, it cannot be  
done!

The Church, you know, allows but  
one."

"Nay, none of your nonsense,  
man," said she,

"A pope, a pope I am bound to  
be!

The Prince will find it an easy  
thing

To make a pope as to make a  
king!"

To mind the dame he was sorely  
loth,

But he feared the woman when she  
was wroth;

So he went again to the ocean-side,  
And thus the fisherman faintly  
cried:

"O good flounder in the sea,  
Hither quickly come to me,  
For Pauline, my loving dame,  
Wants queer things I fear to  
name!"

Whereat the flounder, swimming  
near,

Said, "Why again am I summoned  
here?"

"Alack, alack!" the fisherman  
said,

"Whatever has turned the wo-  
man's head,

She is ill-content with royal scope,  
And now, good lack! she would  
fain be pope!"

"Go home!" the flounder gruffly  
cried,

"And see the end of foolish pride;  
You'll find her in her hovel again,  
And there, till death, shall she re-  
main!"

## HOW THE RAVEN BECAME BLACK.

THERE 's a clever classic story,  
Such as poets used to write,  
(You may find the tale in Ovid,)  
That the Raven once was white.

White as yonder swan a-sailing  
At this moment in the moat,  
Till the bird, for misbehavior,  
Lost, one day, his snowy coat.

"Raven-white" was once the say-  
ing,  
Till an accident, alack!  
Spoiled its meaning, and thereafter  
It was changed to "Raven-  
black."

Shall I tell you how it happened  
That the change was brought  
about?

List the story of Coronis,  
And you'll find the secret out.

Young Coronis, fairest maiden  
Of Thessalia's girlish train,  
Whom Apollo loved and courted,  
Loved and courted not in vain,

Flirted with another lover  
(So at least the story goes)  
And was wont to meet him slyly,  
Underneath the blushing rose.

Whereupon the bird of Phœbus,  
 Who their meetings chanced to  
 view,  
 Went in haste unto his master,  
 Went and told him all he knew;

Told him how his dear Coronis,  
 False and faithless as could be,  
 Plainly loved another fellow, —  
 If he doubted, come and see!

Whereupon Apollo, angry  
 Thus to find himself betrayed,  
 With his silver bow-and-arrow  
 Went and shot the wretched  
 maid!

Now when he perceived her dying,  
 He was stricken to the heart,  
 And to stop her mortal bleeding,  
 Tried his famous healing art.

But in vain; the god of Physic  
 Had no antidote; alack!  
 He who took her off so deftly  
 Could n't bring the maiden  
 back.

Angry with himself, Apollo,  
 Yet more angry with his bird,  
 For a moment stood in silence,  
 Impotent to speak a word.

Then he turned upon the Raven,  
 Wanton babbler! see thy fate!  
 Messenger of mine no longer,  
 Go to Hades with thy prate!

“Weary Pluto with thy tattle!  
 Hither, monster, come not back;  
 And, to match thy disposition,  
 Henceforth be thy plumage  
 black!”

## MORAL.

When you're tempted to make  
 mischief,  
 It is wisest to refuse;  
 People are not apt to fancy  
 Bearers of unwelcome news.

## SECOND MORAL.

Something of the pitch you handle  
 On your fingers will remain;  
 As the Raven's tale of darkness  
 Gave the bird a lasting stain.

## DEATH AND CUPID.

## AN ALLEGORY.

AH! who but oft hath marvelled  
 why  
 The gods who rule above  
 Should e'er permit the young to  
 die,  
 The old to fall in love!

Ah! why should hapless human-  
 kind  
 Be punished out of season?  
 Pray listen, and perhaps you'll  
 find  
 My rhyme may give the reason.

Death, strolling out one summer's  
 day,  
 Met Cupid, with his sparrows;  
 And, bantering in a merry way,  
 Proposed a change of arrows.

“Agreed!” quoth Cupid, “I fore-  
 see  
 The queerest game of errors;

For you the King of Hearts will be,  
And I'll be King of Terrors."

And so 't was done. Alas the day  
That multiplied their arts!  
Each from the other bore away  
A portion of his darts,

And that explains the reason why,  
Despite the gods above,  
The young are often doomed to die,  
The old to fall in love!

---

## LOVE AND LUCRE.

### AN ALLEGORY.

Love and Lucre met one day,  
In chill November weather,  
And so, to while the time away,  
They held discourse together.

Love at first was rather shy,  
As thinking there was danger  
In venturing so very nigh  
The haughty-looking stranger.

But Lucre managed to employ  
Behavior so potential,  
That, in a trice, the bashful boy  
Grew bold and confidential.

"I hear," quoth Lucre, bowing  
low,  
"With all your hearts and hon-  
ey,  
You sometimes suffer — is it so? —  
For lack of ready money."

Love owned that he was poor in  
aught  
Except in golden fancies,

And ne'er as yet had given a  
thought  
To mending his finances;

"Besides, I've heard" — so Love  
went on,  
The other's hint improving —  
"That gold, however sought or  
won,  
Is not a friend to loving."

"An arrant lie! — as you shall  
see, —  
Full long ago invented  
By knaves who know not you nor  
me,  
To tickle the demented."

And Lucre waved his wand, and  
lo!  
By magical expansion,  
Love saw his little hovel grow  
Into a stately mansion;

And where, before, he used to sup  
Untended in his cottage,  
And grumble o'er the earthen cup  
That held his meagre pottage, —

Now, smoking viands crown his  
board,  
And many a flowing chalice;  
His larder was with plenty stored,  
And beauty filled the palace.

And Love, though rather lean at  
first,  
And tinged with melancholy,  
On generous wines and puddings  
nursed,  
Grew very stout and jolly.

Yet, mindful of his early friend,  
He never turns detractor,

But prays that blessings may at-  
tend

His worthy benefactor;

And when his friends are gay  
above

Their evening whist or euchre,  
And drink a brimming health to  
Love,

He drinks "Success to Lucre!"

---

## WISDOM AND CUNNING.

### AN ALLEGORY.

As Wisdom one evening was tak-  
ing a stroll,

Quite out of her usual road,  
She came to a hut, at the foot of a  
knoll,

Where Selfishness had his abode.

In this dismal retreat, which,  
within and without,

Was the shabbiest ever was  
known,

In a fashion befitting so scurvy a  
lout,

The miser was living alone.

She knocked at the door with a  
maidenly rap,

To inquire concerning the way;  
For in strolling about, by an awk-  
ward mishap,

Miss Wisdom had wandered  
astray.

The occupant growled, for the inso-  
lent churl

Suspected some beggarly kin:  
But, getting a peep at the beauti-  
ful girl,

He civilly bade her, "Come in!"

Alas for the damsel! was ever be-  
fore

A maid in so wretched a plight?  
For Selfishness cruelly bolted the  
door,

And forced her to wed him out-  
right.

That a couple so mated soon came  
to be foes,

Of course it is easy to see;  
For natures so opposite, every one  
knows,

Could never a moment agree.

And so it befell that the lady at  
last,

By pleading deception and force,  
From the infamous marriage that  
bound her so fast,  
Procured an eternal divorce.

But ere 't was decreed, it is  
proper to say,

A serious mischief was done;  
For it happened one morning,—  
bad luck to the day!

The lady gave birth to a son.

An ill-looking urchin as ever was  
born

(As Cunning the fellow is  
known),

Whom even his mother regarded  
with scorn,

And never was willing to own.

A slight look of Wisdom he bears  
in his face,

Procures him a deal of respect  
With people too little discerning to  
trace

The vices which others detect.

For, ever his motives are sordid  
 and vile,  
 And ever his methods are mean;  
 And thus, in despite of his treach-  
 erous smile,  
 The mind of the father is seen.

---

## THE SULTAN AND THE OWLS.

### AN ARABIAN TALE.

#### I.

THE Sultan, Mahmoud, in his  
 early reign,  
 By bootless foreign wars reduced  
 the nation,  
 Till half his faithful followers were  
 slain,  
 And all the land was filled with  
 desolation.

#### II.

The Sultan's Vizier, saddened at  
 the heart  
 To see at every turn some new  
 disaster,  
 Essayed in vain, by counsel and  
 by art,  
 To stay the folly of his royal  
 master.

#### III.

The Vizier, deeply versed in legal  
 lore,  
 In state affairs the Sultan's chief  
 reliance,  
 Had found, besides, some leisure  
 to explore  
 In learned books the mysteries  
 of science.

#### IV.

With other matters of the graver  
 sort,  
 He knew to judge men's fancies  
 by their features;  
 And understood, according to re-  
 port,  
 The hidden language of the  
 feathered creatures.

#### V.

One pleasant evening, on an aged  
 tree,  
 The while within a wood the  
 twain were walking,  
 The Sultan and the Vizier chanced  
 to see  
 A pair of solemn owls engaged  
 in talking.

#### VI.

The Sultan asked: "What is it  
 that they say?"  
 And fain would know what the  
 debate portended;  
 The Vizier answered: "Sire, ex-  
 cuse me, pray,  
 I fear your Highness would be  
 much offended."

#### VII.

"Nay," said the Sultan, "what-  
 soe'er it be  
 These heralds of Minerva may  
 be saying,  
 Repeat it, Vizier, faithfully to me;  
 There's no offence, except in  
 not obeying."

#### VIII.

"Well," said the other, "these  
 sagacious fowls  
 Have met, 't would seem, at the  
 appointed hour,

To fix their children's wedding;  
and the owls  
Are at this moment talking of  
the dower.

## IX.

"The father of the daughter,  
speaking free,  
Says: 'What are your condi-  
tions? please to state 'em!'  
'Well, twenty ruined villages,'  
quoeth he  
(The father of the son); 'and  
that's my *ultimatum*!'

## X.

"'Done!' says the other, 'only  
understand  
I'd say two hundred quite as  
soon as twenty;  
Thanks to good Mahmoud! while  
*he* rules the land  
We shall have ruined villages in  
plenty!'"

## XI.

"T is said the Sultan, stricken with  
remorse,  
Restored the land reduced by  
war and pillage,  
And ruled so wisely in his future  
course  
That not an owl could find a  
ruined village.

## THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

## AN APOLOGUE.

## I.

A PIN and Needle in a basket lay,  
Exempt from household labors;

And so they fell a-quarrelling one  
day,  
Like other idle neighbors.

## II.

"Pray, what's the use," the  
saucy Pin exclaimed,  
"Of such as you, you noddy?  
Before fine ladies you must be  
ashamed  
To show your headless body!"

## III.

"Who cares about your brazen  
little head?  
I hold it in derision;  
'T is good for naught," the Needle  
sharply said,  
"Without an eye for vision!"

## IV.

"Tut!" said the other, piqued at  
this reply,  
"What profit do you find it,  
When any thread, unless you mind  
your eye,  
Can in a moment blind it?"

## V.

"If," said the Needle, "what you  
say were true,  
I'll leave it to the Thimble,  
If I am not as bright again as you,  
And twenty times as nimble."

## VI.

"Grant," said the Pin, "you  
speak the simple truth,  
Beyond the slightest cavil,  
You'll die so much the sooner, —  
in your youth,  
Worn out with toil and travel."

## VII.

"Fie!" said the Needle, "to my  
Fate I trust;  
I scorn to be a laggard,  
And live and die, like you, con-  
sumed with rust,  
Misshapen, old, and haggard!"

## VIII.

Unhappy boaster! for it came to  
pass  
The Needle scarce had spoken,  
When she was taken by an awk-  
ward lass,  
And in the eye was broken!

## IX.

Whereat the Pin (which meets the  
damsel's view)  
Around the neck is threaded,  
And after many struggles to get  
through,  
Is suddenly beheaded!

## X.

"Well, here we are!" the Needle  
humbly said;  
No more a haughty scorner  
Of the poor Pin who shared her  
lowly bed, —  
A dust-heap in the corner.

## XI.

"Yes," said the other, thinking of  
the past,  
"I wish in better season  
We might have learned the lesson  
which at last  
Has brought us both to reason!"

## XII.

"Friend," said the Needle, "we  
are much like men, —  
Scornful in sunny weather;

And only mindful they are broth-  
ers when  
They're in the dirt together!"

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BEN-AMMI AND THE FAIR-  
IES.

## A RABBINICAL TALE.

ONCE on a time a stranger came  
At midnight to a wealthy man, —  
Rabbi Ben-ammi was his name, —  
And thus his salutation ran:

"Rabbi! I have a child at home  
Who on the morrow's early light  
Is eight days old; and thou must  
come  
And celebrate the sacred rite."

Now this Ben-ammi, be it known,  
Though few indeed were rich as  
he,  
With growing wealth, alas! had  
grown  
A miser to the last degree.

And yet he held, it should be told,  
His office in such pure regard,  
With all his sordid lust of gold,  
He served the poor without re-  
ward.

So at the word Ben-ammi rose,  
And when the sacred Law was  
read,  
Forth in the night the Rabbi goes,  
To follow where the stranger led.

The night was dark, and, sooth to  
say,  
The road they trod was rough  
indeed;

Yet on and on they took their way,  
Where'er the stranger chose to  
lead.

At last they reached, towards the  
dawn,  
A rock so huge, within a wood,  
A hundred steeds could not have  
drawn  
The mighty stone from where it  
stood.

Now mark the wonder that oc-  
curred:  
The stranger touched it with his  
hand,  
Spoke to himself some mystic word,  
And straight it moved from off  
the land!

And now the wondering Rabbi  
found  
The earth was open for a space,  
With steps that led beneath the  
ground,  
As if to some mysterious place.

Descending these with prudent  
care,  
And going far and farther down,  
They reached an open country,  
where  
They found, at length, a peopled  
town.

Among the houses, large and small,  
There stood a palace vast and  
grand,  
And here, within a spacious hall,  
Were fairy-folks on every hand.

Now going where the woman lay  
Whose child the sacred rite re-  
quired,

The stranger bade Ben-ammi stay,  
And, bowing, silently retired.

"Rabbi, pray listen!" said the  
dame;  
"These people here whom thou  
hast seen  
Thou knowest not except by  
name. —  
The fairy race of *Mazakeen*.

"They are not human like our-  
selves  
(For I, indeed, was once of  
earth),  
But queer, uncouth, uncanny elves,  
Who find in mischief all their  
mirth.

"And yet they have religions too;  
All kinds of creeds, like folks  
above;  
And he who rules them is a Jew, —  
My husband whom I dearly love.

"And hence it was he made so bold  
To bring thee hither in the night,  
That for our babe, now eight days  
old,  
Thou mayst perform the holy  
rite.

"He stole me from the earth away;  
Of this I do not now complain:  
But listen well to what I say,  
If thou wouldst e'er return again.

"Beware! taste neither food nor  
drink  
Whilst thou art here, on any plea,  
Or in a moment thou wilt sink  
Thy manly form to — what you  
see!"

The king returning with his *suite*,  
 The holy rite was duly done,  
 And all sat down to drink and eat  
 In merry glee, — save only one.

Ben-ammi (fearing the abuse  
 The dame had borne) did not  
 partake  
 Of bread or wine, but made excuse  
 Of three days' fast for con-  
 science' sake.

Whereat the king was moved to  
 say,  
 "How then shall I reward thy  
 task?"  
 "Let me return to earth this day,"  
 Ben-ammi said; "'t is all I ask."

"Nay!" answered he; and led  
 him forth  
 'Mid heaps of gems and golden  
 ore.

"I would return this day to earth,"  
 Ben-ammi said; "I ask no  
 more!"

Entering another room, he sees  
 (And marvels much, we may  
 suppose)

"Along the walls, a thousand keys  
 In bunches, hung in rusty rows.

While gazing at each brazen line,  
 Ben-ammi cries, with startled  
 tone:

"This bunch so much resembles  
 mine  
 That I should take them for my  
 own!"

"Thou sayest well," the king re-  
 plied;

"They are thine own; 't is here  
 I hold

The keys of men who basely hide,  
 And do not use, their gathered  
 gold.

"Here, take the keys! Hence-  
 forth thy heart  
 Will melt in pity for the poor;  
 And all thou givest will impart  
 A double blessing on thy store.

"Now, wouldst thou go, first shut  
 thine eyes,"  
 Then waves his hand towards  
 the dome;  
 Up and away Ben-ammi flies,  
 And quickly finds himself at  
 home!

And from that day Ben-ammi knew  
 The use of wealth, and under-  
 stood  
 (While more and more his riches  
 grew)  
 The blessed art of doing good!

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## THE DISCONTENTED WATER-CARRIER.

### A TURKISH TALE.

#### I.

"THERE goes the Vizier and his  
 gaudy train!  
 While I, poor Hassan, indigent  
 and old,  
 Must carry water; well, I can't  
 explain  
 Why one wears rags, another  
 cloth of gold.

## II.

"The single diamond that bedecks  
his sword  
Would set me up a gentleman  
for life;  
And now, God bless me! I cannot  
afford  
A pair of scarlet trousers for my  
wife!

## III.

"With half the money that his  
servants waste  
Each day in knick-knacks, it is  
very clear  
My family might live like kings,  
and taste  
Roast kid for dinner fifty times  
year.

## IV.

"It *may* be just; I don't affirm  
't is not;  
Allah is Allah! and knows what  
is best;  
But if, for mine, I had the Vizier's  
lot,  
'T would please me vastly better,  
I protest!"

## V.

So murmured Hassan, vexed within  
himself  
To see the Vizier riding proudly  
by;  
When suddenly a little fairy elf  
Appeared before him with a  
twinkling eye.

## VI.

"Peace!" said the Fairy; "ere  
thy speech begun  
I knew to what thy present  
thoughts incline;

Choose any gift thou wilt (but only  
one),  
And, by my kingdom, it shall  
soon be thine!"

## VII.

Poor Hassan, filled with joy, at  
once began:  
"I fain would have —" but  
paused before the word  
Escaped his mouth; or, sooth to  
say, the man  
Had named the jewel on the  
Vizier's sword!

## VIII.

What next he thought to choose  
was all the gold  
That filled the Calif's coffers;  
then he thought  
Of Bagdad's riches; then the  
wealth untold  
Of all the earth, — so fast his  
fancy wrought!

## IX.

Such various wishes thronged his  
teeming brain,  
He pondered long, until the  
Fairy's voice  
Showed some impatience, and the  
man was fain  
From very fear to hasten in his  
choice.

## X.

But halting still when at the point  
to tell  
His final wish, the Fairy kindly  
told  
(To aid his choosing) of a hidden  
well  
Filled to the brim with jewels  
and with gold.

## XI.

And then she led him to a secret  
grot,  
Where, underneath a stone, the  
treasure lies,  
Removed the slab that sealed the  
sacred spot,  
And showed the riches to his  
wondering eyes.

## XII.

"Take what you will of this ex-  
haustless store;  
But, mark you, if you pause to  
dine or sup,  
Your work is finished; you can  
have no more;  
The stone will move and close  
the coffer up."

## XIII.

Charmed with the sight that met  
his dazzled gaze,  
He stood enrapt; then turned to  
thank the fay  
For so much bounty; but, to his  
amaze,  
The nimble sprite unseen had  
fled away.

## XIV.

Whate'er three ample water-skins  
could hold  
Was soon his own; but this con-  
tents him not;  
Unnumbered coins of silver and of  
gold  
Invite his spade, and chain him  
to the spot.

## XV.

"Another hour of digging will  
suffice,"  
Quoth Hassan, delving with in-  
creasing greed.

"Well, by the Prophet, here is  
something nice!  
Rubies and diamonds! this is  
wealth indeed!"

## XVI.

And so he dug (remembering the  
hint  
The Fairy gave him) till his busy  
spade  
Had piled a mound so vast, the  
Calif's mint  
Could scarce have matched the  
glittering heap he made.

## XVII.

And yet he toils, as greedy as be-  
fore.  
"A little more!" said Hassan,  
"ere the sun  
Sinks in the west, — some fifty  
shovels more,  
And this day's work, a brave  
one! will be done!"

## XVIII.

Poor Hassan! heedless of the fading  
day,  
He wrought at night as he had  
wrought at noon;  
Weary and faint, but impotent to  
stay  
His eager hand beneath the ris-  
ing moon.

## XIX.

"A little more!" the miser said,  
"and I  
Will make an end." He raised  
his weary hand  
To delve again; then dropt it with  
a sigh, —  
So weak and worn that he could  
hardly stand.

## XX.

Fatal Ambition! from his golden  
bed

He tries in vain to reach the  
giddy height;

The shining heap comes tumbling  
on his head,

And shuts poor Hassan in eternal  
night!

## THE MILLER AND HIS ADVISERS.

## AN APOLOGUE.

OF all the fables quaint and old  
By *Æsop* or by *Phædrus* told,

For wit or wisdom none surpass

That of The Miller and his Ass;

Which shrewd *Malherbe* of modern  
France

Invented, — meaning to advance

This wholesome truth, for old and  
young,

(Here rendered in our English  
tongue),

That one — however cheap the  
price —

May take too much of “good  
advice.”

A miller, who had thrived so  
well

That he had got an ass to sell,

Set forth, one morning, for the fair,

Attended by his youthful heir,

While, trudging on with solemn  
mien,

The precious donkey walked be-  
tween.

At length they meet upon the  
way

Some fellows, less polite than gay,

Who laugh, as if they 'd split their  
sides,

That neither son nor father rides.

The hint suffices; in a crack  
The boy bestrides the donkey's  
back,

When, presently, three merchants  
came

Along the road, who all exclaim:

“Get off, you lout! you selfish  
clod,

To let your aged father plod

On foot, while you the ass be-  
stride;

Dismount, and let your father  
ride!”

The Miller does as they desire,  
Down comes the son, up gets the  
sire,

And so they go until they meet

A group of damsels in the street,

Who, all in chorus, scream and  
shout:

“For shame! that one so big and  
stout

Should ride at ease without a care  
About his young and tender

heir.”

“Gad!” says the Miller, “their  
advice

Seems mainly wise”; and in a  
trice

(Though Jack esteems it hardly  
kind)

He bids the lad get up behind.

Alas! the world is hard to suit;

The Miller now is called a brute

By all he meets upon the road

Who mark the donkey's double  
load.

In sooth, the Miller and his heir

Were quite as much as he could  
bear,

And so, at length, the careful twain

Took up the weary ass amain,

And, to the mirth of all beholders,

Bore off the beast upon their  
shoulders.

Alas! for all the weight they  
bore,

They still were censured, as before;

The captious rabble followed after  
With sneers, and jests, and shouts  
of laughter.

"The biggest ass," one fellow  
said,

"Is clearly not the quadruped!"

Another mockingly advised

To have a pet so highly prized

Kept in the parlor from the cold,

Or, for a breastpin, set in gold.

Stunned with the clamor of  
their mirth,

He drops the donkey to the earth.

"Zooks! they are right," he  
sighs. "Alas!"

'T is clear enough I *am* an ass,

As stupid as this shaggy brute,

Essaying thus all minds to suit.

Egad! despite each meddling elf,

I'll try henceforth to please my-  
self."

## MURILLO AND HIS SLAVE.

### A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

"WHOSE work is this?" Murillo  
said,

The while he bent his eager  
gaze

Upon a sketch (a Virgin's head)

That filled the painter with  
amaze.

Of all his pupils, — not a few, —

Marvelling, 't would seem, no  
less than he;

Each answered that he nothing  
knew

As touching whose the sketch  
might be.

This much appeared, and nothing  
more:

The piece was painted in the  
night.

"And yet, by Jove!" Murillo  
swore,

"He has no cause to fear the  
light.

"'T is something crude, and lacks,  
I own,

That finer finish time will teach;

But genius here is plainly shown,  
And art beyond the common  
reach.

"Sebastian!" (turning to his  
slave,)

"Who keeps this room when  
I'm in bed?"

"'T is I, Senor." "Now, mark  
you, knave!

Keep better watch," the mas-  
ter said;

"For if this painter comes again,  
And you, while dozing, let him  
slip,

Excuses will be all in vain, —

Remember, you shall feel the  
whip!"

Now while Sebastian slept, he  
dreamed

That to his dazzled vision  
came

The Blesséd Lady — so she  
seemed —

And crowned him with the  
wreath of Fame.

Whereat the startled slave awoke,  
And at his picture wrought  
away

So rapt that ere the spell was  
broke,  
The dark was fading into day.

"My Beautiful!" the artist cried;  
"Thank God, I have not lived  
in vain!"

Hark! 'T is Murillo at his side;  
The man has grown a slave  
again.

"Who is your master? — answer  
me!"

"'T is you," replied the falter-  
ing lad.

"Nay, 't is not that, I mean," said  
he;

"Tell me, what teacher have  
you had?"

"Yourself, Senor. When you  
have taught  
These gentlemen, I too have  
heard

The daily lesson, and have sought  
To treasure every golden word."

"What say you, boys?" Murillo  
cried,

Smiling in sign of fond regard,

"Is this a case — pray you de-  
cide —

For punishment, or for re-  
ward?"

"Reward, Senor!" they all ex-  
claimed,

And each proposed some costly  
toy;

But still, whatever gift was named,  
Sebastian showed no gleam of  
joy.

Whereat one said: "He's kind  
to-day;

Ask him your Freedom." With  
a groan

The boy fell on his knees: "Nay,  
nay!

My father's freedom, — not my  
own!"

"Take both!" the painter cried.

"Henceforth

A slave no more, — be thou my  
son.

Thy Art had failed, with all its  
worth,

Of what thy Heart this day has  
won!"

## L'ENVOI

The traveller, loitering in Seville,  
And gazing at each pictured  
saint,

May see Murillo's genius still,  
And learn how well his son  
could paint.

## HASSAN AND THE ANGEL.

THE Calif Hassan, — so the tale is  
told, —

In honors opulent and rich in gold,  
One New Year's Day sat in a  
palm-tree's shade,

And, on a stone that lay beside  
him, made

An inventory, — naming one by  
one

His benefactions; all that he had  
done

Throughout the year; and thus  
the items ran:

"Five bags of gold for mosques in  
Ispahan;

For caravans to Mecca, seven  
more;

For amulets to pious people, four;  
Three for the Ramazan; and two

to pay  
The holy dervishes, who thrice a  
day

In prayer besought the safety of  
my soul;

*Item*, one loaf of bread, a weekly  
dole

To a poor widow with a sickly  
child."

The Calif read the reckoning o'er,  
and smiled

With conscious pleasure at the  
vast amount,

When, lo! a hand sweeps over the  
account.

With sudden anger, Hassan looked  
around,

And saw an angel standing on the  
ground,

With wings of gold, and robe of  
purest white.

"I am God's messenger, em-  
ployed to write

Within this book the pious deeds  
of men;

I have revised thy reckoning:  
look again."

So to the man the angel spake  
aloud,

Then slowly vanished in a rosy  
cloud.

The Calif, looking, saw upon the  
stone

The final item standing there  
alone.

FABLES AND LEGENDS

OF MANY COUNTRIES,

RENDERED IN RHYME



TO  
MY THREE DAUGHTERS

*This Little Book*

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



# FABLES AND LEGENDS OF MANY COUNTRIES.

---

## LOVE AND JOY.

### AN ALLEGORY.

LONG, long ago, ere *Sin* had come  
To make the earth forlorn,  
Somewhere, within an Eastern  
home,  
Two pretty babes were born.

The younger was a maiden fair;  
The elder was a boy;  
And, for their names, the infant  
pair  
Were christened *Love* and *Joy*.

And as they grew in years and  
strength,  
Together they would rove  
As merry mates, until at length  
*Joy* seemed the twin of *Love*!

And so, at length, it came to pass  
That all the neighbors said,  
Some happy day the lad and lass  
Were certain to be wed.

In sooth, such happy mates they  
seemed,  
And so attached at heart, —  
The pretty pair, — who would have  
deemed  
That they would ever part?

But so it fell; alas, the wrong!  
And woe betide the day

That *Sin*, the monster! came along  
And frightened *Joy* away!

And so poor *Love*, when *Joy* had  
flown,  
Since he could not abide  
To live unwedded and alone,  
Took *Sorrow* for his bride;

As sad a bride as e'er was seen  
To grace a marriage-bed;  
With scowling brow and murky  
mien,  
And cypress round her head.

And to the twain a child was born,  
That bore of each a part, —  
The mother's countenance forlorn,  
The father's tender heart.

"*Pity*," they called her, — gentle  
child;  
And from her infant days  
Her voice was ever sweet and mild,  
And winning were her ways.

And once, ere she had learned to  
walk,  
While in her cradle-nest,  
A dove, that fled the cruel hawk,  
Sought safety on her breast.

The robin-redbreast came to seek  
A home where *Pity* dwelt;  
And all things timorous and weak  
Her kind compassion felt.

• Ah, sweet, sad face! her mixed  
 descent  
 Was shown in her attire,  
 And, with the mother's cypress  
 blent  
 The myrtle of her sire.

And ever since to woman's height  
 The maiden grew, she roams  
 Through all the world, an angel  
 bright,  
 To gladden human homes.

Her office still to follow where  
 Her mother's feet have strayed,  
 And soothe and heal, with tender  
 care,  
 The wounds the dame has made.

But both are mortal, sages write,  
 And so they both must die;  
*Sorrow*, at last, will cease to smite,  
 And *Pity* cease to sigh.

And then will *Joy* return, they say,  
 From Heaven, where she had  
 flown,  
 And *Love*, forever and for aye,  
 Be married to his own.

---

## THE TWO CHURCH-BUILDERS.

### AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

A FAMOUS king would build a  
 church,  
 A temple vast and grand;  
 And, that the praise might be his  
 own,  
 He gave a strict command

That none should add the smallest  
 gift  
 To aid the work he planned.

And when the mighty dome was  
 done,  
 Within the noble frame,  
 Upon a tablet broad and fair,  
 In letters all aflame  
 With burnished gold, the people  
 read  
 The royal builder's name.

Now when the King, elate with  
 pride,  
 That night had sought his bed,  
 He dreamed he saw an angel come,  
 (A halo round his head,)  
 Erase the royal name, and write  
 Another in its stead.

What could it mean? Three times  
 that night  
 That wondrous vision came;  
 Three times he saw that angel hand  
 Erase the royal name,  
 And write a woman's in its stead,  
 In letters all aflame.

Whose could it be? He gave com-  
 mand  
 To all about his throne  
 To seek the owner of the name  
 That on the tablet shone;  
 And so it was the courtiers found  
 A widow poor and lone.

The King, enraged at what he  
 heard,  
 Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"  
 And to the woman trembling sore  
 He said, "'T is very clear  
 That you have broken my com-  
 mand;  
 Now let the truth appear!"

‘Your Majesty,’ the Widow said,  
 “I can’t deny the truth;  
 I love the Lord,—my Lord and  
 yours,—  
 And so, in simple sooth,  
 I broke your Majesty’s command,  
 (I crave your royal ruth!)

“And since I had no money, Sire,  
 Why, I could only pray  
 That God would bless your Majesty;  
 And when along the way  
 The horses drew the stones, I gave  
 To one a wisp of hay!”

“Ah! now I see,” the King exclaimed,  
 “Self-glory was my aim;  
 The woman gave for love of God,  
 And not for worldly fame;  
 ’Tis my command the tablet bear  
 The pious widow’s name!”

---

## THE WIND AND THE ROSE.

### AN APOLOGUE.

#### I.

A LITTLE red Rose bloomed all  
 alone  
 In a hedge by the highway side;  
 And the Wind came by with a  
 pitying moan,  
 And thus to the floweret cried:

#### II.

“You are choked with dust from  
 the sandy ledge;  
 Now see what a friend can do!

I will pierce a hole in the tangled  
 hedge  
 And let the breeze come  
 through.”

#### III.

“Nay, let me be, I am well  
 enough!”  
 Said the Rose in deep dismay;  
 But the Wind is always rude and  
 rough,  
 And of course he had his way.

#### IV.

And the breeze blew soft on the  
 little red Rose;  
 But now she was sore afraid,  
 For the naughty boys, her ancient  
 foes,  
 Came through where the gap  
 was made.

#### V.

“I see,” said the Wind, when he  
 came again,  
 And looked at the trembling  
 flower,  
 “You are out of place; it is very  
 plain  
 You are meant for a lady’s  
 bower.”

#### VI.

“Nay, let me be!” said the shud-  
 dering Rose;  
 “No sorrow I ever had known  
 Till *you* came here to break my  
 repose;  
 Now, please to let me alone!”

#### VII.

But the will of the Wind is strong  
 as death,  
 And little he recked her cries;

He plucked her up with his mighty  
breath,  
And away to the town he flies.

## VIII.

O, all too rough was the windy  
ride,  
For a Rose so weak and small;  
And soon her leaves on every side  
Began to scatter and fall.

## IX.

"Now, what is this?" said the  
wondering Wind,  
As the Rose in fragments fell;  
"This paltry stem is all I find, —  
I am sure I meant it well!"

## X.

"It means just this: that a med-  
dling friend,"  
Said the dying stalk, "is sure  
To mar the matter he aimed to  
mend,  
And kill where he meant to  
cure!"

## THE BEACON-LIGHT.

## A GERMAN LEGEND.

## I.

"Go seaward, son, and bear a  
light!"  
Up spoke the sailor's wife;  
"Thy father sails this stormy  
night  
In peril of his life!

## II.

"His ship that sailed to foreign  
lands  
This hour may heave in sight.  
O, should it wreck upon the sands!  
Go, son, and bear a light!"

## III.

He lights a torch, and seaward goes;  
Naught boots the deed, I doubt.  
The rain it rains, the wind it blows;  
And soon the light goes out.

## IV.

The boy comes back: "O mother  
dear,  
Bid me not go again;  
No torch can live, 't is very clear,  
Before the wind and rain!"

## V.

"No sailor's blood hast thou, I  
trow,  
To fear a stormy night;  
Let rains descend, let tempests  
blow,  
Go, son, and bear a light!"

## VI.

Once more he lights the torch, and  
goes  
Toward the foaming main.  
The rain it rains, the wind it blows;  
Out goes the torch again!

## VII.

The boy comes back: "O mother  
dear,  
The storm puts out the light;  
The night is drear, and much I  
fear  
The woman dressed in white!"

## VIII.

"No sailor's blood hast thou, I  
 trow,  
 To tremble thus before  
 A mermaid's face. Take heart of  
 grace,  
 And seek again the shore!"

## IX.

The boy comes back: "O mother  
 dear,  
 Go thou unto the strand;  
 My father's voice I sure did hear  
 In tones of stern command!"

## X.

And now the mother lights the  
 torch,  
 And, see! the kindling rays  
 Have caught the thatch! from roof  
 to porch  
 The hut is all ablaze!

## XI.

"What hast thou done?" the ur-  
 chin cries;  
 "O piteous sight to see!  
 Cold is the night; O wretched  
 plight!  
 Nor house nor home have we!"

## XII.

"No sailor's blood hast thou, I  
 wis.  
 When torches fail to burn,  
 A blazing hovel — such as this —  
 May serve as good a turn!"

## XIII.

Joy to the sailor! see! he clears  
 The shoals on either hand,  
 Thanks to the light! and now he  
 steers  
 In safety to the land!

## KING ERIC'S TRIUMPH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SEIDL.

## I.

At Upsala's high altar,  
 The tallest in the land,  
 And bright with blazing candles,  
 See royal Eric stand.  
 And thus he speaks to Heaven,  
 With lifted voice and hand:

## II.

"Great God! in Thy protection  
 We ever safely dwell;  
 Who makes the Lord his refuge  
 Hath wisely done and well."  
 And hark! the lofty anthem  
 The choir and organ swell.

## III.

Now while the dome is sounding  
 With this triumphant strain,  
 In comes a panting courier,  
 "O King! the Dane! the Dane!  
 SKALATER and his soldiers  
 Are pouring on the plain!"

## IV.

But as on ears unheeding  
 The startling message fell;  
 King Eric still is chanting,  
 While choir and organ swell,  
 "Who makes the Lord his refuge  
 Hath wisely done and well!"

## V.

In bursts another courier,  
 Hot messenger of Fate, —  
 "The Dane! the Dane approaches!  
 O King, no longer wait!"

Fly! seek some surer refuge;  
The Dane is at the gate!"

## VI.

What though a hundred voices  
The tale of terror tell?  
King Eric still is chanting,  
While choir and organ swell,  
"Who makes the Lord his refuge  
Hath wisely done and well!"

## VII.

In comes another courier,  
But ere his voice he found  
To tell his tale of horror,  
He feels a mortal wound;  
Beneath a Danish sabre,  
His head is on the ground.

## VIII.

Then rose a fearful clamor,  
That drowned the Danish drums:  
"With seven hundred soldiers,  
The fiend, SKALATER, comes!  
Where now are king and country,  
Our altars and our homes?"

## IX.

'T was then the pious monarch  
(As holy books declare)  
Took up the golden crucifix,  
And waved it in the air,  
And called upon the God of Hosts  
In agonizing prayer.

## X.

And from the seven sacred wounds  
(One for each bleeding gash  
That in his death the Saviour bore)  
Came forth a blinding flash;  
In splendor full a hundred-fold,  
The heathen to abash.

## XI.

Whereat seven hundred Danish  
men  
In humble worship fell;  
While Eric and his people all  
The solemn anthem swell,  
"Who makes the Lord his refuge  
Hath wisely done and well!"

THE BRAHMIN'S AIR-CAS-  
TLE.

## A HINDOO FABLE.

A BRAHMIN, haughty, indolent,  
and poor,  
Entered, one day, a potter's open  
door,  
And, lying lazily upon the ground  
Among the earthen-ware that stood  
around  
In stately pyramids, at length be-  
gan  
To think aloud; and thus his fan-  
cies ran:  
"With these small coins within my  
pocket, I  
Some pieces of this useful ware  
will buy,  
Which, at a profit, I will sell, and  
then  
Will purchase more; and, turning  
this again  
In the same fashion, I will buy and  
sell  
Until my growing trade will thrive  
so well  
That I shall soon be rich; so rich,  
indeed,  
That I can buy whatever I may  
need  
For use or luxury. And first of all

I'll build a mansion, very grand  
and tall;  
And then, of course, as suits a man  
of taste,  
I'll have four wives, all beautiful  
and chaste.  
But one in beauty will excel the  
rest,  
And her, 't is certain, I shall love  
the best;  
Whereat the others (I foresee it)  
will  
Be jealous, and behave extremely  
ill;  
Whereat, as they deserve, I shall  
be quick  
To beat the vixens well with this  
good stick."  
And in his reverie the fellow struck  
Among the pots and pans, (woe  
worth the luck!)  
With so much force they fell, and  
all around  
His foolish head the pieces strewed  
the ground.  
So fell the Brahmin's castle in the  
air;  
And, further still, to make the  
matter square,  
And mend the damage done that  
luckless day,  
With all he had, the potter made  
him pay.

L'ENVOI.

This clever Hindoo fable, which  
(I'm told  
By grave *savans*) is many centu-  
ries old,  
Bears its own moral, plain as any  
print;  
And furnishes, besides, a lively  
hint  
Whence came that very charming  
modern tale,  
"The Country Maiden and her  
Milking-Pail!"

REASON AND VANITY.

AN APOLOGUE.

"APPEAL to Reason!" writes a  
sage  
Whose book, on many a glowing  
page,  
Would teach the reader to control  
The workings of the human soul.  
The plan, no doubt, is often wise,  
But, should it fail, let me advise  
( 'T is safe to try it!) an appeal  
The hardest heart is sure to feel;  
When Reason turns away her ear,  
Who knows but *Vanity* may hear?  
As Chloe stood, one summer's  
day, —  
Young, giddy, handsome, vain, and  
gay, —  
Before her mirror, and essayed  
Her native charms by art to aid,  
A vagrant bee came buzzing round,  
And Chloe, frightened at the sound,  
Cried, "Mary, help! Go, Lizzie,  
fetch  
A broom and kill the little  
wretch!"  
Too late! despite the bustling  
maids,  
The wanton imp at once invades  
Poor Chloe's lip, — the saucy  
thing!  
And fixes there his ugly sting.  
The culprit caught, the maids pre-  
pare  
To kill the monster then and there;  
When, trembling for his life, the  
Bee  
Makes this extenuating plea:  
"Forgive! O beauteous queen,  
forgive  
My sad mistake; for, as I live,  
Your mouth (I'm sorry, Goodness  
knows!)  
I surely took it for a rose!"  
"Poor insect!" Chloe sighed, "I  
vow

" 'T were *very* hard to kill him  
 now,  
 No harm the little fellow meant,  
 And then he seems *so* penitent;  
 Besides, the pain was very small,  
 I scarcely feel it now at all! "

---

## WHO SHALL SHUT THE DOOR?

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

TO-MORROW is St. Martin's day,  
 And Goody, loving elf,  
 Has baked some puddings for her  
 man,  
 And put them on the shelf.

Now both are lying snug in bed,  
 And while the west-winds roar  
 Old Gaffer unto Goody says,  
 " Go, shut that slamming door! "

" I wish to rest, " the dame replies,  
 " Till morning's light appears;  
 For aught I care, that crazy door  
 May slam a hundred years! "

With this the loving pair agreed  
 (Since neither of them stirred)  
 That he, or she, should bolt the  
 door

Who first should speak a word!

Two vagabonds, at midnight,  
 found

The door was off the latch,  
 And not a single sight or sound  
 Their eyes or ears could catch.

They entered in, and spoke aloud,  
 But no one answered. Why?

The bargain stopped the only  
 mouths

That could have made reply!

The puddings soon were eaten up,  
 As Goody plainly heard,  
 And cursed the robbers in her  
 heart,  
 But uttered not a word.

And soon one vagabond exclaims,  
 " I 'd like a sip of gin;  
 This cupboard smells extremely  
 nice,  
 I 'll poke about within.

" A flask of schnapps, I 'm very  
 sure,  
 Is at my elbow here;  
 A hearty swig, to thirsty souls,  
 Is mighty pleasant cheer! "

Up sprang old Gaffer in a trice :  
 " *Hein!* what is that you say?  
 The man who steals my Holland  
 schnapps  
 Shall dearly rue the day! "

Off go the rogues, and Goody cries,  
 With something like a roar,  
 " Old Gaffer, you have spoken  
 first!  
 Now go and bolt the door! "

---

## HOW IT CHANCED.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

### I.

DAME NATURE, when her work  
 was done,  
 And she had rested from crea-  
 tion,

Called up her creatures, one by one,  
To fix for each his life's duration.

II.

The ass came first, but drooped  
his ears  
On learning that the dame intended  
That he should bear for thirty years  
His panniers ere his labor ended.

III.

So Nature, like a gentle queen  
(The story goes), at once relented,  
And changed the thirty to eighteen,  
Wherewith the ass was well contented.

IV.

The dog came next, but plainly said  
So long a life could be but hateful;  
So Nature gave him twelve instead,  
Whereat the dog was duly grateful.

V.

Next came the ape; but Nature,  
when  
He grumbled, like the dog and donkey,  
Instead of thirty gave him ten,  
Which quite appeased the angry monkey.

VI.

At last came man; how brief appears  
The term assigned, for work or pleasure!

"Alas!" he cried, "but thirty years?  
O Nature, lengthen out the measure!"

VII.

"Well then, I give thee eighteen more  
(The ass's years); art thou contented?"  
"Nay," said the beggar, "I implore  
A longer term." The dame consented.

VIII.

"I add the dog's twelve years beside."  
"'T is not enough!" "For thy persistence,  
I add ten more," the dame replied,  
"The period of the ape's existence."

IX.

And thus of man's threescore and ten,  
The thirty years at the beginning  
Are his of right, and only then  
He wins whate'er is worth the winning.

X.

Then come the ass's eighteen years,  
A weary space of toil and trouble,  
Beset with crosses, cares, and fears,  
When joys grow less, and sorrows double.

XI.

The dog's twelve years come on, at length,  
When man, the jest of every scorner,

Bereft of manhood's pride and  
strength,  
Sits growling, toothless, in a  
corner.

## XII.

At last, the destined term to fill,  
The ape's ten years come lagging  
after,  
And man, a chattering imbecile,  
Is but a theme for childish laugh-  
ter.

---

## THE THREE MASKS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HARING.

## I.

UPON the monarch's brow no shade  
is shown;  
The royal purple hides the bloody  
throne;  
He calls his vassals all, — the man  
of sin, —  
“Bring forth the maskers! let the  
dance begin!”

## II.

The music sounds, and every face  
is glad, —  
All save the King's, and that is  
something sad;  
And, lo! three *snow-white* masks  
are passing now,  
And dark clouds gather on the  
monarch's brow.

## III.

In robes of *red* the maskers now  
are seen,  
And black as midnight is the royal  
mien.

In *sable* mantles next the three  
appear,  
And the king's face is white with  
sudden fear.

## IV.

And now before the throne, with  
deep dismay,  
He sees three grinning skulls in  
grim array;  
Whereat he falls in terror from his  
throne!  
The masks have fled, and left him  
there alone.

## V.

He calls his vassals: “Let each  
villain bare  
His visage!” No, no juggling  
rogue is there!  
He calls his page: “Now, fellow,  
get thee gone,  
And bring the Soothsayer ere to-  
morrow's dawn!”

## VI.

“Go tell the King,” the Wise Man  
made reply,  
“He sends too late. God answers  
him, not I!  
When mortals look on visions such  
as this,  
Their own hearts tell them what  
the meaning is.

## VII.

“The *first* skull,” quoth the rev-  
erend Sage, “declares  
How rank corruption rules the  
king's affairs;  
The *second* says, ‘Since corpses  
prop thy throne,  
Mankind shall gaze with horror on  
thine own!’

## VIII.

"The *third* proclaims that who-  
soe'er has seen  
The other twain, before the morrow  
e'en  
Shall be the like himself! Beware,  
I say,  
Beware the sable maskers in the  
play!"

## IX.

Swift flies, at morn, the panting  
page to bring  
The fearful message to the waiting  
king;  
*White* lies the monarch in his  
robes of *red*,  
On a *black* bier; for lo! the king  
is dead!

## THE GHOST IN ARMOR.

## A LEGEND OF ST. MICHAEL'S EVE.

## PART FIRST.

SIR WALTER DE GUYON is surly  
and sad,  
There's trouble a-brewing, I  
think;  
The Steward is certain Sir Walter  
is mad,  
And the Butler declares, "He is  
took very bad, —  
This morning he doubled his  
drink!"

And why is he ranting and raving,  
I pray,  
And calling his daughter such  
names?

*He* stands by the Green in the  
sturdiest way;  
And *Alice* has mounted the Orange  
to-day,  
And laughed at the runaway  
James!

And then Sir Walter has heard be-  
side,  
From one of his vigilant spies,  
How *Alice* his daughter, his dar-  
ling and pride,  
With young De Ruyter, last even-  
ing, was spied, —  
You may guess at the knight's  
surprise!

Beneath the casement the maiden  
was seen,  
With this gay gallant at her feet;  
Holding her hand his own between,  
And calling her "love," and  
"life," and "queen,"  
With kisses many and sweet!

De Ruyter, — a captain of Wil-  
liam's band;  
And counted a worthy scion  
Of an ancient house in the Dutch-  
man's land;  
But what is he to offer his hand  
To one of the race De Guyon?

De Ruyter, — "a squire of low  
degree,"  
And an anti-Jacobite war-man;  
And what is he, whoever he be,  
To match his *de* with the mighty  
*De*  
That was known before "the  
*Norman*"?

"The saucy varlet!" Sir Walter  
said;  
"The fellow deserves to swing;

Before my castle to show his head!  
 I'll serve the dog as I'd like instead  
 To serve his villanous king!"

In vain the maiden bemoans his  
 fate;

Already the fierce Sir Walter  
 Has set his guards at every gate.  
 He is fain to fly, but all too late;  
 He is doomed to feel the halter.

There 's a dismal cell, a dungeon,  
 in-sooth,

Hard by the banqueting-room,  
 (Sir Walter de Guyon has little  
 ruth,)

And there, alas! the venturous  
 youth,  
 De Ruyter, is waiting his doom.

Sir Walter de Guyon is rather elate  
 At the capital job he has done;  
 So he summons his friends, the  
 small and the great,  
 To come and assist at an elegant  
*fête*,  
 Devoted to feasting and fun.

#### PART SECOND.

They are eating and drinking with  
 glee,

The guests at this notable feast;  
 Lords, nobles of every degree,  
 All merry as merry can be,  
 With fifty retainers at least.

In the midst of the revelry rose

Sir Walter de Guyon to say,  
 "You all are aware, I suppose,  
 'T is St. Michael's evening," —  
 but shows

Some symptoms of fainting  
 away.

A bottle of Burgundy stood

By chance in the orator's reach,  
 Which drinking as well as he could,  
 And swearing the tipples was good,  
 Sir Walter went on with his  
 speech.

"'T was this very night, as you  
 know,

My ancestor, once on a time,  
 As sundry old chronicles show  
 ('T was ages and ages ago),  
 Committed a horrible crime.

"A black-armored knight, it is  
 told,

Who slept in a neighboring room,  
 Was murdered ('t was thought for  
 his gold), —

The room which now happens to  
 hold

The Dutchman awaiting his  
 doom.

"My ancestor noised it about,  
 The minions of Justice to blind,  
 That the stranger arose and went  
 out;

But he never could settle the doubt  
 Why the man left his armor be-  
 hind.

"Belike you have heard it be-  
 fore, —

The credulous peasants believe  
 His ghost, in the armor he wore,  
 Comes stalking abroad, as of yore,  
 On every St. Michael his Eve."

"What think you?" he laughingly  
 said,

"Perhaps we may see him to-  
 night;

As often in books we have read — "  
 Ah! sees he the ghost of the dead?

Why blanches Sir Walter with  
 fright?

What meaneth that terrible din,  
Like the sound of a bursting  
door?

See! black as the angel of sin,  
The Ghost in the Armor comes in,  
And marches across the floor!

Aghast at the horrible sight,  
Down, down they tumble, and  
lay

Spent with terror and fright,  
Through all that terrible night,  
Quite into the following day!

Now where is De Ruyter, I pray,  
And Alice? (she's vanished from  
sight!)

There's a letter from London to say  
The lovers had ridden away  
On a saddle and pillion that  
night.

His manner of leaving, of course,  
His own reprobation had earned;  
He owned he was full of remorse  
Concerning the armor and horse,  
But both should be quickly re-  
turned.

And with her good father's con-  
sent,

That is, should he kindly invite  
her,

It was Alice's settled intent  
To make him a visit in Lent,  
Along with her own De Ruyter!

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## THE KING AND THE PEAS- ANT.

### A SICILIAN TALE.

THERE lived a man who, from his  
youth,  
Was known to all as "Peasant  
Truth,"

Because 't was said he 'd sooner  
die

Than tell or hint the smallest lie.  
Now, when it happened that the  
King

Had heard, at last, this wondrous  
thing,

He bade the peasant come and  
keep

The royal flock of goats and sheep,  
(To wit, — one goat, a little lamb,  
A fine bell-wether, and a ram.)

And once a week he went to court  
To see the King, and make report  
How fared the flock, and truly tell  
If each were doing ill or well;

Whereat the King was well con-  
tent,

And home the happy peasant went.  
At last, a wicked courtier — struck  
With envy at his neighbor's luck —  
Essayed to put him in disgrace,  
And gain himself the peasant's  
place.

"Think you, good Sire, in very  
sooth,

He never lies, — this Peasant  
Truth?"

He'll lie next Saturday," he said,

"Or, for a forfeit, take my head!"

"So be it! and I'll lose my own,"

The King replied, "if it be shown,  
With all the arts that you may  
try,

That Peasant Truth can tell a  
lie!"

And now the wicked courtier fain  
Some trick would try his end to  
gain.

But still he failed to find a plan  
To catch at fault the honest man,  
Until at last, in sheer despair,

He told his wife (a lady fair  
As one in all the world could find,  
And cunning, like all womankind)  
About the wager he had made,  
And all the case before her laid.

"And is that all?" the woman said,

Tossing in scorn her handsome head;

"Leave all to me, and never doubt  
That what you wish I'll bring  
about!"

Next day the crafty dame was  
seen,

Apparelled like a very queen,  
And on her brow a diamond star,  
That like a meteor blazed afar,  
Approaching where the peasant  
stood

Among his flock. "Now, by the  
Rood!"

He cried, amazed, "but she is  
fair

And beautiful beyond compare!"  
Then, bowing to the earth, quoth  
he,

"What may your Highness want  
with me?

Whate'er you ask, I swear to  
grant!"

"Ah!" sighed the lady, "much  
I want

Some roasted wether, else shall I  
(Such is my longing!) surely die!"

"Alas!" he said, "just this one  
thing

I cannot do. I serve the King,  
Who owns the wether that you  
see,

And if I kill him, woe is me!"

Alack the day for Peasant Truth!  
His tender soul was moved to  
ruth;

For, weeping much, and saying  
still

That she should die, she had her  
will,

And of roast wether took her  
fill!

"Ah!" sighed the man when she  
was gone,

"Alas! the deed that I have done!  
To kill the sheep! What shall I  
say

When I am asked, next Saturday,

'How fares the wether?' I will  
tell

His Majesty the sheep is well.

No, that won't do! I'll even say  
A thief has stolen him away.

No, that won't answer. I will  
feign

Some prowling wolf the sheep has  
slain.

No, that won't do! Ah! how can I  
Look in his face and tell a lie?"

Now when the peasant came to  
court

On Saturday, to make report,

As was his wont, the King began  
His questioning; and thus it ran:

"How is my goat? I prithee  
tell!"

"The goat, your Majesty, is well!"

"And how 's my ram?" "Good  
Sire, the ram

Is well and frisky." "How 's my  
lamb?"

"He's well and beautiful, in  
sooth."

"And how 's my wether, Peasant  
Truth?"

Whereat he answered, "O my  
King,

I hate a lie like — anything.

When on the mountain-side afar

I saw the lady with the star,

My soul was dazzled with her  
beauty.

And I forgot my loyal duty,

And when she asked for wether's  
meat,

I killed the sheep, that she might  
eat."

"Good!" said the King, "my  
wager's won!

This grievous wrong that you have  
done,

My truthful peasant, I forgive;

In health and wealth long may you  
live!

While this, your enemy, instead,  
Shall justly lose his foolish head."

## THE TRAVELLER AND HIS FRIENDS.

## A GALLIC LEGEND.

A GENTLEMAN, about to make  
A trip at sea, was begged to take  
Commissions for a dozen friends:  
One wants a watch; another sends  
For wine, — "A very special cask;  
And — if it's not too much to  
ask —

Some choice cigars; a box will do;  
Or, while you're at it, purchase  
two."

Another friend would like a pair  
Of boots, — "They're so much  
cheaper there";

A lady friend would have him buy  
Some laces, — "If they're not too  
high";

Another wants a box of gloves, —  
"French kids, you know, are real  
loves!"

Thus one wants this; another, that;  
A book, a bonnet, or a hat;  
Enough to make the moody man  
(So high their "small commis-  
sions" ran

In tale and bulk) repent that he  
Had ever thought to cross the sea!

Moreover, — be it here re-  
marked, —

Before the gentleman embarked,  
His friends, for fear he might forget  
Their little errands, plainly set  
Their wishes down in black and  
white;

A sensible proceeding — quite;  
But, as it happened, not a friend  
(With one exception) thought to  
send

The ready money, and to say,  
"See, here's the cash you'll have  
to pay."

The man embarks; sees Paris,  
Rome,  
And other cities; then comes home

Well pleased with much that met  
his eye;

But having, somehow, failed to buy  
A single thing for any friend,  
Except the one who thought to send  
The wherewithal. Well, need I  
say

That soon his neighbors came to pay  
Their greetings at his safe return,  
And charming health; and (also)  
learn

About their little errands, — what  
For each the traveller had got?

"By Jove!" he said, "it makes  
me sad

To think what wretched luck I  
had!

For as at sea I sat one day  
Arranging in a proper way  
The papers you so kindly sent,  
A gale arose, and off they went  
Into the ocean; nor could I  
Remember aught you bade me  
buy."

"But," grumbled one, "if that  
were so,

How comes it, sir, you chanced to  
know

What *this man's* errand was? for  
he

Has got what he desired, we see."

"Faith! so he has, — beyond a  
doubt;

And this is how it came about:  
*His* memorandum chanced to hold  
A certain sum of solid gold;  
And thus the paper by its weight  
Escaped the others' windy fate."

## THE KING'S FAVORITE.

## AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A SHEPHERD who was wont to keep  
With so much care his flock of  
sheep,

That not a man in all the plains  
 Could show the like in fleecy  
     gains,  
 Was noticed by the King; who  
     said,

"One who so long has wisely led  
 His woolly charge must surely be  
 A proper man to oversee  
 A nobler flock; I make thee, then,  
 A magistrate, — to govern men!"  
 "What," mused the shepherd,  
     "shall I do?"

A hermit and a wolf or two  
 My whole acquaintance constitute  
 (Except my sheep) of man or  
     brute!"

His reason bade the clown decide  
 Against the place; not so his  
     pride.

Ambition's plea at last prevails,  
 And lo! the shepherd takes the  
     scales.

Soon as his hermit-neighbor  
     heard

What to the shepherd had occurred,  
 His honest mind he thus expressed:  
 "'T is surely but a royal jest,  
 To make of thee, who never saw  
 A written page of statute law,  
 Chief Justice of the realm! I deem  
 The tale is false, or do I dream?  
 Ah! princely gifts are fatal things;  
 Beware, I say, — beware of  
     kings!"

The shepherd listens, but the  
     while

His only answer is a smile,  
 As one whose happiness provokes  
 The envy of inferior folks.

"Alas!" the hermit cried, "I see  
 The fabled wagoner in thee,  
 Who lost his whip, and by mistake  
 Took up instead a torpid snake,  
 That, warming in his fingers, stung  
 The foolish hand to which it clung,  
 A mortal bite; do thou, my friend,  
 Beware the like unhappy end!"  
 And soon indeed the favorite found

The hermit's plain advice was  
     sound.

The Judge, although he did his  
     best,

Was most unequal to the test;  
 His judgments, set in legal light,  
 Were quite as often wrong as right;  
 And, worst of all, around him  
     rose

A crowd of envious, spiteful foes,  
 Who, one and all, contrive to  
     bring

The blackest slanders to the King,  
 Who hears, amazed, the story told  
 Of justice daily bought and sold.  
 Indeed, his enemies declare

"His Honor" takes the lion's  
     share,

And with the fruit of bribes alone  
 Has built a palace of his own.

The King, astounded at his guilt,  
 Would see the palace he had built;  
 And finds, when all his search is  
     done,

A modest house of wood and stone.  
 He opens next the fabled box  
 Where, fast beneath a dozen locks,  
 The Judge's famous jewels lie;  
 But nothing meets the royal eye  
 Except a shepherd's coat and cap  
 (The former rent in many a gap),  
 And — to reward his further look —  
 A shepherd's rusty pipe and crook.  
 "O treasure precious to my eyes!"  
 The Judge exclaims, "from thee  
     arise

No hateful cares, nor envious lies.  
 These I resume, and learn, though  
     late,

Whoe'er aspires to serve the state  
 Should first consider well the case,  
 If he is equal to the place;  
 And long reflect, before he makes  
 That most egregious of mis-  
     takes, —

One's true vocation weakly  
     spurned,  
 To serve a trade he never learned."

## THE MERCHANT.

## A FABLE.

A MERCHANT once, whom Fortune  
plied

With favors rare on every side,  
Grew rich apace; his ships were  
safe

Though storms might rave and  
breakers chafe;

To every clime his bending sails  
Were wafted by propitious gales;  
While others, good and brave as  
he,

And no less wise on land or sea,  
With varying fortunes often tried  
The fierce domain of wind and  
tide,

And paid, sometimes, a goodly  
freight

In tribute to the Ocean-Fate.

No hidden reef, nor sudden squall,  
Nor deadly calm, most feared of  
all,

Had e'er consigned his vessels'  
store

To coral grove or rocky shore.

And more than this (so, it is known,  
Fate, when she will, can guard her  
own),

No agent proved an arrant knave,  
No master found a watery grave,  
No trusted clerk defaulter turned,  
No partner stole what both had  
earned,

Nor market of a sudden fell  
Just when his factor wished to  
sell.

In short, his wines, tobaccos, teas,  
Silks, satins, linens, laces, cheese,  
His coffee, sugar, raisins, spice,  
Were sure to bring the highest  
price;

And so it was he came to be  
The richest merchant on the sea,

And lived — there's little need to  
say —

In such a princely sort of way  
The King himself could scarce  
afford

The gems that decked our mer-  
chant-lord.

A friendly neighbor, much amazed  
At all the wealth on which he  
gazed,

Said, "Tell me, now, how may it  
be

That you have come to what we  
see?"

The merchant, smiling, swelled  
with pride,

And, like a monarch, thus replied:  
"How comes it? — plain enough,

I trow;  
It comes, my friend, of *knowing*  
*how!*"

With growing riches now, indeed,  
The trader felt a growing greed,  
And, giddy with prosperity,  
Stakes all he has again at sea.  
But now success no longer paid  
The heedless risks the merchant  
made.

One bark was wrecked because  
her load,

For want of care, was ill bestowed;  
Another (lacking arms, they say)  
To ruthless pirates fell a prey;  
A third came safe, at last, to land  
With goods no longer in demand;  
In brief, his ventures proved so bad  
He soon was stript of all he had,  
And now among his fellow-men,  
Was but a common man again.

Once more his friend inquiry made  
Whence came disaster to his trade.  
"What brought you to this dismal  
pass?"

"'T was *Fortune*," said the man,  
 "alas!"  
 "Indeed? Well, well," the  
 friend replies,  
 "Although her gold the Dame de-  
 nies,  
 She yet may teach you to be  
 wise!"

So goes the world! each thank-  
 less elf,  
 Whate'er may be his worldly  
 state,  
 Imputes his blessings to himself,  
 And lays his blunders all to Fate.

## THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

### A FABLE.

A MOTHER lobster, with her daugh-  
 ter  
 Conversing near their native water,  
 And closely watching, as she  
 talked,  
 The style in which the latter  
 walked,  
 Rebuked her for her awkward way  
 Of locomotion: "Tell me, pray,"  
 The matron scolded, "why instead  
 Of *backward*, you don't go *ahead*?  
 Such awkwardness! Of course  
 you know  
 'T is not the proper way to go;  
 Sure, folks of sense you thus will  
 shock,  
 And make yourself a laughing-  
 stock!"  
 "What!" said the child, "do you  
 suppose  
 I don't know how my *mother* goes?  
 Shall I adopt the plan you say,  
 While all the rest go t' other way?

I really have n't got the face  
 To change the custom of my race;  
 It need not put you in a passion,  
 I merely mean to be in fashion;  
 And, having learned the way from  
 you,  
 I'll walk — as other lobsters do."

### MORAL.

To fix a good or evil course,  
 Example is of potent force;  
 And they who wish the young to  
 teach  
 Must even practise what they  
 preach.

## THE SHERIFF OF SAUMUR.

### A LEGEND.

ONCE, when the King was travel-  
 ling through  
 His realm, as kings were wont to  
 do  
 In ancient times when royalty  
 Was deemed a goodly sight to see,  
 It chanced the Sheriff of *Saumur*,  
 A city in the royal tour,  
 Was chosen by the magistrates  
 To meet the monarch at the gates,  
 And in a handsome speech declare  
 How glad and proud the people  
 were  
 To see his Majesty; and say  
 Such compliments as subjects pay,  
 As being but the proper thing,  
 On such occasions, to the King.  
 "Sire," said the Sheriff (so the  
 speech  
 Began, of course), "Sire, we be-  
 seech

Your gracious Majesty to hear  
 The humble words of hearty cheer  
 With which, great Sire, with  
     which, through me,  
 The people greet your Majesty.  
 We are so glad to see you, Sire,  
 That — that — ” And here the  
     speech hung fire.  
 “So glad — the people of our  
     town —  
 That — that — ” And here the  
     man broke down.  
 Whereat a courtier said, “I’m sure  
 These worthy people of *Saumur*  
 Are glad, my liege, to see you  
     here;  
*That* seems to me extremely clear;  
 And don’t his Honor’s speech con-  
     fess it?  
 So glad, indeed, they *can’t express*  
     *it!*”

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## THE TWO WALLETS.

WHY humankind should ever be  
 So keen their neighbors’ faults to  
     see,  
 While (wonderful to tell!) their  
     own  
 Are to themselves almost un-  
     known,  
 This ancient fable clearly shows:  
 Once on a time, the story goes,  
 Great Jove, the wise Olympian  
     King,  
 Proclaimed to each created thing,  
 That he would hold a special court  
 Where all might come and make  
     report  
 Of aught that each might deem it  
     wise  
 To change in feature, form, or size.

He promised quickly to redress  
 All imperfections, large or less;  
 Whatever error or defect  
 Each in his person might detect.  
 First came the *Monkey*. Naught  
     had he  
 Of special fault — that *he* could  
     see!  
 A paragon of wit and grace,  
 Who had — almost — a human  
     face!  
 One seeks a finer form in vain,  
 Pray, why should such as *he* com-  
     plain?  
 “But look at *Bruin!*” cried the  
     ape;  
 “Was ever such a clumsy shape?  
 And then, for life, condemned to  
     wear  
 That ugly suit of shaggy hair!”  
 “Nay,” said the bear, “I find my  
     form  
 As I could wish. My fur is warm,  
 And looks, I think, extremely fine,  
 Good Master Ape, compared with  
     thine.  
 But see the *Elephant!* his size  
 Is much too huge; and I advise  
 (So ludicrous the beast appears)  
 To stretch his tail, and crop his  
     ears!”  
 “Nay,” quoth the Elephant, who  
     deems  
 His figure clear of all extremes,  
 “I can’t complain, — I’m quite  
     content!”  
 But then he marvelled what it  
     meant  
 The *Whale* should be so huge and  
     fat!  
 The *Ant* was sorry for the *Gnat!*  
 The *Gnat* reproached the tiny  
     *Flea!*  
 How could one live so small as she?  
 Thus all the animals, in turn,  
 The faults of others could discern;  
 But not a creature, large or small,  
 His own defects could see at all.

## MORAL.

So fares it with the human race,  
Who, thanks to Heaven's especial  
grace,

A double wallet always wear,  
All sorts of sins and crimes to bear.  
Within the pouch that hangs be-  
fore

The faults of other folks are  
thrown;

While, safely out of sight, we  
store

The hinder pocket with our own.

## THE GREAT CRAB.

## A GERMAN LEGEND.

## I.

NEAR Lake Mohrin, 't is said, by  
day and night,

The folks all tremble with unceas-  
ing fright

Lest the Great Crab, we all have  
heard about,

By some device should manage to  
get out!

He's fastened down below, you  
see,

And in the strongest way;

For, should he happen to get  
free,

The deuce would be to pay!

## II.

An ugly monster of prodigious  
strength,

A mile in breadth and twenty  
miles in length,

He keeps the water foaming in the  
lake,

And, once on land, what trouble  
he would make!

For with his backward motion  
(so

An ancient seer declares)

All other things would backward  
go,

Throughout the world's affairs.

## III.

The Burgomaster — mightiest of  
men —

Would turn, that day, a sucking  
child again;

The Judge and Parson, changed  
to little boys,

Would quit their learned books for  
tiny toys,

And so with matrons, maids,  
and men,

All things would be reversed;

And everything go back again

To what it was at first.

## IV.

Such mischief to the people!  
While they eat,

Back to the plate will go the smok-  
ing meat,

And thence to pot! The bread  
will turn again

To flour; the flour go back once  
more to grain.

Back to the flax (O sight of  
shame!)

Will go the linen shirt;

The flax return to whence it  
came,

A linseed in the dirt.

## V.

The timber in the house at once  
will move

As trees again back to the primal  
grove;

The hens will turn to chickens, in  
a crack,  
The chicks into the eggs again go  
back,  
And these the Great Crab with  
his tail,  
At one prodigious crash,  
Will knock, as with a thresh-  
ing-flail,  
To everlasting smash!

VI.

Now Heaven defend us from so  
dire a fate!  
The world, I think, is doing well  
of late;  
And for the Crab, let all good peo-  
ple pray  
That in his lake he evermore may  
stay!  
Else even this poor song (alack!  
How very sad to think!)  
With all the rest must needs go  
back,  
And be a drop of ink!

LOVE AND FOLLY.

AN ALLEGORY.

CUPID, we know, is painted blind;  
The reason it were hard to find,  
Unless, indeed, we may suppose  
The fable of Lafontaine shows,  
Beyond a reasonable doubt,  
How the misfortune came about.  
'T is said that on a certain day,  
As Love and Folly were at play,  
They fell into a warm debate  
Upon a point of little weight,  
Until, so high the quarrel rose,  
From angry words they came to  
blows.

Love, little used to warlike arts  
(Save with his famous bow and  
darts),  
Although he fought with all his  
might,  
Was quickly vanquished in the  
fight;  
Miss Folly dealt him such a slap  
Across the face, the little chap  
Fell in a swoon, and woke to find  
He could not see! — the boy was  
blind!

Now when his doting mother  
came  
To know the case, the angry dame  
Behaved as any mother might  
Whose only son had lost his sight.  
Whate'er had caused the dreadful  
deed,  
Malicious aim, or want of heed,  
Such wrath in Heaven was seldom  
seen  
As Venus showed in speech and  
mien.  
She stunned Olympus with her cries  
For vengeance. "What! put out  
his eyes!  
My precious Cupid! Let the jade  
Straight down to *Orcus* be con-  
veyed!

That justice may be duly done  
On her who maimed my darling  
son,  
And left the lad, bereaved of sight,  
To grope in everlasting night!"

While Venus thus for vengeance  
prayed  
On Folly, — thoughtless, hapless  
maid, —  
Great Jove convenes a special  
court

To hear the case and make report.  
In solemn council long they sit  
To judge what penalty is fit  
The crime to answer; and, beside  
Some restitution to provide  
(If aught, indeed, they can devise)  
For Master Cupid's ruined eyes.

And thus, at last, it was decreed,  
That Folly, for her wicked deed,  
In part the damage should restore  
By *leading* Cupid evermore!

## L'ENVOI.

And so it comes that still we see  
The maid where'er the boy may  
be;  
Love still is blind; and Folly still  
Directs the urchin where she will.

## LOVE OMNIPOTENT.

## A DIALOGUE OF THE GODS.

ACT I. SCENE: *Hades*.

## PLUTO, MERCURY.

PLUTO. My Furies all are getting old, and fill  
Their office, I protest, extremely ill;  
Go, Mercury, to Earth, and gather there  
A score or so; there's plenty and to spare,  
I warrant me, among the woman-kind,  
By use and disposition well designed  
For Fury-service of the active sort.  
Examine well, and bring me due report.

MERCURY. I'm off at once! I fancy I can find  
Fifty, at least, exactly to your mind;  
Sharp-tongued, sour-visaged, malice-loving ladies  
Whom others than yourself have wished in Hades!

[Exit MERCURY.]

ACT II. SCENE: *Olympus: JUNO's boudoir.*

## JUNO, IRIS.

JUNO. I'm much annoyed, good good Iris, with the airs  
Of vaunting Venus,—as if all affairs  
In Heaven and Earth were under her control!  
I hear she boasts that scarce a human soul  
Is free from her authority; that all  
The people in the world are fain to fall  
Upon their knees at her command, and own  
No equal goddess on the Olympian throne.

IRIS. Is't possible?

JUNO. Yes, Iris, worse than that,  
She and her boy, (a mischief-breeding brat!)  
Who aids his mother by his wicked art,  
Declare (O shame!) there's not a female heart  
In all the universe—below, above—  
Which has not felt the subtle force of love!  
An arrant falsehood, spoken just to vex  
The Queen of Heaven, and scandalize the sex.  
Among the earthly maidens, therefore, go,  
And bring me back some evidence to show  
That Cytherea says—what isn't so!

IRIS. I fly! and never for a moment doubt  
I'll bring you proofs to wipe the slander out.

[Exit IRIS.]

ACT III. SCENE: *same as before.*  
JUNO *reading.*

(*Enter IRIS.*)

IRIS. O gracious Queen, I've  
had a precious time!  
Well, I *must* say, if love is such a  
crime  
As well I know it is, (the more's  
the pity!)  
There's not a place on Earth —  
hamlet or city —  
That is n't full of it! In actual  
life  
'T is the chief topic; fiction, too, is  
rife  
With endless talk about it. On the  
stage,  
In poems, songs, 't is everywhere  
the rage.  
Love, love, was still the theme  
where'er I went,  
In court, cot, castle, and the war-  
rior's tent,  
Love-knots, love-plots, love-mur-  
ders! — such a rush  
For love-romances in the papers —  
JUNO. Hush!  
Do stop your prattle, Iris, and con-  
fess  
You found *some* souls as yet un-  
tainted —

IRIS. Yes!  
That is, I *heard* of three, — three  
virgin breasts  
That never once had throbbed at  
Love's behests.

JUNO. Of course you brought  
them with you. Three will  
prove

All are not vassals to the Queen of  
Love!

IRIS. Well — no — unluckily,  
the day before  
A royal messenger from Pluto's  
shore

Took them away to grace his grimy  
court,  
His stock of *Furies* being some-  
thing short.  
[JUNO *faints*, and curtain *falls*.]

## THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE RUSTIC.

### A MORAL HOMILY.

A GRAVE philosopher, whose name  
To Scythia gave resplendent fame,  
Intent his knowledge to increase,  
A journey took through classic  
Greece,  
Where, to his profit and delight,  
He saw full many a novel sight,  
Towers, temples, people, — and  
much more,  
As brave Ulysses did of yore;  
But chiefly he was struck to see  
A simple man, of low degree,  
Untaught in philosophic page,  
But in his life a very sage.  
His farm, a little patch of land,  
He tilled with such a clever hand,  
It yielded all he cared to spend,  
And something more to treat a  
friend.

Approaching where the rustic  
now  
Was clipping at an apple-bough,  
The Scythian gave a wondering  
look  
To see him wield his pruning-hook,  
Here lopping off a withered limb,  
There reaching high a branch to  
trim,  
Correcting nature everywhere,  
But always with judicious care.  
"Sir," said the Tourist, "tell me  
why  
This wanton waste that meets my  
eye?"

Your husbandry seems rather rough;  
Time's scythe will cut them soon enough."

"Nay," said the Sage, "I only dress

My apple-trees, and curb excess;  
Enhancing thus, as seems but wise,

My fruit in sweetness, tale, and size."

Returning home the Scythian took

Without delay his pruning-hook,  
On all his trees the knife he tried,  
And cut and carved on every side,  
Nor from his murderous work re-  
frained

Till naught but barren stumps remained.

#### MORAL.

This Scythian sage resembles those  
Who deem their *passions* are their  
foes;

And who, instead of pruning where  
Excess requires the owner's care,  
Cut down the tree that God has  
made

With fierce Repression's cruel  
blade;

And thus, for future life, destroy  
All precious fruit of human joy.

---

## THE GARDENER AND THE KING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ONCE on a time, at Erivan,  
There dwelt a poor but honest man  
Who kept a little garden, where  
There grew much fruit, so fine and  
fair,

So large and juicy, ripe and sound,  
'T was known for many leagues  
around.

One day, a neighbor, looking o'er  
The autumn's wealth, a goodly  
store,

Advised the owner thus: "Good  
man,

Take some of these to Ispahan;  
'T will please the King, who, I am  
told,

Cares more for luxury than gold;  
And so your fortune you'll in-  
crease

By many a shining golden piece."  
"Faith! so I will!" the man re-  
plies.

Then to the market-place he hies;  
The finest basket he can find  
He buys, then stores it to his mind  
With choicest fruit of every sort,  
And off he starts for king and  
court.

Arrived, the Marshal asks his  
name,

And, learning whence and why he  
came,

He bade him enter. That's the  
way

It was in Persia, — and to-day  
In every land, except our own,  
The same partiality is shown;  
The giver finds an open gate,  
While he who seeks may stand  
and wait!

The King, delighted with the  
fruit,

Returned his thanks, — and would  
it suit

The worthy man to bring some  
more?

Ah, that it would! Was e'er be-  
fore

A man so lucky? Now, the while  
He waits to catch the royal smile,  
And get his pay, he stares at all  
So new and strange — the lofty  
hall,

And people there; among the rest,  
To put his manners to the test,  
An ugly little dwarf he spies,  
A hunchback of such paltry size  
The gardener laughed aloud.  
Alack!

"The fellow with the crooked  
back  
And bandy legs! — who could  
have known

That *he* in rank was next the  
throne?

Though small in size, in honor  
great,

In fact, Prime Minister of State!"  
His Honor scowled and looked  
around,

And on the stranger grimly  
frowned.

Enough! the guard, who under-  
stand

The hint, now take the chap in  
hand,

And, quicker than you read the  
tale,

The gardener finds himself in jail!  
Here, quite forgotten, he re-  
mained,

Of light and liberty restrained,  
For twelve long months; and  
might, no doubt,

Have been still longer getting out,  
Had not the King, grown hard to  
suit,

Made mention of the finer fruit  
The stranger brought a year ago,  
And thus his Majesty would know  
What it might mean, and why the  
man

Had come no more to Ispahan?  
Now, when the truth was brought  
to light,

The King — who laughed with all  
his might

To hear about the strange mis-  
hap —

Said, "Go, my men! and bring  
the chap;

'T is fit. I make him some  
amends."

Forth comes the gardener, and at-  
tends

Upon the King, who says, "I've  
heard

The story, fellow, every word,  
And fain some recompense would  
make;

Indeed, it was a grave mistake,  
Although it makes me laugh to  
split

My sides — ha! ha! — to think of  
it!

Now, name your wish, — an easy  
task, —

And I will grant whate'er you  
ask."

"Then grant me this," replied  
the man,

"An axe, some salt, an Alkoran.

Well, that will do; of all your store  
Those will suffice, — I ask no  
more."

"Strange things to ask!" ex-  
claimed the King,

"Now tell the meaning of this  
thing."

"The axe I want to fell the tree  
That bore the fruit I gave to thee;  
The salt, upon the earth to sow,  
That none thereon again may  
grow;

The Alkoran, that I may swear,  
While I enjoy God's blessed air,  
That I will never darken more  
(With my consent) a palace  
door!"

---

## THE VISION OF THE FAITH- FUL.

UPON the faithful in the common  
things

Enjoined of Duty, rarest bless-  
ings wait.

A pious Nun (an ancient volume  
brings  
The legend and the lesson),  
while she sate  
Reading some scriptures of the  
Sacred Word,  
And marvelling much at  
Christ's exceeding grace,  
Saw in her room a Vision of the  
Lord,  
With sudden splendor filling all  
the place!  
Whereat she knelt, enraptured;  
when a bell  
Signalled her hour to feed the  
convent's poor;  
Which humble duty done, she  
sought her cell,  
And lo! the Vision, brighter  
than before,  
Who, smiling, spake: "Even so is  
Heaven obtained;  
I—hadst thou lingered here—  
had not remained!"

---

### THE FAIRIES' GIFTS.

In a far-away country, some cen-  
turies since,  
(If the story is false, it is cer-  
tainly pleasant,)  
Two fairies attended the birth of a  
Prince,  
And, after their custom, each  
brought him a present.

"I bring him," one whispered,  
"the eagle's bright vision,  
So keen and wide-reaching that  
even a fly  
The monarch may mark with the  
sharpest precision,  
However remote, at a glance of  
his eye."

"An excellent gift for a sovereign,  
no doubt,"  
The other responds, "is a good  
pair of eyes;  
But an eagle would scorn to be  
peering about,  
With intent to remark the be-  
havior of flies!"

"And so to your present I beg to  
unite  
A gift of my choosing,—well  
suited to kings,  
And others no less; to the eagle's  
keen sight  
I add his contempt for all trivial  
things!"

"In sooth," said the first, "I con-  
fess that I think  
Your cautious restriction ex-  
ceedingly wise;  
How often it happens that merely  
to wink  
Is the properest use we can  
make of our eyes!"

---

### THE OLD GENERAL AND HIS KING.

"ALL men think all men mortal  
but  
Themselves!" says Young. The  
case is put  
Extremely strong, and yet, in sooth,  
The statement scarce exceeds the  
truth.  
That is to say, excepting those  
So very ill they can't suppose  
They've long to live, there's  
scarcely one  
But deems *his* earthly course will  
run

(Despite some transient doubts and fears)

Beyond his friend's of equal years.  
In proof how far such dreams prevail,

Pray mark this old historic tale.  
A General whose lengthened term  
Of life had found him quite infirm,  
Was questioned by his Majesty  
(Older, by several years, than he)  
About his place of burial.  
"Where,"

The King inquired with friendly care,

"Pray tell me, would it please you best

Your brave old honored bones  
should rest?"

"Ah!" said the Soldier," seldom I  
Have thought of death; but when I die,

I'd have my grave not quite alone,  
But *near* to where they've placed  
your own!"

## SAINT VERENA AND SATAN.

### A LEGEND OF THE ALPS.

BELOW Mount Jura lies a vale

Extremely dark and deep and wide,  
Where once, if we may trust the tale,  
Good Saint Verena lived and died.

A pious damsel, sooth, was she,  
Who made her lowly life sublime  
With works of grace and charity;  
The marvel of her age and clime.

To heal the sick, and teach the young,

And lead the weak in Virtue's ways,

Her daily life, — and every tongue  
In all the valley sang her praise,

Save one, — of course the "Evil One," —

Who, being evermore at strife  
With pious folks, left naught undone

To end good Saint Verena's life.

Sometimes he turned, the legends say,

A mountain torrent in her path;  
In vain! dry-shod she held her way,  
Unhurt, despite the Devil's wrath!

And once a murderer, in the night,  
The fiend employed to take her life;

In vain! for when his lantern light  
Revealed her face, he dropped  
his knife.

And so it fell the Devil's skill

No harm to Saint Verena brought;

He failed to work his wicked will,  
And all his malice came to naught.

Enraged, at last he seized a stone,  
Intent at once to crush her dead,  
(A rock that weighed at least a ton!)

And held it poised above her head.

Whereat she turned, and at the sight

(Such angel-beauty filled her face)

Poor Satan shuddered with af-  
fright,  
And fain had fled the holy place!

And in his fear he trembled so  
He dropped the stone, — down —  
down it goes!  
To fall on Saint Verena? — No!  
It falls instead on Satan's toes!

And since that day he limps about,  
Unable more to leap or run;  
And, that the story none may  
doubt,  
You still may see the very stone;

With five deep marks on either  
side,  
Which — so the pious peasant  
hints,  
Though wicked sceptics may de-  
ride —  
Are clearly Satan's finger-  
prints.

---

## THE SPELL OF CIRCE.

### A CLASSIC FABLE.

WHEN all his comrades drank the  
magic bowl  
Of crafty Circe, changing form and  
soul  
Of men to brutes, — wolves, lions,  
bears, and swine,  
Ulysses only, full of strength divine,  
And matchless wisdom, 'scaped  
the siren's snare;  
Refused the tempting cup, and  
(triumph rare!)

Returned another mixed with so  
much skill  
It charmed the charmer to the  
hero's will,  
Till now she promised to restore  
his men  
From beastly shapes to human  
forms again,  
If so they willed — "Pray, let  
them freely choose,"  
The siren said; "but what if they  
refuse?"  
Straight to the brutes their ancient  
leader ran,  
And thus, with joy, his eager  
tongue began:  
"My presence here your quick re-  
lease secures;  
Speak but the word, — for speech  
again is yours."  
The lion answered first: "What,  
I? a king!  
To change my state for such a  
paltry thing  
As a mere cit or sailor? Let me  
be!  
I'm always armed, for I have  
*claws*, you see!  
As monarch of the forest now I  
range;  
Thanks for your kindness, — but  
I would not change."  
Ulysses next approached the  
shaggy bear:  
"Alas! how ill your form and face  
compare  
With those, my friend, that you  
were wont to show  
To courtly dames a little while  
ago!"  
"Indeed," the bear replied, "my  
present form  
Is one I find extremely nice and  
warm;  
And as to features, sir, the ursine  
race  
Have their own notions of a pretty  
face.

I well remember what I used to  
 be, —  
 A shivering sailor on the stormy  
 sea;  
 And, faith! old man, I tell you  
 plump and square,  
 Compared with such, I'd rather  
 be a bear!"

Next to the wolf the anxious hero  
 came,  
 And begged the brute to change  
 his ugly name  
 And office, — "What! destroy the  
 shepherd's flocks?  
 Sure, such a life a noble nature  
 shocks;  
 Quit now, my old companion,  
 while you can,  
 Your thieving trade, and be an  
 honest man!"

"An honest man?" he howled,  
 "nay, who d' ye mean?"

Faith! that's a man that I have  
 never seen!

And as to eating sheep, — pray  
 tell me when  
 They ceased to be the prey and  
 food of men?  
 Savage? you say; why, men slay  
 men, we find;  
 Wolves, at the worst, are wont to  
 spare their kind!"

The hog came next. Change  
 back? Not he! to tell  
 The honest truth, he liked his ease  
 too well;  
 "Where will you find," grunts out  
 the filthy swine,  
 "A life so blest with luxury as  
 mine?  
 To eat and drink and sleep, — grow  
 plump and fat, —  
 What more, I ask, can mortal wish  
 than that?"

So answered all the rest, the small  
 and great,  
 Each quite contented with his  
 beastly state;

Each spurning manhood and its  
 joys, to boot,  
 To be a lawless, lazy, sensual —  
 brute.

---

## THE TWO GRAVES.

### A GERMAN LEGEND.

A MAN who long had tried in vain  
 The doctor's skill to ease the pain  
 That racked his limbs, until his  
 gout  
 Scarce suffered him to crawl about,  
 Though much inclining to despair,  
 Gave ear to all who spoke him fair,  
 And told of means that might in-  
 sure  
 The end he sought, — relief or  
 cure.

Among a crowd of such, there  
 came,  
 To proffer help, an ancient dame,  
 Who, having heard with solemn  
 face  
 The nature of the patient's case,  
 Advised him thus: "At early  
 light,  
 While yet the grass is damp with  
 night,  
 Go sit upon a good man's grave,  
 And in the dews upon it lave  
 Your aching limbs; repeat it  
 thrice;  
 My word, 'twill cure you in a  
 trice.

Next morning at the dawn of  
 day  
 The cripple takes his weary way  
 Unto the churchyard; where, upon  
 A monument of polished stone,  
 He read with joy: "Here lies a  
 man  
 Whose living virtues far outran

All words of praise, — a model he  
Of Justice, Goodness, Charity."

Enough! the patient takes his  
seat

And in the moisture bathes his feet  
And aching joints; but, sooth to  
say,

It did not drive his gout away,  
Though thrice repeated; nay, he  
swore

The pain was greater than before.

What next? Near by, a hillock  
lies

Of grass-grown earth; and so he  
tries

The dame's prescription once  
again;

And lo! swift flies the patient's  
pain;

He drops his staff, and, strange  
to tell,

His gout is gone, — the man is  
well!

With grateful heart and beaming  
face

He turns the sleeper's name to  
trace;

But no; a slab is there alone,  
With not a word upon the stone.

---

## KING PYRRHUS AND HIS COUNSELLOR.

AN APOLOGUE FROM BOILEAU.

QUOTH Cyneas, counsellor and  
friend

To royal Pyrrhus, — "To what  
end,

Tell me, O mightiest of kings,  
Are all these ships and warlike  
things?"

"To conquer Rome! — a pretty  
prize,

And worth the cost," the King re-  
plies;

"She'll prove, I think, a valiant  
foe;

So, if you please, to Rome we go."

"Well, — Rome reduced, my royal  
friend,

What conquest next do you in-  
tend?"

"The rest of Italy will do  
To keep our arms from rusting."

"True.

And then, of course there's some-  
thing more —"

"Well, — Sicily, a neighboring  
shore,

Is worth the having." "Very  
well, —

What next?" "That is n't hard  
to tell;

Of such a navy what's the use  
Unless we sail to Syracuse?"

"'T is well, — and, having at com-  
mand

All these, why, then you'll stay  
your hand?"

"No. Syracuse obtained, we'll  
make

A trip to Carthage; then we'll  
take —"

"Your scheme is vast, I must con-  
fess.

Thus you advance till you possess  
Arabia, Africa, and what

May lie beyond, — till you have  
got

The Indian realm; nor resting  
there,

Extend your broad dominion  
where

The hardy Scythian dwells. And  
then?"

"Why, then we'll hasten back  
again,

And take our ease, and sweetly  
spend

Our lives in pleasure to the end."  
So quoth the King. "Ah!" Cy-  
neas said,  
And gravely shook his reverend  
head,  
"Why go so far and pay so dear  
For pleasures, Sire, that now and  
here  
We may possess? How much  
more wise  
To take the good that near us lies,  
To seize the passing joy, unvest  
With anxious care about the  
next!"

---

### THE FARMER WHO MADE HIS OWN WEATHER.

ONCE on a time, Lafontaine  
writes,  
Jove, sitting on th' Olympian  
heights,  
Called nimble Mercury to his side,  
And bade him publish, far and  
wide,  
"A farm to let!" Whereat he  
flies  
Through all the world to advertise  
"The finest farm that can be found  
For fifty thousand miles around;  
To let—on terms quite sure to  
please  
Whoe'er may wish to take the  
lease!"  
Then came the farmers thick  
and fast  
To see the land, — which far sur-  
passed  
Their brightest hopes; but in a  
trice  
All fell to higgling at the price.  
One said the soil was thin and  
poor;  
Another, that it lacked manure;

And still another man made bold  
To say the land was sour and cold;  
Each finding fault, with shrewd  
intent  
To cheapen what he wished to rent.  
At length, when all had said  
their say,  
And some began to go away,  
One, who as yet had held his  
peace,  
Proposed at once to take the lease,  
*Provided* Jove would give him  
power  
O'er cold and heat, o'er sun and  
shower;  
In brief—to sum it all together—  
The power to regulate the weather!  
'T is granted! So, by Jove's com-  
mand,  
The joyful tenant takes the land.  
He rains or shines, makes cold or  
warm,  
Brings down the dew, averts the  
storm;  
Rules, at his will, the wind that  
blows,  
And regulates the winter's snows.  
In short, within the narrow range  
Of his own acres, makes the  
change  
Of seasons through the varied year.  
Alas! the gift proves all too dear!  
For, while the farmer sees with  
pain  
His neighbors' lands are rich in  
grain,  
And all that genial Nature yields  
In thrifty herds and fruitful fields,  
His own, despite his anxious toil,  
Proves, at the best, ungrateful soil,  
That brings him naught but dis-  
content,  
Without a sou to pay the rent.  
What could he do? — he cannot  
pay;  
And so the man was fain to pray  
To be forgiven; with shame con-  
fessed

His folly, — who essayed to test  
The Power divine that rules above,  
And deemed himself more wise  
than Jove.

---

### THE PROXY SAINT.

EACH for himself must do his  
Master's work,  
Or at his peril leave it all un-  
done;  
Witness the fate of one who sought  
to shirk  
The sanctuary's service, yet  
would shun  
The penalty. A man of earthly  
aims  
(So runs the apologue), whose  
pious spouse  
Would oft remind him of the  
Church's claims,  
Still answered thus, "Go thou  
and pay our vows  
For thee and me" Now, when  
at Peter's gate  
The twain together had arrived  
at last,  
He let the woman in; then to her  
mate,  
Shutting the door, "Thou hast  
already passed  
By proxy," said the Saint, — "just  
in the way  
That thou on earth wast wont to  
fast and pray."

---

### THE TWO WISHES.

#### AN EGYPTIAN TALE.

IN Babylon, some ages since,  
Death took, one day, the reigning  
Prince;

And so — 't is needless to be said —  
The heir-apparent reigned instead.  
(For then as now it was the law  
"*Le roi est mort!*" — so "*Vive le  
roi!*"")

In the same breath the courtiers  
sing,

"The King is dead!" — "Long  
live the King!")

The son, on looking round to  
find

What wealth the sire had left be-  
hind,

With other riches — more indeed  
Than e'en a king could fairly  
need —

A secret chest discovered, where  
His sordid sire, with anxious care,  
His golden gains had safely stored,  
Till now it reached a mighty hoard.  
"Great God!" he cried, "O, may  
I spend

This ample treasure thou dost lend  
In charity, and may I live  
Till not a coin remains to give!"

The Vizier, smiling, said, "Good  
Sire,

Your noble aim I much admire;  
But list, your Majesty, I pray,  
To what I heard your father say,  
While gazing on this very chest,  
Then scarce a quarter full, at  
best :

'O gracious God! be it thy will,'  
He cried, 'that I may live to fill  
This coffer full! Grant, I implore,  
This one request, — I ask no  
more!'"

---

### THE TRAVELLER AND THE TEMPEST.

#### AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A MERCHANT, — so the tale is told  
In Eastern fable, quaint and old, —

Whom urgent business called to  
ream

On foot in parts remote from  
home,

Was caught, one morning, in a  
shower

Of such extremely pelting power,  
The man was fairly drenched with  
rain;

And, though no saint, for once was  
fain

To call on Jove in earnest prayer  
That he, the pluvius god! would  
spare

A suffering wretch whose shiver-  
ing form

Was like to perish in the storm.

But still, though loud his prayers  
arise,

They fail to pierce the murky  
skies;

And added vows prove all in vain  
To stay the fury of the rain.

And now, since Jove no succor  
lent,

The traveller growls his discontent  
In impious scoffs at Heaven's de-  
crees.

"The gods," he muttered, "sit at  
ease,

And laugh at us who strive to  
please

Their vanity with praise and  
prayer,

And gifts that we can poorly spare;  
Meanwhile the very ills they send

They lack the power — or will — to  
mend!"

With this, he sought a neighboring  
wood,

To shun the storm as best he could;  
When lo! a robber issuing thence,

The man, unarmed for self-defence,  
With flying footsteps sought again

The fury of the open rain, —  
A friendly barrier now, perchance,

Against the robber's dread ad-  
vance.

And so it proved, yet, as he fled,  
The other, pointing at his head  
A well-aimed arrow, would have  
slain

The fugitive, had not the rain  
The moistened bowstring so un-  
nerved,

The dart fell short, and only served  
The more to speed the traveller's  
flight,

Till he was safely out of sight.

Now, when the storm was spent  
at last,

And all the pain and peril past,  
The traveller, resting for a space  
Where sunshine made a pleasant  
place

His limbs to warm, his cloak to  
dry,

Heard, thundering from the azure  
sky,

A solemn voice, whose words pro-  
claim

The source celestial whence they  
came:

"Consider well, O mortal man!  
How wise is Heaven's benignant  
plan;

When skies are black and tempests  
lower,

Mark not alone the Thunderer's  
power,

But in his ways, at every turn,  
His kindly *providence* discern!"

## PAST, FUTURE, AND PRESENT.

### AN ALLEGORY.

ONCE on a time — we need not care  
Too nicely for the *when* and *where* —  
Three princes, who, since Time  
had birth,

Have ruled three provinces on  
 earth,  
 Whate'er the scope of human aims,  
 (*Past, Future, Present*, were their  
 names,)

Met on a pleasant summer's day,  
 And talking in a friendly way  
 Of topics such as neighbors use  
 For mere companionship, — the  
 news,

The weather, or mayhap the price  
 Of bullion since the last advice  
 Touching the royal health, — began  
 At length to speculate on Man  
 And his affairs; in brief, on all  
 Such subtle themes as, since the  
 Fall,

Have puzzled moralists; and then  
 From such deep talk concerning  
 men

As ranged from Providence to Fate,  
 They fell at last to sharp debate  
 About themselves, as, who might be  
 In power the greatest of the three?

"I," said the *Past*, "must be the  
 one,

Since all things great were surely  
 done

By me, — there 's naught in all the  
 land

But bears the impress of my hand!"

"True," said the *Future*; "yet  
 reflect,

Your doings claim but small respect  
 Compared with mine, — since all  
 to be

Henceforward will be ruled by  
 me!"

"Nay," said the *Present*, "cease  
 your claims;

What are ye both but sounding  
 names?

All things achieved beneath the  
 sun,

And all on earth that shall be done,  
 Are mine alone! O'er great and  
 small

The *Present* still is king of all!"

SATIRES.



# SATIRES.

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## PROGRESS.

### A SATIRE.

IN this, our happy and "progressive" age,  
When all alike ambitious cares engage;  
When beardless boys to sudden sages grow,  
And "Miss" her nurse abandons for a bean;  
When for their dogmas Non-Resistants fight,  
When dunces lecture, and when dandies write;  
When matrons, seized with oratoric pangs,  
Give happy birth to masculine harangues,  
And spinsters, trembling for the nation's fate,  
Neglect their stockings to preserve the state;  
When critic-wits their brazen lustre shed  
On golden authors whom they never read,  
With parrot praise of "Roman grandeur" speak,  
And in bad English eulogize the Greek; —  
When facts like these no reprehension bring,

May not, uncensured, an Attorney sing?  
In sooth he may; and though "unborn" to climb  
Parnassus' heights, and "build the lofty rhyme,"  
Though Flaccus fret, and warningly advise  
That "middling verses gods and men despise,"  
Yet will he sing, to Yankee license true,  
In spite of Horace and "Minerva" too!

My theme is Progress, — never-tiring theme  
Of prosing dulness, and poetic dream;  
Beloved of Optimists, who still protest  
Whatever happens, happens for the best;  
Who prate of "evil" as a thing unknown,  
A fancied color, or a seeming tone,  
A vague chimera cherished by the dull,  
The empty product of an emptier skull.  
Expert logicians they! — to show at will,  
By ill philosophy, that naught is ill!

Should some sly rogue, the city's  
 constant curse,  
 Deplete your pocket and relieve  
 your purse,  
 Or if, approaching with ill-omened  
 tread,  
 Some bolder burglar break your  
 house and head,  
 Hold, friend, thy rage! nay, let  
 the rascal flee;  
 No evil has been done the world,  
 or thee:  
 Here comes Philosophy will make  
 it plain  
 Thy seeming loss is universal gain!  
 "Thy heap of gold was clearly  
 grown too great, —  
 'T were best the poor should share  
 thy large estate;  
 While misers gather, that the  
 knaves should steal,  
 Is most conducive to the general  
 weal;  
 Thus thieves the wrongs of avarice  
 efface,  
 And stand the friends and stewards  
 of the race;  
 Thus every moral ill but serves, in  
 fact,  
 Some other equal ill to counteract."  
 Sublime Philosophy! — benignant  
 light!  
 Which sees in every pair of wrongs,  
 a right;  
 Which finds no evil or in sin or pain,  
 And proves that decalogues are  
 writ in vain!

Hail, mighty Progress! loftiest  
 we find  
 Thy stalking strides in science of  
 the mind.  
 What boots it now that Locke was  
 learned and wise?  
 What boots it now that men have  
 ears and eyes?  
 "Pure Reason" in their stead now  
 hears and sees,

And walks apart in stately scorn  
 of these;  
 Laughs at "experience," spurns  
 "induction" hence,  
 Scouting "the senses," and trans-  
 cending sense.  
 No more shall flippant ignorance  
 inquire,  
 "If German breasts may feel  
 poetic fire,"  
 Nor German dulness write ten  
 folios full,  
 To show, for once, that Dutchmen  
 are not dull.<sup>9</sup>  
 For here Philosophy, acute, re-  
 fined,  
 Sings all the marvels of the human  
 mind  
 In strains so passing "dainty  
 sweet" to hear,  
 That e'en the nursery turns a  
 ravished ear!  
 Here Wit and Fancy in scholastic  
 bowers  
 Twine beauteous wreaths of meta-  
 physic flowers;  
 Here Speculation pours her daz-  
 zling light,  
 Here grand Invention wings a dar-  
 ing flight,  
 And soars ambitious to the lofty  
 moon,  
 Whence, haply, freighted with  
 some precious boon,  
 Some old "Philosophy" in fog in-  
 cased,  
 Or new "Religion" for the chang-  
 ing taste,  
 She straight descends to Learning's  
 blest abodes,  
 Just simultaneous with the Paris  
 modes!  
 Here Plato's dogmas eloquently  
 speak,  
 Not as of yore, in grand and grace-  
 ful Greek,  
 But (quite beyond the dreaming  
 sage's hope

Of future glory in his fancy's  
 scope),  
 Translated *down*, as by some wiz-  
 ard touch,  
 Find "immortality" in good high  
 Dutch!

Happy the youth, in this our  
 golden age,  
 Condemned no more to con the  
 prosy page  
 Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated  
 fools,  
 Now justly banished from our  
 moral schools.  
 By easier modes philosophy is  
 taught,  
 Than through the medium of labo-  
 rious thought.  
 Imagination kindly serves instead,  
 And saves the pupil many an achi-  
 ing head.  
 Room for the sages! — hither  
 comes a throng  
 Of blooming Plato strippingly along.  
 In dress how fitted to beguile the  
 fair!  
 What intellectual, stately heads —  
 of hair!  
 Hark to the Oracle! — to Wisdom's  
 tone  
 Breathed in a fragrant zephyr of  
 Cologne.  
 That boy in gloves, the leader of  
 the van,  
 Talks of the "outer" and the  
 "inner man,"  
 And knits his girlish brow in stout  
 resolve  
 Some mountain-sized "idea" to  
 "evolve."  
 Delusive toil! — thus in their in-  
 fant days,  
 When children mimic manly deeds  
 in plays,  
 Long will they sit, and eager "bob  
 for whale"  
 Within the ocean of a water-pail!

The next, whose looks unluckily  
 reveal  
 The ears portentous that his locks  
 conceal,  
 Prates of the "orbs" with such a  
 knowing frown,  
 You deem he puffs some litho-  
 graphic town  
 In Western wilds, where yet un-  
 broken ranks  
 Of thrifty beavers build unchar-  
 tered "banks,"  
 And prowling panthers occupy the  
 lots  
 Adorned with churches on the  
 paper plots!

But ah! what suffering harp is  
 this we hear?  
 What jarring sounds invade the  
 wounded ear?  
 Who o'er the lyre a hand spasmodic  
 flings,  
 And grinds harsh discord from the  
 tortured strings?  
 The Sacred Muses, at the sound  
 dismayed,  
 Retreat disordered to their native  
 shade,  
 And Phœbus hastens to his high  
 abode,  
 And Orpheus frowns to hear an  
 "Orphic ode"!

"Talk not, ye jockeys, of the  
 wondrous speed  
 That marks your Northern or your  
 Southern steed;  
 See Progress fly o'er Education's  
 course!  
 Not far-famed Derby owns a fleet-  
 er horse!  
 On rare Improvement's "short  
 and easy" road,  
 How swift her flight to Learning's  
 blest abode!  
 In other times — 't was many years  
 ago —

The scholar's course was toilsome,  
 rough, and slow,  
 The fair Humanities were sought  
 in tears,  
 And came, the trophy of laborious  
 years.  
*Now* Learning's shrine each idle  
 youth may seek,  
 And, spending there a shilling and  
 a week,  
 (At lightest cost of study, cash, and  
 lungs,)  
 Come back, like *Rumor*, with a  
 hundred tongues!

What boots such progress, when  
 the golden load  
 From heedless haste is lost upon  
 the road?  
 When each great science, to the  
 student's pace,  
 Stands like the wicket in a hurdle  
 race,  
 Which to o'erleap is all the courser's  
 mind,  
 And all his glory that 't is left be-  
 hind!

Nor less, O Progress, are thy new-  
 est rules  
 Enforced and honored in the  
 "Ladies' School";  
 Where Education, in its nobler  
 sense,  
 Gives place to Learning's shallow-  
 est pretence;  
 Where hapless maids, in spite of  
 wish or taste,  
 On vain "accomplishments" their  
 moments waste;  
 By cruel parents here condemned  
 to wrench  
 Their tender throats in mispro-  
 nouncing French;  
 Here doomed to force, by unrelent-  
 ing knocks,  
 Reluctant music from a tortured  
 box;

Here taught, in inky shades and  
 rigid lines,  
 To perpetrate equivocal "de-  
 signs";  
 "Drawings" that prove their title  
 plainly true,  
 By showing nature "drawn," and  
 "quartered" too!  
 In ancient times, I've heard my  
 grandam tell,  
 Young maids were taught to read,  
 and write, and spell;  
 (Neglected arts! once learned by  
 rigid rules,  
 As prime essentials in the "com-  
 mon schools";)  
 Well taught beside in many a use-  
 ful art  
 To mend the manners and improve  
 the heart;  
 Nor yet unskilled to turn the busy  
 wheel,  
 To ply the shuttle, and to twirl the  
 reel,  
 Could thrifty tasks with cheerful  
 grace pursue,  
 Themselves "accomplished," and  
 their duties too.  
 Of tongues, each maiden had but  
 one, 't is said,  
 (Enough, 't was thought, to serve  
 a lady's head,)  
 But that was English, — great and  
 glorious tongue  
 That Chatham spoke, and Milton,  
 Shakespeare, sung!  
 Let thoughts too idle to be fitly  
 dressed  
 In sturdy Saxon be in French ex-  
 pressed;  
 Let lovers breathe Italian, — like,  
 in sooth,  
 Its singers, soft, emasculate, and  
 smooth;  
 But for a tongue whose ample  
 powers embrace  
 Beauty and force, sublimity and  
 grace,

Ornate or plain, harmonious, yet strong,  
 And formed alike for eloquence and song,  
 Give me the English, — aptest tongue to paint  
 A sage or dunce, a villain or a saint,  
 To spur the slothful, counsel the distressed,  
 To lash the oppressor, and to soothe the oppressed,  
 To lend fantastic Humor freest scope  
 To marshal all his laughter-moving troop,  
 Give Pathos power, and Fancy lightest wings,  
 And Wit his merriest whims and keenest stings!

The march of Progress let the Muse explore  
 In pseudo-science and empiric lore.  
 O sacred Science! how art thou profaned,  
 When shallow quacks and vagrants, unrestrained,  
 Flaunt in thy robes, and vagabonds are known  
 To brawl thy name, who never wrote their own;  
 When crazy theorists their addled schemes  
 (Unseemly product of dyspeptic dreams)  
 Impute to thee! — as courtesans of yore  
 Their spurious bantlings left at Mars's door;  
 When each projector of a patent pill,  
 Or happy founder of a coffee-mill,  
 Invokes thine aid to celebrate his wares,  
 And crown with gold his philanthropic cares;  
 Thus Islam's hawkers piously proclaim  
 Their figs and pippins in the Prophet's name!

Some sage Physician, studious to advance  
 The art of healing, and its praise enhance,  
 By observation "scientific" finds  
 (What else were hidden from inferior minds)  
 That Water's useful in a thousand ways,  
 To cherish health, and lengthen out our days;  
 A mighty solvent in its simple scope,  
 And quite "specific" with Castilian soap!  
 The doctor's labors let the thoughtless scorn,  
 See! a new "science" to the world is born;  
 "Disease is dirt! all pain the patient feels  
 Is but the soiling of the vital wheels;  
 To wash away all particles impure,  
 And cleanse the system, plainly is to cure!"  
 Thus shouts the doctor, eloquent, and proud  
 To teach his "science" to the gaping crowd;  
 Like "Father Mathew," eager to allure  
 Afflicted mortals to his "water-cure"!

'Tis thus that modern "sciences" are made,  
 By bold assumption, puffing, and parade.  
 Take three stale "truths"; a dozen "facts," assumed;  
 Two known "effects," and fifty more presumed;  
 "Affinities" a score, to sense unknown,  
 And, just as "*lucus, non lucendo*" shown,

Add but a name of pompous Anglo-Greek,  
 And only not impossible to speak,  
 The work is done; a "science" stands confest,  
 And countless welcomes greet the queenly guest.

In closest girdle, O reluctant Muse,  
 In scantiest skirts, and lightest-stepping shoes,<sup>10</sup>  
 Prepare to follow Fashion's gay advance,  
 And thread the mazes of her motley dance:  
 And, marking well each momentary hue,  
 And transient form, that meets the wondering view,  
 In kindred colors, gentle Muse, essay  
 Her Protean phases fitly to portray.  
 To-day, she slowly drags a cumbersome trail,  
 And "Ton" rejoices in its length of tail;  
 To-morrow, changing her capricious sport,  
 She trims her flounces just as much too short;  
 To-day, right jauntily, a hat she wears  
 That scarce affords a shelter to her ears;  
 To-morrow, haply, searching long in vain,  
 You spy her features down a Leghorn lane;  
 To-day, she glides along with queenly grace,  
 To-morrow, ambles in a mincing pace.  
 To-day, erect, she loves a martial air,  
 And envious train-bands emulate the fair;  
 To-morrow, changing as her whim may serve,

"She stoops to conquer" in a "Grecian curve."<sup>11</sup>  
 To day, with careful negligence arrayed  
 In scanty folds, of woven zephyrs made,  
 She moves like Dian in her woody bowers,  
 Or Flora floating o'er a bed of flowers;  
 To-morrow, laden with a motley freight,  
 Of startling bulk and formidable weight,  
 She waddles forth, ambitious to amaze  
 The vulgar crowd, who giggle as they gaze.

Despotic Fashion! potent is her sway,  
 Whom half the world full loyally obey;  
 Kings bow submissive to her stern decrees,  
 And proud Republics bend their necks and knees;  
 Where'er we turn the attentive eye, is seen  
 The worshipped presence of the modish queen;  
 In Dress, Philosophy, Religion, Art,  
 Whate'er employs the head, or hand, or heart.

Is some fine lady quite o'ercome with woes,  
 From an unyielding pimple on her nose,  
 Some unaccustomed "buzzing in her ears,"  
 Or other marvel to alarm her fears?  
 Fashion, with skill and judgment ever nice,  
 At once advises "medical advice"!

Then names her doctor, who, arrived in haste,  
 Proceeds accordant with the laws of taste.  
 If real ills afflict the modish dame,  
 Her blind idolatry is still the same;  
 Less grievous far, she deems it, to endure  
 Genteel malpractice, than a vulgar cure.  
 If, spite of gilded pills and golden fees,  
 Her dear dyspepsia grows a dire disease,  
 And Doctor Dapper proves a shallow rogue,  
 The world must own that both were much in vogue.

What impious mockery, when, with soulless art,  
 Fashion, intrusive, seeks to rule the heart!  
 Directs how grief may tastefully be borne;  
 Instructs Bereavement just how long to mourn;  
 Shows Sorrow how by nice degrees to fade,  
 And marks its measure in a ribbon's shade!  
 More impious still, when, through her wanton laws,  
 She desecrates Religion's sacred cause;  
 Shows how "the narrow road" is easiest trod,  
 And how, genteelest, worms may worship God;  
 How sacred rites may bear a worldly grace,  
 And self-abasement wear a haughty face;  
 How sinners, long in Folly's mazes whirled,  
 With pomp and splendor may "renounce the world";

How, "with all saints hereafter to appear,"  
 Yet quite escape the vulgar portion here!

Imperial Fashion! her impartial care  
 Things most momentous, and most trivial, share.  
 Now crushing conscience (her inveterate foe),  
 And now a waist, and now, perchance, a toe.  
 At once for pistols and "the Polka" votes,  
 And shapes alike our characters and coats.  
 The gravest question which the world divides,  
 And lightest riddle, in a breath decides:  
 "If wrong may not, by circumstance, be right,"—  
 "If black cravats be more genteel than white,"—  
 "If by her 'bishop,' or her 'grace,' alone,  
 A genuine lady, or a church, is known";—  
 Problems like these she solves with graceful air,  
 At once a casuist and a connoisseur.

Does some sleek knave, whom magic money-bags  
 Have raised above his fellow-knaves in rags,  
 Some willing minion of unblushing Vice,  
 Who boasts that "Virtue ever has her price,"—  
 Does he, unpitying, blast thy sister's fame,  
 Or doom thy daughter to undying shame,

To bow her head beneath the eye  
 of scorn,  
 And droop and wither in her maid-  
 en morn?  
 Fashion "regrets," declares "'t  
 was very wrong,"  
 And, quite dejected, hums an  
 opera song.  
 Impartial friend, your cause to her  
 appealed,  
 Yourself and foe she summons to  
 the field,  
 Where Honor carefully the case  
 observes,  
 And nicely weighs it in a scale of  
 nerves.  
 Despotic rite! whose fierce, vindic-  
 tive reign  
 Boasts, unrebuked, its countless  
 victims slain,  
 While Christian rulers, recreant,  
 support  
 The pagan honors of thy bloody  
 court,  
 And "Freedom's champions"  
 spurn their hallowed trust,  
 Kneel at thy nod, and basely lick  
 the dust.

Degraded Congress! once the  
 honored scene  
 Of patriot deeds; where men of  
 solemn mien,  
 In virtue strong, in understanding  
 clear,  
 Earnest, though courteous, and,  
 though smooth, sincere,  
 To gravest counsels lent the teem-  
 ing hours,  
 And gave their country all their  
 mighty powers.  
 But times are changed, a rude,  
 degenerate race  
 Usurp the seats, and shame the  
 sacred place.  
 Here plotting demagogues with  
 zeal defend

The "people's rights," — to gain  
 some private end.  
 Here Southern youths, on Folly's  
 surges tost,  
 Their fathers' wisdom eloquently  
 boast.  
 (So dowerless spinsters proudly  
 number o'er  
 The costly jewels that their gran-  
 dams wore.)  
 Here would-be Tullys pompously  
 parade  
 Their tumid tropes for simple  
 "Buncombe" made,<sup>12</sup>  
 Full on the chair the chilling tor-  
 rent shower,  
 And work their word-pumps  
 through the allotted hour.  
 Deluded "Buncombe!" while,  
 with honest praise,  
 She notes each grand and patriotic  
 phrase,  
 And, much rejoicing in her hope-  
 ful son,  
 Deems all her own the laurels he  
 has won,  
 She little dreams how brother  
 members fled,  
 And left the house as vacant as his  
 head!  
 Here rural Chathams, eager to at-  
 test  
 The "growing greatness of the  
 mighty West,"  
 To make the plainest proposition  
 clear,  
 Crack Priscian's head, and Mr.  
 Speaker's ear;  
 Then, closing up in one terrific  
 shout,  
 Pour all their "wild-cats" furious-  
 ly out!  
 Here lawless boors with ruffian  
 bullies vie,  
 Who last shall give the rude, in-  
 sulting "lie,"  
 While "Order! order!" loud the  
 chairman calls,

And echoing "Order!" every  
member bawls;  
Till rising high in rancorous debate,  
And higher still in fierce enven-  
omed hate,<sup>13</sup>  
Retorted blows the scene of riot  
crown,  
And big Lycurgus knocks the  
lesser down!

Ye honest dames in frequent  
proverbs named,  
For finest fish and foulest English  
famed,  
Whose matchless tongues, 't is  
said, were never heard  
To speak a flattering or a feeble  
word,—  
Here all your choice invective ye  
might urge  
Our lawless Solons fittingly to  
scourge;  
Here, in congenial company, might  
rail  
Till, quite worn out, your creak-  
ing voices fail,—  
Unless, indeed, for once compelled  
to yield  
In wordy strife, ye vanquished  
quit the field!

Hail, Social Progress! each new  
moon is rife  
With some new theory of social  
life,  
Some matchless scheme ingen-  
iously designed  
From half their miseries to free  
mankind;  
On human wrongs triumphant  
war to wage,  
And bring anew the glorious golden  
age.  
"Association" is the magic word  
From many a social "priest and  
prophet" heard,

"Attractive Labor" is the angel  
given,  
To render earth a sublunary  
Heaven!  
"Attractive Labor!" ring the  
changes round,  
And labor grows attractive in the  
sound;  
And many a youthful mind, where  
haply lurk  
Unwelcomed fancies' at the name of  
"work,"  
Sees pleasant pastime in its long-  
ing view  
Of "toil made easy" and "at-  
tractive" too,  
And, fancy-rapt, with joyful ar-  
dor, turns  
Delightful grindstones and seduc-  
tive churns!  
"Men are not bad," these social  
sages preach;  
"Men are not what their actions  
seem to teach;  
No moral ill is natural or fixed,—  
Men only err by being badly  
mixed!"  
To them the world a huge plum-  
pudding seems,  
Made up of richest viands, fruits,  
and creams,  
Which of all choice ingredients  
partook,  
And then was ruined by a blun-  
dering cook!

Inventive France! what wonder-  
working schemes  
Astound the world whene'er a  
Frenchman dreams.  
What fine-spun theories,—ingen-  
ious, new,  
Sublime, stupendous, everything  
but true!  
One little favor, O "Imperial  
France!"  
Still teach the world to cook, to  
dress, to dance;

Let, if thou wilt, thy boots and  
barbers roam,  
But keep thy morals and thy  
creeds at home!

O might the Muse prolong her  
flowing rhyme,  
(Too closely cramped by unrelent-  
ing Time,  
Whose dreadful scythe swings  
heedlessly along,  
And, missing speeches, clips the  
thread of song,)  
How would she strive, in fitting  
verse, to sing  
The wondrous Progress of the  
Printing King!  
Bibles and Novels, Treatises and  
Songs,  
Lectures on "Rights," and Stric-  
tures upon Wrongs;  
Verse in all metres, Travels in all  
climes,  
Rhymes without reason, Sonnets  
without rhymes;  
"Translations from the French,"  
so vilely done,  
The wheat escaping leaves the  
chaff alone;  
Memoirs, where dunces sturdily  
essay  
To cheat Oblivion of her certain  
prey;  
Critiques, where pedants vaunt-  
ingly expose  
Unlicensed verses, in unlawful  
prose;  
Lampoons, whose authors strive in  
vain to throw  
Their headless arrows from a  
nerveless bow;  
Poems by youths, who, crossing  
Nature's will,  
Harangue the landscape they were  
born to till;  
Huge tomes of Law, that lead by  
rugged routes

Through ancient dogmas down to  
modern doubts;  
Where Judges oft, with well-  
affected ease,  
Give learned reasons for absurd  
decrees,  
Or, more ingenious still, contrive  
to found  
Some just decision on fallacious  
ground,  
Or blink the point, and, haply, in  
its place,  
Moot and decide some hypothetical  
case;  
Smart Epigrams, all sadly out of  
joint,  
And pointless, — save the "excla-  
mation point,"  
Which stands in state, with vacant  
wonder fraught,  
The pompous tombstone of some  
pauper thought;  
Ingenious systems based on doubt-  
ful facts,  
"Tracts for the Times," and most  
untimely tracts;  
Polemic Pamphlets, Literary Toys,  
And Easy Lessons for uneasy boys;  
Hebdomadal Gazettes, and Daily  
News,  
Gay Magazines, and Quarterly  
Reviews: —  
Small portion these, of all the vast  
array  
Of darkened leaves that cloud each  
passing day,  
And pour their tide unceasingly  
along,  
A gathering, swelling, overwhelm-  
ing throng!

Cease, O my Muse, nor, indis-  
creet, prolong  
To epic length thy unambitious  
song.  
Good friends, be gentle to a maiden  
Muse,

Her errors pardon, and her faults  
 excuse.  
 Not uninvited to her task she  
 came,<sup>14</sup>  
 To sue for favor, not to seek for  
 fame.  
 Be this, at least, her just though  
 humble praise:  
 No stale excuses heralded her lays,  
 No singer's trick, — conveniently  
 to bring  
 A sudden cough, when importuned  
 to sing;<sup>15</sup>  
 No deprecating phrases, learned by  
 rote, —  
 "She 'd quite forgot," or "never  
 knew a note," —  
 But to her task, with ready zeal,  
 addressed  
 Her earnest care, and aimed to do  
 her best;  
 Strove to be just in each satiric  
 word,  
 To doubtful wit undoubted truth  
 preferred,  
 To please and profit equally has  
 aimed,  
 Nor been ill-natured even when  
 she blamed.

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### THE MONEY-KING.

A POEM DELIVERED BEFORE THE  
 PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY OF  
 YALE COLLEGE, 1854.

As landsmen, sitting in luxurious  
 ease,  
 Talk of the dangers of the stormy  
 seas;  
 As fireside travellers, with porten-  
 tuous mien,

Tell tales of countries they have  
 never seen;  
 As parlor-soldiers, graced with  
 fancy-scars,  
 Rehearse their bravery in im-  
 agined wars;  
 As arrant dunces have been known  
 to sit  
 In grave discourse of wisdom and  
 of wit;  
 As paupers, gathered in congenial  
 flocks,  
 Babble of banks, insurances, and  
 stocks;  
 As each is oftenest eloquent of  
 what  
 He hates or covets, but possesses  
 not; —  
 As cowards talk of pluck; misers,  
 of waste;  
 Scoundrels, of honor; country  
 clowns, of taste; —  
 I sing of MONEY! — no ignoble  
 theme,  
 But loftier far than poetasters  
 dream,  
 Whose fancies, soaring to their  
 native moon,  
 Rise like a bubble or a gay bal-  
 loon,  
 Whose orb aspiring takes a heaven-  
 ward flight,  
 Just in proportion as it's thin and  
 light!

Kings must have Poets. From  
 the earliest times,  
 Monarchs have loved celebrity in  
 rhymes;  
 From good King Robert, who, in  
 Petrarch's days,  
 Taught to mankind the proper use  
 of bays,  
 And, singling out the prince of  
 Sonneteers,  
 Twined wreaths of laurel round  
 his blushing ears;

Down to the Queen, who, to her  
 chosen bard,  
 In annual token of her kind re-  
 gard,  
 Sends not alone the old poetic  
 greens,  
 But, like a woman and the best of  
 queens,  
 Adds to the leaves, to keep them  
 fresh and fine,  
 The wholesome moisture of a pipe  
 of wine!—  
 So may her minstrel, crowned with  
 royal bays,  
 Alternate praise her pipe and pipe  
 her praise!  
 E'en let him chant his smooth, eu-  
 phonious lays:  
 A loftier theme my humbler Muse  
 essays;  
 A mightier monarch be it hers to  
 sing,  
 And claim her laurel from the  
 Money-King!

Great was King Alfred; and if  
 history state  
 His actions truly, good as well as  
 great.  
 Great was the Norman; he whose  
 martial hordes  
 Taught law and order to the Saxon  
 lords,  
 With gentler thoughts their rug-  
 ged minds imbued,  
 And raised the nation whom he  
 first subdued.  
 Great was King Bess! — I see the  
 critic smile,  
 As though the Muse mistook her  
 proper style;  
 But to her purpose she will stoutly  
 cling,  
 The royal maid was "every inch  
 a King"!   
 Great was Napoleon, — and I  
 would that fate

Might prove his name a ke-nep-tew  
 half as great;  
 Meanwhile this hint I venture to  
 advance:—  
 What France admires is good  
 enough for France!  
 Great princes were they all; but  
 greater far  
 Than English King, or mighty  
 Russian Czar,  
 Or Pope of Rome, or haughty  
 Queen of Spain,  
 Baron of Germany, or Royal Dane,  
 Or Gallic Emperor, or Persian  
 Khan,  
 Or any other merely mortal man,  
 Is the great monarch that my  
 Muse would sing,  
 That mighty potentate, the Money-  
 King!  
 His kingdom vast extends o'er  
 every land,  
 And nations bow before his high  
 command,  
 The weakest tremble, and his  
 power obey,  
 The strongest honor, and confess  
 his sway.  
 He rules the Rulers! — e'en the  
 tyrant Czar  
 Asks his permission ere he goes to  
 war;  
 The Turk, submissive to his royal  
 might,  
 By his decree has gracious leave  
 to fight;  
 Whilst e'en Britannia makes her  
 humblest bow  
 Before her Barings, not her Barons  
 now,  
 Or on the Rothschild suppliantly  
 calls  
 (Her affluent "uncle" with the  
 golden balls),  
 Begs of the Jew that he will kindly  
 spare  
 Enough to put her trident in re-  
 pair,

And pawns her diamonds, while  
she humbly craves  
The Money-King's consent to  
"rule the waves!"

He wears no crown upon his royal  
head,  
But many millions in his purse, in-  
stead;  
He keeps no halls of state; but  
holds his court  
In dingy rooms where greed and  
thrift resort;  
In iron chests his wondrous wealth  
he hoards;  
Banks are his parlors; brokers are  
his lords,  
Bonds, bills, and mortgages, his  
favorite books,  
Gold is his food, and coiners are  
his cooks;  
Ledgers his records; stock reports  
his news;  
Merchants his yeomen, and his  
bondsmen Jews;  
Kings are his subjects, gamblers  
are his knaves,  
Spendthrifts his fools, and misers  
are his slaves!  
The good, the bad, his golden  
favor prize,  
The high, the low, the simple, and  
the wise,  
The young, the old, the stately,  
and the gay, —  
All bow obedient to his royal  
sway!  
See where, afar, the bright Pacific  
shore  
Gleams in the sun with sands of  
shining ore,  
His last, great empire rises to the  
view,  
And shames the wealth of India  
and Peru!  
Here, throned within his gorgeous  
"golden gate,"

He wields his sceptre o'er the rising  
State;  
Surveys his conquest with a joyful  
eye,  
Nor for a greater heaves a single  
sigh!  
Here, quite beyond the classic  
poet's dream,  
Pactolus runs in every winding  
stream;  
The mountain cliffs the glittering  
ore enfold,  
And every reed that rustles whis-  
pers, "Gold!"

If to his sceptre some dishonor  
clings,  
Why should we marvel? — 't is the  
fate of kings!  
Their power too oft perverted by  
abuse,  
Their manners cruel, or their  
morals loose,  
The best at times have wandered  
far astray  
From simple Virtue's unseductive  
way;  
And few, of all, at once could make  
pretence  
To royal robes and rustic inno-  
cence!

He builds the house where Chris-  
tian people pray,  
And rears a bagnio just across the  
way;  
Pays to the priest his stinted an-  
nual fee;  
Rewards the lawyer for his venal  
plea;  
Sends an apostle to the heathen's  
aid;  
And cheats the Choctaws, for the  
good of trade;  
Lifts by her heels an Ellsler to re-  
nown,

Or, bribing "Jenny," brings an  
angel down!

He builds the Theatres and  
gambling Halls,  
Lloyds and Almacks St. Peter's  
and St. Paul's;

Sin's gay retreats and Fashion's  
gilded rooms,

Hotels and Factories, Palaces and  
Tombs;

Bids Commerce spread her wings  
to every gale;

Bends to the breeze the pirate's  
bloody sail;

Helps Science seek new worlds  
among the stars;

Profanes our own with mercenary  
wars;

The friend of wrong, the equal  
friend of right,

Oft may we bless and oft deplore  
his might,

As buoyant hope or darkening  
fears prevail,

And good or evil turns the moral  
scale.

All fitting honor I would fain  
accord,

Whene'er he builds a temple to  
the Lord;

But much I grieve he often spends  
his pelf,

As it were raised in honor of him-  
self;

Or, what were worse, and more  
profanely odd,

A place to worship some Egyptian  
god!

I wish his favorite architects were  
graced

With sounder judgment, and a  
Christian taste.

Immortal Wren! what fierce,  
convulsive shocks

Would jar thy bones within their  
leaden box,

Couldst thou but look across the  
briny spray,

And see some churches of the  
present day!—

The lofty dome of consecrated  
bricks,

Where all the "orders" in disorder  
mix,

To form a temple whose incongru-  
ous frame

Confounds design and puts the  
Arts to shame!

Where "styles" discordant on the  
vision jar,

Where Greek and Roman are again  
at war,

And, as of old, the unrelenting Goth  
Comes down at last and over-

whelms them both!

Once on a time I heard a parson say  
(Talking of churches in a sprightly  
way),

That there was more Religion in  
the walls

Of towering "Trinity," or grand  
"St. Paul's,"

Than one could find, upon the  
strictest search,

In half the saints within the Chris-  
tian Church!

A layman sitting at the parson's  
side

To this new dogma thus at once  
replied:

"If, as you say, Religion has her  
home

In the mere walls that form the  
sacred dome,

It seems to me the very plainest  
case,

To climb the steeple were a growth  
in grace;

And he to whom the pious strength  
were given

To reach the highest were the  
nearest Heaven!"

I thought the answer just; and yet  
 't is clear  
 A solemn aspect, grand and yet  
 severe,  
 Becomes the house of God. 'T is  
 hard to say  
 Who from the proper mark are  
 most astray, —  
 They who erect, for holy Christian  
 rites,  
 A gay Pagoda with its tinsel lights,  
 Or they who offer to the God of  
 Love  
 A gorgeous Temple of the pagan  
 Jove!

Immortal Homer and Tassoni sing  
 What vast results from trivial  
 causes spring;  
 How naughty Helen by her stolen  
 joy  
 Brought woe and ruin to unhappy  
 Troy;  
 How, for a bucket, rash Bologna  
 sold  
 More blood and tears than twenty  
 such could hold!  
 Thy power, O Money, shows re-  
 sults as strange  
 As aught revealed in History's  
 widest range;  
 Thy smallest coin of shining silver  
 shows  
 More potent magic than a conjurer  
 knows!

In olden times, — if classic poets  
 say  
 The simple truth, as poets do to-  
 day, —  
 When Charon's boat conveyed a  
 spirit o'er  
 The Lethean water to the Hadean  
 shore,  
 The fare was just a penny, — not  
 too great,  
 The moderate, regular, Stygian  
 statute rate.

Now, for a shilling, he will cross  
 the stream,  
 (His paddles whirling to the force  
 of steam!)  
 And bring, obedient to some wizard  
 power,  
 Back to the Earth more spirits in  
 an hour  
 Than Brooklyn's famous ferry  
 could convey,  
 Or thine, Hoboken, in the longest  
 day!  
 Time was when men bereaved of  
 vital breath  
 Were calm and silent in the realms  
 of Death;  
 When mortals dead and decently  
 inurned  
 Were heard no more; no traveller  
 returned,  
 Who once had crossed the dark  
 Plutonian strand,  
 To whisper secrets of the spirit-  
 land, —  
 Save when perchance some sad,  
 unquiet soul  
 Among the tombs might wander  
 on parole, —  
 A well-bred ghost, at night's be-  
 witching noon,  
 Returned to catch some glimpses  
 of the moon,  
 Wrapt in a mantle of unearthly  
 white  
 (The only *'rapping* of an ancient  
 sprite),  
 Stalked round in silence till the  
 break of day,  
 Then from the Earth passed un-  
 perceived away.  
 Now all is changed: the musty  
 maxim fails,  
 And dead men *do* repeat the queer-  
 est tales!  
 Alas, that here, a in the books,  
 we see  
 The travellers clash, the doctors  
 disagree!

Alas, that all, the farther they explore,  
For all their search are but confused the more!

Ye great departed!—men of mighty mark,—

Bacon and Newton, Adams, Adam Clarke,

Edwards and Whitefield, Franklin, Robert Hall,

Cálhoun, Clay, Channing, Daniel Webster,—all

Ye great quit-tenants of this earthly ball,—

If in your new abodes ye cannot rest,

But must return, O, grant us this request:

Come with a noble and celestial air,  
To prove your title to the names ye bear!

Give some clear token of your heavenly birth,

Write as good English as ye wrote on earth!

Show not to all, in ranting prose and verse,

The spirit's progress is from bad to worse;

And, what were once superfluous to advise,

Don't tell, I beg you, such egregious lies;

Or if perchance your agents are to blame,

Don't let them trifle with your honest fame;

Let chairs and tables rest, and "rap" instead,

Ay, "knock" your slippery "Mediums" on the head!

What direful woes the hapless man attend,

Who in the means sees life's supremest end;

The wretched miser,—money's sordid slave,—

His only joy to gather and to save.  
For this he wakes at morning's early light,

Toils through the day, and ponders in the night;

For this,—to swell his heap of tarnished gold,—

Sweats in the sun, and shivers in the cold,

And suffers more from hunger every day

Than the starved beggar whom he spurns away.

Death comes erewhile to end his worldly strife;

With all his saving he must lose his life!

Perchance the doctor might protract his breath,

And stay the dreadful messenger of death;

But none is there to comfort or advise;

'T would cost a dollar;—so the miser dies.

Sad is the sight when Money's power controls

In wedlock's chains the fate of human souls.

From mine to mint, curst is the coin that parts

In helpless grief two loving human hearts;

Or joins in discord, jealousy, and hate,

A sordid suitor to a loathing mate.

I waive the case, the barren case, of those

Who have no hearts to cherish or to lose;

Whose wedded state is but a bargain made

In due accordance with the laws of trade.

When the prim parson joins their willing hands,

To marry City lots to Western  
lands,  
Or in connubial ecstasy to mix  
Cash and "collateral," ten-per-  
cents with six,  
And in the "patent safe" of Hy-  
men locks  
Impassioned dollars with ena-  
moured stocks,  
Laugh if you will, — and who can  
well refrain? —  
But waste no tears, nor pangs of  
pitying pain;  
Hearts such as these may play the  
queerest pranks,  
But never break, — except with  
breaking banks.

Yet, let me hint, a thousand  
maxims prove  
Plutus may be the truest friend to  
Love.  
"Love in a cottage" cosily may  
dwell,  
But much prefers to have it fur-  
nished well.  
A parlor ample, and a kitchen snug,  
A handsome carpet, an embroid-  
ered rug,  
A well-stored pantry, and a tidy  
maid,  
A blazing hearth, a cooling win-  
dow-shade,  
Though merely mortal, money-  
purchased things,  
Have wondrous power to clip  
Love's errant wings!  
"Love in a cottage" is n't just  
the same  
When wind and water strive to  
quench his flame;  
Too oft it breeds the sharpest dis-  
content,  
That puzzling question, "How to  
pay the rent";  
A smoky chimney may alone suffice  
To dim the radiance of the fondest  
eyes;

A northern blast, beyond the slight-  
est doubt,  
May fairly blow the torch of Hy-  
men out;  
And I have heard a worthy matron  
hold  
(As one who knew the truth of  
what she told),  
Love once was drowned, though  
reckoned waterproof,  
By the mere dripping of a leaky  
roof!

Full many a wise philosopher  
has tried  
Mankind in fitting orders to divide;  
And by their forms, their fashions,  
and their face,  
To group, assort, and classify the  
race.  
One would distinguish people by  
their books;  
Another, quaintly, solely by their  
cooks;  
And one, who graced the philo-  
sophic bench,  
Found these three classes, — "wo-  
men, men, and *French!*"  
The best remains, of all that I  
have known,  
A broad distinction, brilliant, and  
my own:  
Of all mankind, I classify the  
lot,  
Those who *have Money*, and those  
who have *not!*

Think'st thou the line a poet's  
fiction? — then  
Go look abroad upon the ways of  
men!  
Go ask the banker, with his golden  
seals;  
Go ask the borrower, cringing at  
his heels;  
Go ask the maid, who, emulous of  
woe,

Discards the worthier for the wealthier beau;  
 Go ask the parson, when a higher prize  
 Points with the salary where his *duty* lies;  
 Go ask the lawyer, who, in legal smoke,  
 Stands, like a stoker, redolent of "Coke,"  
 And swings his arms to emphasize a plea  
 Made doubly ardent by a golden fee;  
 Go ask the doctor, who has kindly sped  
 Old Cræsus, dying on a damask bed,  
 While his poor neighbor — wonderful to tell —  
 Was left to Nature, suffered, and got well!  
 Go ask the belle, in high patrician pride,  
 Who spurns the maiden nurtured at her side,  
 Her youth's loved playmate at the village-school,  
 Ere changing fortune taught the rigid rule  
 Which marks the loftier from the lowlier lot, —  
 Those who have money from those who have not!

Of all the ills that owe their baneful rise  
 To wealth o'ergrown, the most despotic vice  
 Is Circean Luxury; prolific dame  
 Of mental impotence and moral shame,  
 And all the cankering evils that debase  
 The human form and dwarf the human race.  
 See yon strange figure, and a moment scan

That slenderest sample of the genus man!  
 Mark, as he ambles, those precarious pegs  
 Which by their motion must be deemed his legs!  
 He has a head, — one may be sure of that  
 By just observing that he wears a hat;  
 That he has arms is logically plain  
 From his wide coat-sleeves and his pendent cane;  
 A tongue as well, — the inference is fair,  
 Since, on occasion, he can lisp and swear.  
 You ask his use? — that's not so very clear,  
 Unless to spend five thousand pounds a year  
 In modish vices which his soul adores,  
 Drink, dress, and gaming, horses, hounds, and scores  
 Of other follies which I can't rehearse,  
 Dear to himself and dearer to his purse.

. No product he of Fortune's fickle dice,  
 The due result of Luxury and Vice,  
 Three generations have sufficed to bring  
 That narrow-chested, pale, enervate thing  
 Down from a *man*, — for, marvel as you will,  
 His huge great-grandsire fought on Bunker Hill!  
 Bore, without gloves, a musket through the war;  
 Came back adorned with many a noble scar;

Labored and prospered at a thriving rate,  
 And, dying, left his heir a snug estate, —  
 Which grew apace upon *his* busy hands,  
 Stocks, ships, and factories, tenements and lands,  
 All here at last, — the money and the race, —  
 The latter ending in that foolish face;  
 The former wandering, far beyond his aim,  
 Back to the rough plebeians whence it came!

Enough of censure; let my humble lays  
 Employ one moment in congenial praise.  
 Let other pens with pious ardor paint  
 The selfish virtues of the cloistered saint;  
 In lettered marble let the stranger read  
 Of him who, dying, did a worthy deed,  
 And left to charity the cherished store  
 Which, to his sorrow, he could hoard no more.  
 I venerate the nobler man who gives  
 His generous dollars while the donor lives;  
 Gives with a heart as liberal as the palms  
 That to the needy spread his honored alms;  
 Gives with a head whose yet unclouded light  
 To worthiest objects points the giver's sight;  
 Gives with a hand still potent to enforce

His well-aimed bounty, and direct its course; —  
 Such is the giver who must stand confest  
 In giving glorious, and supremely blest!  
 One such as this the captious world could find  
 In noble Perkins, angel of the blind;  
 One such as this in princely Lawrence shone,  
 Ere heavenly kindred claimed him for their own!

To me the boon may gracious Heaven assign, —  
 No cringing suppliant at Mammon's shrine,  
 Nor slave of Poverty, — with joy to share  
 The happy mean expressed in Agur's prayer: —  
 A house (my own) to keep me safe and warm,  
 A shade in sunshine, and a shield in storm;  
 A generous board, and fitting raiment, clear  
 Of debts and duns throughout the circling year;  
 Silver and gold, in moderate store, that I  
 May purchase joys that only these can buy;  
 Some gems of art, a cultured mind to please,  
 Books, pictures, statues, literary ease.  
 That "Time is Money" prudent Franklin shows  
 In rhyming couplets and sententious prose.  
 O, had he taught the world, in prose and rhyme,  
 The higher truth that Money may be Time!

And showed the people, in his  
pleasant ways,  
The art of coining dollars into  
days!  
Days for improvement, days for  
social life,  
• Days for your God, your children,  
and your wife;  
Some days for pleasure, and an  
hour to spend  
In genial converse with an honest  
friend.  
Such days be mine! — and grant  
me, Heaven, but this,  
With blooming health, man's high-  
est earthly bliss, —

And I will read, without a sigh or  
frown,  
The startling news that stocks are  
going down;  
Hear without envy that a stranger  
hoards  
Or spends more treasure than a  
mint affords;  
See my next neighbor pluck a  
golden plum,  
Calm and content within my cot-  
tage-home;  
Take for myself what honest thrift  
may bring,  
And for his kindness bless the  
Money-King!

EXCERPTS FROM OCCASIONAL  
POEMS.



## EXCERPTS FROM OCCASIONAL POEMS.

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### EL DORADO.

LET others, dazzled by the shining ore,  
Delve in the dirt to gather golden store.  
Let others, patient of the menial toil  
And daily suffering, seek the precious spoil;  
No hero I, in such a cause to brave  
Hunger and pain, the robber and the grave.  
I'll work, instead, exempt from hate and harm,  
The fruitful "placers" of my mountain-farm,  
Where the bright ploughshare opens richest veins,  
From whence shall issue countless golden grains,  
Which in the fulness of the year shall come,  
In bounteous sheaves, to bless my harvest-home!

But, haply, good may come of mining yet:  
'T will help to pay the nation's foreign debt;  
'T will further liberal arts; plate rings and pins,  
Gild books and coaches, mirrors, signs, and sins;

'T will cheapen pens and pencils, and perchance  
May give us honest dealing for Finance!  
(That magic art, unknown to darker times  
When fraud and falsehood were reputed crimes,  
Whose curious laws with nice precision teach  
How whole estates are made from parts of speech;  
How lying rags for honest coin shall pass,  
And foreign gold be paid in native brass!)

'T will save, perhaps, each deep-indebted State  
From all temptation to "repudiate,"  
Till Time restore our precious credit lost,  
And hush the wail of Peter Plymley's ghost!<sup>16</sup>

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### THE GOOD TIME COMING.

WHILE drones and dreaming optimists protest,  
"The worst is well, and all is for the best";

And sturdy croakers chant the  
counter song,  
That "man grows worse, and  
everything is wrong";  
Truth, as of old, still loves a golden  
mean,  
And shuns extremes to walk erect  
between!  
The world improves; with slow,  
unequal pace,  
"The Good Time 's coming" to  
our hapless race.  
The general tide beneath the refluent  
surge  
Rolls on, resistless, to its destined  
verge!  
Unfriendly hills no longer inter-  
pose<sup>17</sup>  
As stubborn walls to geographic  
foes,  
Nor envious streams run only to  
divide  
The hearts of brethren ranged on  
either side.  
Promethean Science, with untiring  
eye  
Searching the mysteries of the  
earth and sky;  
And cunning Art, with strong and  
plastic hand  
To work the marvels Science may  
command;  
And broad-winged Commerce,  
swift to carry o'er  
Earth's countless blessings to her  
farthest shore, —  
These, and no German nor Gene-  
van sage,  
These are the great reformers of  
the age!

See Art, exultant in her stately  
car,  
On Nature's Titans wage trium-  
phant war!  
While e'en the Lightnings by her  
wondrous skill

Are tamed for heralds of her sov-  
ereign will!  
Old Ocean's breast a new invader  
feels,  
And heaves in vain to clog her iron  
wheels;  
In vain the Forests marshal all  
their force,  
And Mountains rise to stay her on-  
ward course:  
From out her path each bold op-  
poser hurled,  
She throws her girdle round a cap-  
tive world!

---

### THE POWER-PRESS.

STRANGE is the sound when first  
the notes begin  
Where human voices blend with  
Vulcan's din;  
The click, the clank, the clangor,  
and the sound  
Of rattling rollers in their rapid  
round;  
The whizzing belt, the sharp me-  
tallic jar,  
Like clashing spears in fierce chiv-  
alric war;  
The whispering birth of myriad  
flying leaves,  
Gathered, anon, in countless mot-  
ley sheaves,  
Then scattered far, as on the  
wingéd wind,  
The mortal nurture of th' immor-  
tal mind!

---

### THE LIBRARY.

HERE, e'en the sturdy democrat  
may find,  
Nor scorn their rank, the nobles of  
the mind;

While kings may learn, nor blush  
 at being shown,  
 How Learning's patents abrogate  
 their own.  
 A goodly company and fair to  
 see;  
 Royal plebeians; earls of low de-  
 gree;  
 Beggars whose wealth enriches  
 every clime;  
 Princes who scarce can boast a  
 mental dime  
 Crowd here together, like the quaint  
 array  
 Of jostling neighbors on a market  
 day.  
 Homer and Milton, — can we call  
 them blind? —  
 Of godlike sight, the vision of the  
 mind;  
 Shakespeare, who calmly looked  
 creation through,  
 "Exhausted worlds, and then im-  
 agined new";  
 Plato the sage, so thoughtful and  
 serene,  
 He seems a prophet by his heaven-  
 ly mien;  
 Shrewd Socrates, whose philosoph-  
 ic power  
 Xantippe proved in many a trying  
 hour;  
 And Aristophanes, whose humor  
 run  
 In vain endeavor to be—"cloud"  
 the sun;<sup>18</sup>  
 Majestic Æschylus, whose glowing  
 page  
 Holds half the grandeur of the  
 Athenian stage;  
 Pindar, whose odes, replete with  
 heavenly fire,  
 Proclaim the master of the Grecian  
 lyre;  
 Anacreon, famed for many a lus-  
 cious line  
 Devote to Venus and the god of  
 wine.

I love vast libraries; yet there is a  
 doubt  
 If one be better with them or with-  
 out, —  
 Unless he use them wisely, and,  
 indeed,  
 Knows the high art of what and  
 how to read.  
 At Learning's fountain it is sweet  
 to drink,  
 But 't is a nobler privilege to think;  
 And oft, from books apart, the  
 thirsting mind  
 May make the nectar which it  
 cannot find.  
 'T is well to borrow from the good  
 and great;  
 'T is wise to learn; 't is godlike to  
 create!

---

 THE NEWS.

THE *News*, indeed! — pray do you  
 call it news  
 When shallow noddles publish  
 shallow views?  
 Pray, is it news that turnips  
 should be bred  
 As large and hollow as the owner's  
 head?  
*News*, that a clerk should rob his  
 master's hoard,  
 Whose meagre salary scarcely  
 pays his board?  
*News*, that two knaves, their spu-  
 rious friendship o'er,  
 Should tell the truths which they  
 concealed before?  
*News*, that a maniac, weary of his  
 life,  
 Should end his sorrows with a rope  
 or knife?  
*News*, that a wife should violate  
 the vows

That bind her, loveless, to a tyrant spouse?

*News*, that a daughter cheats paternal rule,

And weds a scoundrel to escape a fool? —

The news, indeed! — Such matters are as old

As sin and folly, rust and must and mould!

## THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

SCENE, — a third story in a dismal court,

Where weary printers just at eight resort;

A dingy door that with a rattle shuts;

Heaps of "Exchanges," much adorned with "cuts";

Pens, paste, and paper on the table strewed;

Books, to be read when they have been reviewed;

Pamphlets and tracts so very dull indeed

That only they who wrote them e'er will read;

Nine letters, touching themes of every sort,

\* And one with money, — just a shilling short, —

Lie scattered round upon a common level.

PERSONS, — the Editor; enter, now, the Devil: —

"Please, sir, since this 'ere article was wrote,

There's later news perhaps you'd like to quote:

The Rebels storming with prodigious force,

'Sumter has fallen!' " "Set it up, of course."

"And, sir, that murder's done — there's only left

One larceny." "Pray don't omit the theft."

"And, sir, about the mob — the matter's fat" —

"The mob? — that's wrong — pray just distribute that."

*Exit* the imp of Faust, and enter now

A fierce subscriber with a scowling brow.

"Sir, curse your paper! — send the thing to —" Well,

The place he names were impolite to tell;

Enough to know the hero of the Press

Cries: "Thomas, change the gentleman's address!

We'll send the paper, if the post will let it,

Where the subscriber will be sure to get it!"

Who would not be an Editor? — To write

The magic "we" of such enormous might;

To be so great beyond the common span

It takes the plural to express the man;

And yet, alas, it happens oftentimes

A unit serves to number all his dimes!

But don't despise him; there may chance to be

An earthquake lurking in his simple "we"!

In the close precincts of a dusty room

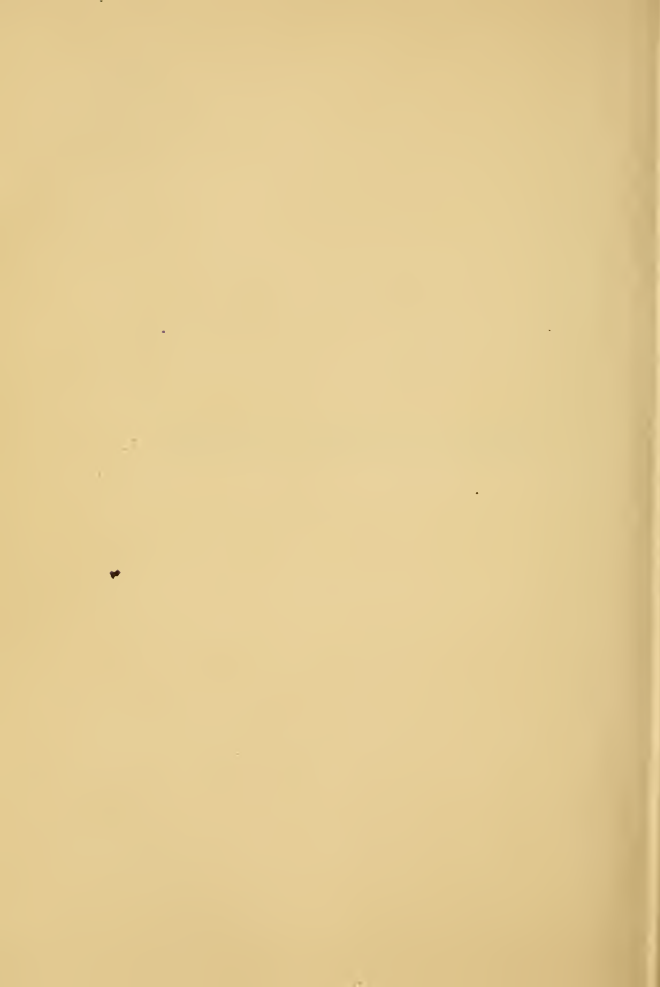
That owes few losses to the lazy broom,

There sits the man; you do not  
know his name,  
Brown, Jones, or Johnson, — it is  
all the same, —  
Scribbling away at what perchance  
may seem  
An idler's musing, or a dreamer's  
dream;  
His pen runs rambling, like a stray-  
ing steed;  
The "we" he writes seems very  
"wee" indeed;  
But mark the change; behold the  
wondrous power  
Wrought by the Press in one  
eventful hour;

To-night, 't is harmless as a maid-  
en's rhymes;  
To-morrow, thunder in the *Lon-  
don Times!*  
The ministry dissolves that held  
for years;  
Her Grace, the Duchess, is dis-  
solved in tears;  
The Rothschilds quail; the church,  
the army, quakes;  
The very kingdom to its centre  
shakes;  
The Corn Laws fall; the price of  
bread comes down, —  
Thanks to the "we" of Johnson,  
Jones, or Brown!



TRAVESTIES.



# TRAVESTIES.

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## ICARUS.

### I.

ALL modern themes of poesy are spun so very fine,  
That now the most amusing muse, *e gratia*, such as mine,  
Is often forced to cut the thread that strings our recent rhymes,  
And try the stronger staple of the good old classic times.

### II.

There lived and flourished long ago, in famous Athens town,  
One *Dædalus*, a carpenter of genius and renown;  
(’T was he who with an *auger* taught mechanics how to bore, —  
An art which the philosophers monopolized before.)

### III.

His only son was *Icarus*, a most precocious lad,  
The pride of Mrs. *Dædalus*, the image of his dad;  
And while he yet was in his teens such progress he had made,  
He ’d got above his father’s size, and much above his trade.

### IV.

Now *Dædalus*, the carpenter, had made a pair of wings,  
Contrived of wood and feathers and a cunning set of springs,  
By means of which the wearer could ascend to any height,  
And sail about among the clouds as easy as a kite!

### V.

“O father,” said young *Icarus*, “how I should like to fly!  
And go like you where all is blue along the upper sky;  
How very charming it would be above the moon to climb,  
And scamper through the Zodiac, and have a high old time!

## VI.

"O would n't it be jolly, though, — to stop at all the inns;  
To take a luncheon at 'The Crab,' and tippie at 'The Twins';  
And, just for fun and fancy, while careering through the air,  
To kiss the *Virgin*, tease the *Ram*, and bait the biggest *Bear*?"

## VII.

"O father, please to let me go!" was still the urchin's cry;  
"I'll be extremely careful, sir, and won't go *very* high;  
O if this little pleasure-trip you only will allow,  
I promise to be back again in time to fetch the cow!"

## VIII.

"You're rather young," said Dædalus, "to tempt the upper air;  
But take the wings, and mind your eye with very special care;  
And keep at least a thousand miles below the nearest star;  
Young lads, when out upon a lark, are apt to go too far!"

## IX.

He took the wings — that foolish boy — without the least dismay;  
His father stuck 'em on with wax, and so he soared away;  
Up, up he rises, like a bird, and not a moment stops  
Until he's fairly out of sight beyond the mountain-tops!

## X.

And still he flies — away — away; it seems the merest fun;  
No marvel he is getting bold, and aiming at the sun;  
No marvel he forgets his sire; it is n't very odd  
That one so far above the earth should think himself a god!

## XI.

Already, in his silly pride, he's gone too far aloft;  
The heat begins to scorch his wings; the wax is waxing soft;  
Down — down he goes! — Alas! — next day poor Icarus was found  
Afloat upon the Ægean Sea, extremely damp and drowned!

## L'ENVOI.

The moral of this mournful tale is plain enough to all: —  
Don't get above your proper sphere, or you may chance to fall;  
Remember, too, that borrowed plumes are most uncertain things;  
And never try to scale the sky with other people's wings!

## PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

THIS tragical tale, which, they say,  
 is a true one,  
 Is old, but the manner is wholly a  
 new one.

One *Ovid*, a writer of some reputa-  
 tion,  
 Has told it before in a tedious nar-  
 ration;  
 In a style, to be sure, of remark-  
 able fulness,  
 But which nobody reads on ac-  
 count of its dulness.

Young Peter Pyramus, *I* call him  
*Peter*,  
 Not for the sake of the rhyme or  
 metre,  
 But merely to make the name com-  
 pleter, —

For Peter lived in the olden times,  
 And in one of the worst of Pagan  
 climes

That flourish now in classical fame,  
 Long before  
 Either noble or boor

Had such a thing as a *Christian*  
 name, —

Young Peter then was a nice young  
 beau

As any young lady would wish to  
 know;

In years, *I* ween,  
 He was rather green,  
 That is to say, he was just eigh-  
 teen, —

A trifle too short, and a shaving  
 too lean,

But “a nice young man” as ever  
 was seen,

And fit to dance with a May-day  
 queen!

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl  
 As ever ensnared the heart of an  
 earl

In the magical trap of an auburn  
 curl, —

A little Miss Thisbe who lived next  
 door,

(They slept in fact on the very  
 same floor,

With a wall between them, and  
 nothing more,

Those double dwellings were com-  
 mon of yore,)

And they loved each other, the  
 legends say,

In that very beautiful, bountiful  
 way

That every young maid,  
 And every young blade,

Are wont to do before they grow  
 staid,

And learn to love by the laws of  
 trade.

But alack-a-day for the girl and  
 boy,

A little impediment checked their  
 joy,

And gave them, awhile, the deep-  
 est annoy.

For some good reason, which his-  
 tory cloaks,

The match did n't happen to please  
 the old folks!

So Thisbe's father and Peter's  
 mother

Began the young couple to worry  
 and bother,

And tried their innocent passions  
 to smother

By keeping the lovers from seeing  
 each other!

But whoever heard  
 Of a marriage deterred,

Or even deferred,

By any contrivance so very absurd  
 As scolding the boy, and caging

his bird?

Now Peter, who was n't dis-  
 couraged at all

By obstacles such as the timid ap-  
 pall,

Contrived to discover a hole in the  
 wall,  
 Which was n't so thick  
 But removing a brick  
 Made a passage, — though rather  
 provokingly small.  
 Through this little chink the lover  
 could greet her,  
 And secrecy made their courting  
 the sweeter,  
 While Peter kissed Thisbe, and  
 Thisbe kissed Peter, —  
 For kisses, like folks with diminutive  
 souls,  
 Will manage to creep through the  
 smallest of holes!

'T was here that the lovers, intent  
 upon love,  
 Laid a nice little plot  
 To meet at a spot  
 Near a mulberry-tree in a neigh-  
 boring grove;  
 For the plan was all laid  
 By the youth and the maid,  
 (Whose hearts, it would seem, were  
 uncommonly bold ones,)  
 To run off and get married in spite  
 of the old ones.

In the shadows of evening, as still  
 as a mouse,  
 The beautiful maiden slipt out of  
 the house,  
 The mulberry-tree impatient to  
 find,  
 While Peter, the vigilant matrons  
 to blind,  
 Strolled leisurely out some minutes  
 behind.  
 While waiting alone by the tryst-  
 ing tree,  
 A terrible lion  
 As e'er you set eye on  
 Came roaring along quite horrid to  
 see,  
 And caused the young maiden in  
 terror to flee,

(A lion's a creature whose regular  
 trade is  
 Blood, — and "a terrible thing  
 among ladies,")  
 And losing her veil as she ran from  
 the wood,  
 The monster bedabbled it over with  
 blood.

Now Peter arriving, and seeing  
 the veil  
 All covered o'er  
 And reeking with gore,  
 Turned all of a sudden exceedingly  
 pale,  
 And sat himself down to weep and  
 to wail, —  
 For, soon as he saw the garment,  
 poor Peter  
 Made up in his mind, in very short  
 metre,  
 That Thisbe was dead, and the  
 lion had eat her!  
 So breathing a prayer,  
 He determined to share  
 The fate of his darling, "the loved  
 and the lost,"  
 And fell on his dagger, and gave  
 up the ghost!

Now Thisbe returning, and view-  
 ing her beau,  
 Lying dead by the veil (which she  
 happened to know),  
 She guessed, in a moment, the  
 cause of his erring,  
 And seizing the knife  
 Which had taken his life,  
 In less than a jiffy was dead "as  
 a herring!"

#### MORAL.

Young gentlemen! pray recollect,  
 if you please,  
 Not to make assignations near  
 mulberry-trees;

Should your mistress be missing,  
it shows a weak head  
To be stabbing yourself till you  
know she is dead.

Young ladies! you should n't go  
strolling about  
When your anxious mammas don't  
know you are out,  
And remember that accidents often  
befall  
From kissing young fellows  
through holes in the wall.

### THE CHOICE OF KING MIDAS.

KING MIDAS, prince of Phrygia,  
several thousand years ago,  
Was a very worthy monarch, as  
the classic annals show;  
You may read 'em at your leisure,  
when you have a mind to doze,  
In the finest Latin verses, or in  
choice Hellenic prose.

Now this notable old monarch,  
King of Phrygia, as aforesaid  
(Of whose royal state and character  
there might be vastly more  
said),  
Though he occupied a palace, kept  
a very open door,  
And had still a ready welcome for  
the stranger and the poor.

Now it chanced that old Silenus,  
who, it seems, had lost his way,  
Following Bacchus through the  
forest, in the pleasant month of  
May  
Which was n't very singular, for at  
the present day  
The followers of Bacchus very often  
go astray),

Came at last to good King Midas,  
who received him in his court,  
Gave him comfortable lodgings,  
and—to cut the matter short—  
With as much consideration treated  
weary old Silenus,  
As if the entertainment were for  
Mercury or Venus.

Now when Bacchus heard the story,  
he proceeded to the king,  
And says he: "By old Silenus you  
have done the handsome thing;  
He's my much-respected tutor,  
who has taught me how to read,  
And I'm sure your royal kindness  
should receive its proper meed;

"So I grant you full permission to  
select your own reward.  
Choose a gift to suit your fancy,—  
something worthy of a lord!"  
"Bully Bacche!" cried the mon-  
arch, "if I do not make too  
bold,  
Let whatever I may handle be  
transmuted into gold!"

Midas, sitting down to dinner,  
sees the answer to his wish,  
For the turbot on the platter turns  
into a golden fish!  
And the bread between his fingers  
is no longer wheaten bread,  
But the slice he tries to swallow is  
a wedge of gold instead!

And the roast he takes for mutton  
fills his mouth with golden meat,  
Very tempting to the vision, but  
extremely hard to eat;  
And the liquor in his goblet, very  
rare, select, and old,  
Down the monarch's thirsty throttle  
runs a stream of liquid gold!

Quite disgusted with his dining, he  
betakes him to his bed;  
But, alas! the golden pillow does  
n't rest his weary head  
Nor does all the gold around him  
soothe the monarch's tender  
skin;  
Golden sheets, to sleepy mortals,  
might as well be sheets of tin.

Now poor Midas, straight repenting  
of his rash and foolish choice,  
Went to Bacchus, and assured him,  
in a very plaintive voice,  
That his golden gift was working in  
a manner most unpleasant, —  
And the god, in sheer compassion,  
took away the fatal present.

## MORAL.

By this mythologic story we are  
very plainly told,  
That, though gold may have its  
uses, there are better things  
than gold;  
That a man may sell his freedom  
to procure the shining pelf;  
And that Avarice, though it prosper,  
still contrives to cheat itself.

## PHAËTHON;

OR, THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.

DAN PHAËTHON — so the histories  
run —  
Was a jolly young chap, and a son  
of the Sun, —  
Or rather of Phœbus; but as to  
his mother,  
Genealogists make a deuce of a  
pothor,

Some going for one, and some for  
another.

For myself, I must say, as a care-  
ful explorer,  
This roaring young blade was the  
son of Aurora!

Now old Father Phœbus, ere rail-  
ways begun  
To elevate funds and depreciate  
fun,  
Drove a very fast coach by the  
name of "The Sun";  
Running, they say,  
Trips every day  
(On Sundays and all, in a heathen-  
ish way),  
All lighted up with a famous  
array  
Of lanterns that shone with a bril-  
liant display,  
And dashing along like a gentle-  
man's "shay,"  
With never a fare, and nothing to  
pay!  
Now Phaëthon begged of his dot-  
ting old father  
To grant him a favor, and this the  
rather,  
Since some one had hinted, the  
youth to annoy,  
That he was n't by any means  
Phœbus's boy!  
Intending, the rascally son of a  
gun,  
To darken the brow of the son of  
the Sun!  
"By the terrible Styx!" said the  
angry sire,  
While his eyes flashed volumes of  
fury and fire,  
"To prove your reviler an in-  
famous liar,  
I swear I will grant you whate'er  
you desire!"  
"Then by my head,"  
The youngster said,

"I'll mount the coach when the  
horses are fed! —  
For there's nothing I'd choose, as  
I'm alive,  
Like a seat on the box, and a  
dashing drive!"  
"Nay, Phaëthon, don't, —  
I beg you won't, —  
Just stop a moment and think  
upon't!"

"You're quite too young," con-  
tinued the sage,  
"To tend a coach at your tender  
age!

Besides, you see,  
'T will really be  
Your first appearance on any  
stage!

Desist, my child,  
The cattle are wild,  
And when their mettle is thor-  
oughly 'riled,'  
Depend upon't the coach'll be  
'spiled,' —  
They're not the fellows to draw it  
mild!

Desist, I say,  
You'll rue the day, —  
So mind, and don't be foolish,  
Pha!"

But the youth was proud,  
And swore aloud,  
'T was just the thing to astonish  
the crowd, —  
He'd have the horses and would  
n't be cowed!

In vain the boy was cautioned at  
large,  
He called for the chargers, unheed-  
ing the charge,  
And vowed that any young fellow  
of force  
Could manage a dozen coursers,  
of course!

Now Phoebus felt exceedingly  
sorry  
He had given his word in such a  
hurry,

But having sworn by the Styx, no  
doubt  
He was in for it now, and could n't  
back out.

So calling Phaëthon up in a trice,  
He gave the youth a bit of ad-  
vice: —

"*Parce stimulis, utere loris!*"  
(A 'stage direction,' of which the  
core is,

Don't use the whip, — they're  
ticklish things, —

But, whatever you do, hold on to  
the strings!)

"Remember the rule of the Jehu-  
tribe is,

*Medio tutissimus ibis,*  
As the Judge remarked to a  
rowdy Scotchman,  
Who was going to quod between  
two watchmen!

So mind your eye, and spare your  
goad, •

Be shy of the stones, and keep in  
the road!"

Now Phaëthon, perched in the  
coachman's place,

Drove off the steeds at a furious  
pace,

Fast as coursers running a race,  
Or bounding along in a steeple-  
chase!

Of whip and shout there was no  
lack,

"Crack — whack —

Whack — crack,"  
Resounded along the horses' back!  
Frightened beneath the stinging  
lash,

Cutting their flanks in many a  
gash,

On, on they sped as swift as a  
flash,

Through thick and thin away they  
dash,

(Such rapid driving is always  
rash!)

When all at once, with a dreadful  
crash,  
The whole "establishment" went  
to smash!  
And Phaëthon, he,  
As all agree,  
Off the coach was suddenly hurled,  
Into a puddle, and out of the  
world!

## MORAL.

Don't rashly take to dangerous  
courses, —  
Nor set it down in your table of  
forces,  
That any one man equals any four  
horses!  
Don't swear by the Styx! —  
It's one of Old Nick's  
Diabolical tricks  
To get people into a regular "fix,"  
And hold 'em there as fast as  
bricks!

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## POLYPHEMUS AND ULYSSES.

A VERY remarkable history this is  
Of one Polyphemus and Captain  
Ulysses:  
The latter a hero, accomplished  
and bold,  
The former a knave, and a fright  
to behold, —  
A horrid big giant who lived in a  
den,  
And dined every day on a couple  
of men,  
Ate a woman for breakfast, and  
(dreadful to see!)  
Had a nice little baby served up  
with his tea;  
Indeed, if there's truth in the  
sprightly narration  
Of Homer, a poet of some reputa-  
tion,

Or Virgil, a writer but little infe-  
rior,  
And in some things, perhaps, the  
other's superior, —  
Polyphemus was truly a terrible  
creature,  
In manners and morals, in form  
and in feature;  
For law and religion he cared not  
a copper,  
And, in short, led a life that was  
very improper: —  
What made him a very remark-  
able guy,  
Like the late Mr. Thompson, he 'd  
only one eye;  
But that was a whopper, — a ter-  
rible one, —  
"As large" (Virgil says) "as the  
disk of the sun;"  
A brilliant, but rather extravagant  
figure,  
Which means, I suppose, that his  
eye was much bigger  
Than yours, — or even the orb of  
your sly  
Old bachelor-friend who 's "a  
wife in his eye."  
Ulysses, the hero I mentioned be-  
fore,  
Was shipwrecked, one day, on the  
pestilent shore  
Where the Cyclops resided, along  
with their chief,  
Polyphemus, the terrible man-eat-  
ing thief,  
Whose manners they copied, and  
laws they obeyed,  
While driving their horrible cannibal  
trade.

With many expressions of civil  
regret  
That Ulysses had got so unpleas-  
antly wet,  
With many expressions of pleasure  
profound

That all had escaped being thoroughly drowned,  
The rascal declared he was "fond  
of the brave,"  
And invited the strangers all home  
to his cave.

Here the cannibal king, with as little remorse  
As an omnibus feels for the death of a horse,  
Seized, crushed, and devoured a brace of the Greeks,  
As a Welshman would swallow a couple of leeks,  
Or a Frenchman, supplied with his usual prog,  
Would punish the hams of a favorite frog.  
Dashed and smashed against the stones,  
He broke their bodies and cracked their bones,  
Minding no more their moans and groans  
Than the grinder heeds his organ's tones!  
With purple gore the pavement swims,  
While the giant crushes their crackling limbs,  
And poor Ulysses trembles with fright  
At the horrid sound, and the horrid sight, —  
Trembles lest the monster grim  
Should make his "nuts and raisins" of him!  
And, really, since  
The man was a Prince,  
It's not very odd that his Highness should wince  
(Especially after such very strong hints),  
At the cannibal's manner, as rather more free  
Than his Highness at court was accustomed to see!

But the crafty Greek, to the tyrant's hurt  
(Though he did n't deserve so fine a dessert),  
Took a dozen of wine from his leather trunk,  
And plied the giant until he was drunk! —  
Drunken than any one you or I know,  
Who buys his "Rhenish" with ready rhino, —  
Exceedingly drunk, — *sepultus vino!*

Gazing a moment upon the sleeper,  
Ulysses cried: "Let's spoil his peeper! —  
'T will put him, my boys, in a pretty trim,  
If we can manage to douse his glim!"  
So, taking a spar that was lying in sight,  
They poked it into his "forward light,"  
And gouged away with furious spite,  
Ramming and jamming with all their might!

In vain the giant began to roar,  
And even swore  
That he never before  
Had met, in his life, such a terrible bore.  
They only plied the auger the more,  
And mocked his grief with a bantering cry,  
"Don't babble of pain, — *it's all in your eye!*"  
Until, alas for the wretched Cyclops!  
He gives a groan, and out his eye pops!

Leaving the knave, one need n't  
be told,  
As blind as a puppy of three days  
old.

The rest of the tale I can't tell  
now, —  
Except that Ulysses got out of the  
row,  
With the rest of his crew, — it's no  
matter how;  
While old Polyphemus, until he  
was dead, —  
Which was n't till many years  
after, 't is said, —  
Had a grief in his heart and a hole  
in his head!

## MORAL.

Don't use strong drink, — pray let  
me advise, —  
It's bad for the stomach, and ruins  
the eyes;  
Don't impose upon sailors with  
land-lubber tricks,  
Or you'll catch it some day like a  
thousand of bricks!

## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

SIR ORPHEUS, whom the poets  
have sung  
In every metre and every tongue  
Was, you may remember, a famous  
musician, —  
At least for a youth in his pagan  
condition, —  
For historians tell he played on his  
shell  
From morning till night, so re-  
markably well  
That his music created a regular  
spell

On trees and stones in forest and  
dell!  
What sort of an instrument his  
could be  
Is really more than is known to  
me, —  
For none of the books have told,  
d' ye see!  
It's very certain those heathen  
"swells"  
Knew nothing at all of oyster-shells,  
And it's clear Sir Orpheus never  
could own a  
Shell like those they make in Cre-  
mona;  
But whatever it was, to "move  
the stones"  
It must have shelled out some  
powerful tones,  
And entitled the player to rank in  
my rhyme  
As the very *Vieux temps* of the very  
old time!

But alas for the joys of this mu-  
table life!  
Sir Orpheus lost his beautiful  
wife, —  
Eurydice, — who vanished one day  
From Earth, in a very unpleasant  
way!  
It chanced, as near as I can deter-  
mine,  
Through one of those vertebrated  
vermin  
That lie in the grass so prettily  
curled,  
Waiting to "snake" you out of  
the world!  
And the poets tell she went to —  
well —  
A place where Greeks and Romans  
dwell  
After they burst their mortal shell;  
A region that in the deepest shade  
is,  
And known by the classical name  
of Hades, —

A different place from the terrible  
furnace  
Of Tartarus, down below Avernus.

Now, having a heart uncommon-  
ly stout,  
Sir Orpheus did n't go whining  
about,  
Nor marry another, as *you* would,  
no doubt,  
But made up his mind to fiddle her  
out!

But near the gate he had to wait,  
For there in state old Cerberus sate.  
A three-headed dog, as cruel as  
Fate,  
Guarding the entrance early and  
late;

A beast so sagacious, and very  
voracious,  
So uncommonly sharp and ex-  
tremely rapacious,  
That it really may be doubted  
whether

He'd have his match, should a  
common tether  
Unite three aldermen's heads to-  
gether!

But Orpheus, not in the least  
afraid,  
Tuned up his shell, and quickly  
essayed  
What could be done with a sere-  
nade,  
In short, so charming an air he  
played,  
He quite succeeded in overreaching  
The cunning cur, by musical teach-  
ing,  
And put him to sleep as fast as  
preaching!

And now our musical champion,  
Orpheus,  
Having given the janitor over to  
Morpheus,

Went groping around among the  
ladies  
Who throng the dismal halls of  
Hades,

Calling aloud  
To the shady crowd,  
In a voice as shrill as a martial fife,  
"O, tell me where in hell is my  
wife!"

(A natural question, 't is very plain,  
Although it may sound a little pro-  
fane.)

"Eurydice! *Eu-ryd-i-ce!*"  
He cried as loud as loud could be,—  
(A singular sound, and funny  
withal,

In a place where nobody *rides* at  
all!)

"Eurydice! — Eurydice!  
O, come, my dear, along with me!"  
And then he played so remarkably  
fine

That it really might be called di-  
vine, —

For who can show,  
On earth or below,  
Such wonderful feats in the musi-  
cal line?

E'en Tantalus ceased from trying  
to sip

The cup that flies from his arid lip;  
Ixion, too, the magic could feel,  
And, for a moment, blocked his  
wheel;

Poor Sisyphus, doomed to tumble  
and toss

The notable stone that gathers no  
moss,

Let go his burden, and turned to  
hear

The charming sounds that ravished  
his ear;

And even the Furies, — those terri-  
ble shrews

Whom no one before could ever  
amuse, —

Those strong-bodied ladies with  
 strong-minded views  
 Whom even the Devil would doubt-  
 less refuse,  
 Were his Majesty only permitted  
 to choose, —  
 Each felt for a moment her nature  
 desert her,  
 And wept like a girl o'er the "Sor-  
 rows of Werther."

And still Sir Orpheus chanted  
 his song.

Sweet and clear and strong and  
 long,

"Eurydice! — Eurydice!"

He cried as loud as loud could be;  
 And Echo, taking up the word,  
 Kept it up till the lady heard,  
 And came with joy to meet her  
 lord.

And he led her along the infernal  
 route,  
 Until he had got her almost out,  
 When, suddenly turning his head  
 about

(To take a peep at his wife, no  
 doubt),

He gave a groan,

For the lady was gone,

And had left him standing there  
 all alone!

For by an oath the gods had bound  
 Sir Orpheus not to look around  
 Till he was clear of the sacred  
 ground,

If he'd have Eurydice safe and  
 sound;

For the moment he did an act so  
 rash

His wife would vanish as quick as  
 a flash!

#### MORAL.

Young women! beware, for good-  
 ness' sake,  
 Of every sort of "sarpent snake";

Remember the rogue is apt to de-  
 ceive,  
 And played the deuce with Grand-  
 mother Eve!

Young men! it's a critical thing  
 to go  
 Exactly right with a lady in tow;  
 But when you are in the proper  
 track,  
 Just go ahead, and never look back!

#### JUPITER AND DANAË:

##### OR, HOW TO WIN A WOMAN.

IMPERIAL Jove, who, with won-  
 derful art,

Was one of those suitors that  
 always prevail,  
 Once made an assault on so flinty a  
 heart

That he feared for a while he  
 was destined to fail.

A beautiful maiden, Miss Danaë  
 by name,

The Olympian lover endeavored  
 to win;

But she peeped from the casement  
 whenever he came,

Exclaiming, "You're hand-  
 some, but cannot come in!"

With sweet adulation he tickled  
 her ear;

But still at her window she quiet-  
 ly sat,

And said, though his speeches  
 were pleasant to hear,

She'd always been used to such  
 homage as that!

Then he spoke, in a fervid and  
rapturous strain,  
Of a bosom consuming with  
burning desire;  
But his eloquent pleading was  
wholly in vain, —  
She thought it imprudent to  
meddle with fire!

Then he begged her in mercy to  
pity his case,  
And spoke of his dreadfully  
painful condition;  
But the lady replied, with a sor-  
rowful face,  
She was only a maiden, and not  
a physician!

In vain with these cunning conven-  
tional snares,  
To win her the gallant Lothario  
strove;  
In spite of his smiles, and his tears,  
and his prayers,  
She could n't, she would n't, be  
courted by Jove!

At last he contrived, — so the story  
is told, —  
By some means or other, one  
evening, to pour  
Plump into her apron a shower of  
gold,  
Which opened her heart, — and  
unbolted her door!

MORAL.

Hence suitors may learn that in  
matters of love  
'T is idle in manners or merit to  
trust;  
The only sure way is to imitate  
Jove, —  
Just open your purse, and come  
down with the dust.

VENUS AND VULCAN:

OR, THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

WHEN the peerless Aphrodite  
First appeared among her kin,  
What a flutter of excitement  
All the goddesses were in!

How the gods, in deep amazement,  
Bowed before the Queen of  
Beauty,  
And in loyal adoration  
Proffered each his humble duty!

Phœbus, first, to greet her coming,  
Met her with a grand oration;  
Mars, who ne'er before had  
trembled,  
Showed the plainest trepidation!

Hermes fairly lost his cunning,  
Gazing at the new Elysian;  
Plutus quite forgot his money  
In the rapture of his vision!

Even Jove was deeply smitten  
(So the Grecian poets tell us),  
And, as might have been expected,  
Juno was extremely jealous!

Staid Minerva thought her silly;  
Chaste Diana called her vain;  
But not one of all the ladies  
Dared to say that she was  
"plain"!

Surely such a throng of lovers  
Never mortal yet could boast;  
Everywhere throughout Olympus  
"Charming Venus!" was the  
toast!

Even Vulcan, lame and ugly,  
Paid the dame his awkward  
court;

But the goddess, in derision,  
Turned his passion into sport;

Laughed aloud at all his pleading,  
Bade him wash his visage sooty,  
And go wooing with the Harpies,  
What had *he* to do with Beauty?

Well — how fared it with the goddess?

Sure, the haughty queen of love,  
Choosing one to suit her fancy,  
Married Phœbus, Mars, or Jove?

No! — at last — as often happens  
To coquettes of lower station —  
Venus found herself neglected,  
With a damaged reputation;

And esteeming any husband  
More desirable than none,  
She was glad to marry Vulcan  
As the best that could be done!

#### L'ENVOI.

Hence you learn the real reason,  
Which your wonder oft arouses,  
Why so many handsome women  
Have such very ugly spouses!

#### RICHARD OF GLOSTER.

#### A TRAVESTY.

PERHAPS, my dear boy, you may  
never have heard  
Of that wicked old monarch, King  
Richard the Third, —  
Whose actions were often extremely  
absurd;

And who led such a sad life,  
Such a wanton and mad life;  
Indeed, I may say, such a wretchedly  
bad life,  
I suppose I am perfectly safe in  
declaring,  
There was ne'er such a monster of  
infamous daring.  
In all sorts of crime he was wholly  
unsparing;  
In pride and ambition was quite  
beyond bearing;  
And had a bad habit of cursing  
and swearing.  
I must own, my dear boy, I have  
more than suspected  
The King's education was rather  
neglected;  
And that at *your* school with any  
two "Dicks"  
Whom your excellent teacher diurnally  
pricks  
In his neat little tables, in order to  
fix  
Each pupil's progression with numeral  
nicks,  
Master Richard Y. Gloster would  
often have heard  
His standing recorded as "*Richard*  
— *the third!*"  
But whatever of learning his Majesty  
had,  
'T is clear the King's English was  
shockingly bad.  
At the slightest pretence  
Of disloyal offence,  
His anger exceeded all reason or  
sense;  
And, having no need to foster or  
nurture it, he  
Would open his wrath, then, as if  
to disperse it, he  
Would scatter his curses like College  
degrees;  
And, quite at his ease,  
Conferred his "*d-d's*,"  
As plenty and cheap as a young  
University!

And yet Richard's tongue was remarkable smooth,  
 Could utter a lie quite as easy as truth  
 (Another bad habit he got in his youth),  
 And had, on occasion, a powerful battery  
 Of plausible phrases and eloquent flattery,  
 Which gave him, my boy, in that barbarous day  
 (Things are different now, I am happy to say),  
 Over feminine hearts a most perilous sway.  
 The women, in spite of an odious lump  
 Which he wore on his back, all thought him a trump;  
 And just when he'd played them the scurviest trick,  
 They'd swear in their hearts that this crooked old stick, —  
 This treacherous, dangerous, dissolute Dick,  
 For honor and virtue beat Cato all hollow;  
 And in figure and face was another Apollo!

He murdered their brothers,  
 And fathers and mothers;  
 And, worse than all that, he slaughtered by dozens  
 His own royal uncles and nephews and cousins;  
 And then, in the cunningest sort of orations,  
 In smooth conversations,  
 And flattering ovations,  
 Made love to the principal female relations!  
 'T was very improper, my boy, you must know,  
 For the son of a King to behave himself so;

And you'll scarcely believe what the chronicles show  
 Of his wonderful wooings,  
 And infamous doings;  
 But here's an exploit that he certainly *did* do, —  
 Killed his own cousin Ned,  
 As he slept in his bed,  
 And married, next day, the disconsolate widow!

I don't understand how such ogres arise,  
 But beginning, perhaps, with things little in size,  
 Such as torturing beetles and blue-bottle-flies,  
 Or scattering snuff in a poodle-dog's eyes, —  
 King Richard had grown so wantonly cruel,  
 He minded a murder no more than a duel;  
 He'd indulge, on the slightest pretence or occasion,  
 In his favorite amusement of Decapitation,  
 Until "Off with his head!"  
 It is credibly said,  
 From his Majesty's mouth came as easy and pat  
 As from an old constable, "Off with his hat!"  
 One really shivers,  
 And fairly quivers,  
 To think of the treatment of Grey and Rivers  
 And Hastings and Vaughn and other good livers,  
 All suddenly sent, at the tap of a drum,  
 From the Kingdom of England to Kingdom-Come!  
 Of Buckingham doomed to a tragical end  
 For being the tyrant's particular friend;

Of Clarence who died, it is mourn-  
ful to think,  
Of wine that he was n't permitted  
to drink;  
And the beautiful babies of royal  
blood,  
Two little White Roses both nipt in  
the bud;  
And silly Queen Anne, — what  
sorrow it cost her  
(And served her right!) for daring  
to foster  
The impudent suit of this Richard  
of Gloster,  
Who, instead of conferring a royal  
gratuity,  
A dower, or even a decent *Anne*-  
nity,  
Just gave her a portion of — some-  
thing or other  
That made her as quiet as Pha-  
raoh's mother!

Ah Richard! you're going it quite  
too fast;  
Your doom is slow, but it's com-  
ing at last;  
Your bloody crown  
Will topple down,  
And you'll be done uncommonly  
brown!

Your foes are thick,  
My daring Dick,  
And Richmond, a prince, and a  
regular brick,  
Is after you now with a very sharp  
stick!

On Bosworth field the armies to-  
night  
Are pitching their tents in each  
other's sight;  
And to-morrow! to-morrow! they  
're going to fight!  
And now King Richard has gone  
to bed;  
But e'en in his sleep  
He cannot keep

The past or the future out of his  
head.

In his deep remorse  
Each mangled corse  
Of all he had slain, — or, what was  
worse,  
Their ghosts, — came up in terri-  
ble force,  
And greeted his ear with unpleas-  
ant discourse,  
Until, with a scream,  
He woke from his dream,  
And shouted aloud for "another  
horse!"

Perhaps you may think, my little  
dear,  
King Richard's request was rather  
queer;  
But I'll presently make it exceed-  
ingly clear: —

THE ROYAL SLEEPER WAS OVER-  
FED!

I mean to say that, against his  
habit,

He'd eaten Welsh-rabbit  
With very bad whiskey on going  
to bed.

I've had the Night-Mare with hor-  
rible force,  
And much prefer a different horse!

But see! the murky night is  
gone!  
The Morn is up, and the Fight is  
on!  
The Knights are engaging, the  
warfare is waging,  
On the right, on the left, the battle  
is raging;  
King Richard is down!  
Will he save his crown?  
There's a crack in it now! — he's  
beginning to bleed!  
Aha! King Richard has lost his  
steed!  
(At a moment like this 't is a ter-  
rible need!)

He shouts aloud with thundering  
force,  
And offers a *very* high price for a  
horse,  
But it's all in vain, — the battle is  
done, —  
The day is lost! — and the day is  
won! —  
And Richmond is King! and  
Richard's a corse!

MORAL.

Remember, my boy, that moral  
enormities  
Are apt to attend corporeal de-  
formities.  
Whatever you have, or whatever  
you lack,  
Beware of getting a crook in your  
back;  
And, while you're about it, I'd  
very much rather  
You'd grow tall and superb, i. e.  
copy your father!

Don't learn to be cruel, pray let  
me advise,  
By torturing beetles and blue-  
bottle-flies,  
Or scattering snuff in a poodle-  
dog's eyes.

If you ever should marry, remem-  
ber to wed  
A handsome, plump, modest,  
sweet-spoken, well-bred,  
And sensible maiden of twenty, —  
instead  
Of a widow whose husband is re-  
cently dead!  
If you'd shun in your naps those  
horrible *Incubi*,  
Beware what you eat, and be care-  
ful what drink you buy;  
Or else you may see, in your  
sleep's perturbations,

Some old and uncommonly ugly  
relations,  
Who'll be very apt to disturb your  
nutations  
By unpleasant allusions and rude  
observations!

OTHELLO, THE MOOR.

ROMANCES of late are so wretch-  
edly poor,  
Here goes for the old one: — Othel-  
lo, the Moor;  
A warrior of note, and by no means  
a boor,  
Though the skin on his face  
Was as black as the ace  
Of spades; or (a simile nearer the  
case)  
Say, black as the Deuce; or black  
as a brace  
Of very black cats in a very dark  
place!  
That's the German idea;  
But how he *could* be a  
Regular negro don't seem very  
clear;  
For Horace, you know,  
A great while ago,  
Put a sentiment forth which we all  
must agree to:  
“*Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane,  
caveto!*”  
(A nigger's a rascal that one ought  
to see to.)  
I rather, in sooth,  
Think it nearer the truth  
To take the opinion of young Mr.  
Booth,  
Who makes *his* Othello  
A grim-looking fellow  
Of a color compounded of lamp-  
black and yellow.

Now Captain Othello, a true son of Mars,  
 The foe being vanquished, returned  
 from the wars,  
 All covered with ribbons, and garters, and stars,  
 Not to mention a score of magnificent scars;  
 And calling, one day,  
 In a neighborly way,  
 On Signor Brabantio, — one of the men  
 Who figured in Venice as Senator then, —  
 Was invited to tell  
 Of all that befell  
 Himself and his friends while campaigning so well,  
 From the time of his boyhood till now he was grown  
 The greatest of Captains that Venice had known.  
 As a neighbor should do,  
 He ran it quite through,  
 (I would n't be bail it was all of it true,)  
 Recounting, with ardor, such trophies and glories,  
 Among Ottoman rebels and Cyprian tories,  
 Not omitting a parcel of cock-and-bull stories, —  
 That he quite won the heart of the Senator's daughter,  
 Who, like most of the sex, had a passion for slaughter:  
 And was wondrously bold  
 In battles, — as told  
 By brilliant romancers, who picture in gold  
 What, in its own hue, you 'd be shocked to behold.

Now Captain Othello, who never had known a  
 Young lady so lovely as "Fair Desdemona,"

Not even his patroness, Madam Bellona, —  
 Was delighted, one day,  
 At hearing her say,  
 Of all men in the world he 'd the charmingest way  
 Of talking to women; and if any one *should*,  
 (Tho' she did n't imagine that any one would, —  
 For where, to be sure, was another who *could*?)  
 But *if* — and *suppose* — a lover came to her,  
 And told her *his* story, 't would certainly woo her.  
 With so lucid a hint,  
 The dickens were in 't,  
 If he could n't have read her as easy as print;  
 And thus came of course, — but as to the rest, —  
 The billing and cooing I leave to be guessed, —  
 And how, when their passion was fairly confessed,  
 They sent for a parson to render them "blest," —  
 Although it was done, I am sorry to say,  
 In what Mrs. P. — had it happened to-day —  
 Would be likely to call a *clandestine* way!  
 I cannot recount  
 One half the amount  
 Of curses that burst from his cardiac fount  
 When Signor Brabantio learned that the Moor  
 Had married his daughter; "How *dared* he to woo her?"  
 The sooty-skinned knave, — thus to blight and undo her?  
 With what villainous potions the scoundrelly sinner  
 Must have poisoned her senses in order to win her!"

And more of the same, —  
 But my language is lame,  
 E'en a fishwoman's tongue were  
 decidedly tame  
 A tithe of the epithets even to  
 name,  
 Compounded of scorn and derision  
 and hate,  
 Which Signor Brabantio poured on  
 the pate  
 Of the beautiful girl's nigritudi-  
 nous mate!  
 I cannot delay  
 To speak of the way  
 The matter was settled; suffice it  
 to say  
 'T was exactly the same as you  
 see in a play,  
 Where the lady persuades her  
 affectionate sire  
 That the fault was her own, —  
 which softens his ire,  
 And, though for a season extreme-  
 ly annoyed,  
 At last he approves — what he  
 cannot avoid!

Philosophers tell us  
 A mind like Othello's —  
 Strong, manly, and brave — is n't  
 apt to be jealous;  
 But now, you must know,  
 The Moor had a foe,  
 Iago, by name, who concealed with  
 a show  
 Of honest behavior the wickedest  
 heart  
 That Satan e'er filled with his  
 treacherous art,  
 And who, as a *friend*,  
 Was accustomed to lend  
 His gifts to the most diabolical  
 end,  
 To wit, the destruction of Captain  
 Othello,  
 Desdemona, his wife, and an ex-  
 cellent fellow,

One Cassio, a soldier, — too apt to  
 get mellow, —  
 But as honest a man as ever broke  
 bread,  
 A bottle of wine, or an Ottoman  
 head.

'T is a very long story,  
 And would certainly bore ye,  
 Being not very brilliant with  
 grandeur or glory,  
 How the wicked Iago contrived to  
 abuse  
 The gallant Othello respecting his  
 views  
 Of his fair lady's honor;  
 Reflecting upon her  
 In damnable hints, and by frag-  
 ments of news  
 About palming and presents, him-  
 self had invented,  
 Until the poor husband was fairly  
 demented,  
 And railed at his wife, like a cow-  
 ardly varlet,  
 And gave her an epithet, — rhym-  
 ing with scarlet,  
 And prated of Cassio with virulent  
 spleen,  
 And called for a handkerchief  
 some one had seen,  
 And wanted to know what the  
 deuce it could mean?  
 And — to state the case honestly —  
 really acted  
 In the manner that women call  
 "raving-distracted!"

It is sad to record  
 How her lunatic lord  
 Spurned all explanation the dame  
 could afford,  
 And still kept repeating the odious  
 word,

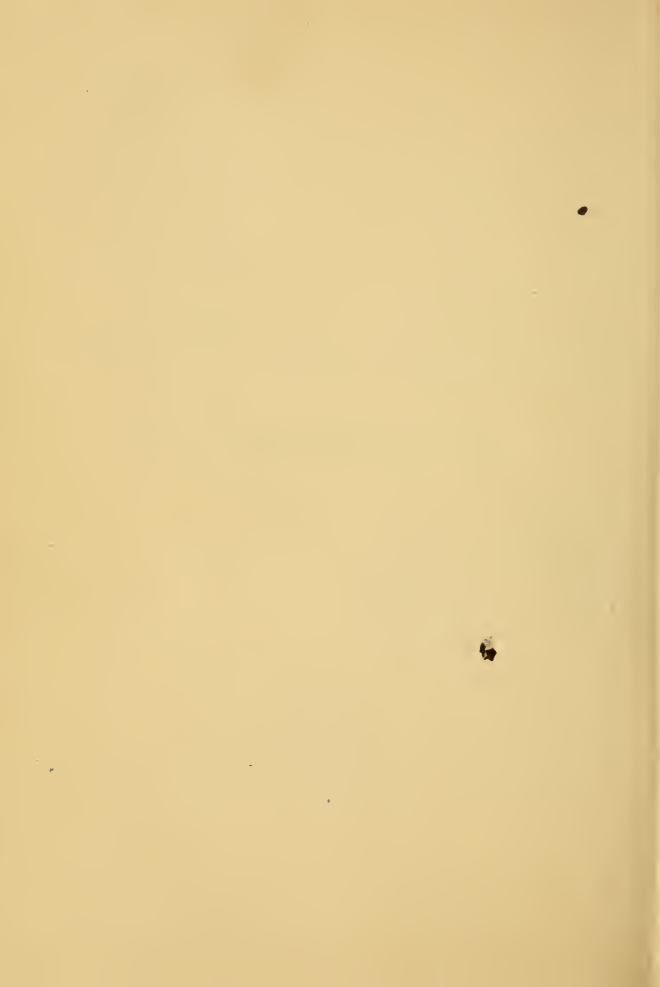
So false, and so foul to a virtuous  
ear,  
That I could n't be tempted to  
mention it here.  
'T is sadder to tell  
Of the crime that befell,  
When, moved, it would seem, by  
the demons of hell,  
He seized a knife,  
And, kissing his wife,  
Extinguished the light of her inno-  
cent life;  
And how, also, before the poor  
body was cool,  
He found he had acted as villany's  
tool,  
And died exclaiming, "O fool!  
*fool!* FOOL!"

## MORAL.

Young ladies! — beware of hasty  
connections;  
And don't marry suitors with  
swarthy complexions;  
For though they may chance to be  
capital fellows,  
Depend upon it, they 're apt to be  
jealous!

Young gentlemen! pray recollect,  
if you can,  
To give a wide berth to a meddle-  
some man;  
And horsewhip the knave who  
would poison your life  
By breeding distrust between you  
and your wife!

SONNETS.



## SONNETS.

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### THREE LOVES.

I HAVE known various loves of  
women. One  
Gave all her soul (she said), but  
kept intact  
Her marble lips, and ever seemed  
to shun  
Love's blandishments, as if his  
lightest act  
Were fatal to his life. Another  
gave  
All luxury of love that woman's  
art  
Could lend in aid of Beauty's  
kisses — save  
What she, alas! had not — a  
loving heart.  
Poor, dear, dead flowers! One  
with no root in earth;  
And one no breath of Heaven's  
sustaining air;  
No marvel briefly they survived  
their birth;  
And then my true-love came (O  
wondrous fair  
Beyond the twain!) whose soul  
and sense unite  
In perfect bloom for Love's su-  
preme delight.

### MY QUEEN.

I CALL her Queen — the lady of  
my love —  
Since that in all one sceptreless  
may claim  
Of true nobility to suit the  
name,  
She is right royal, — and doth so  
approve  
My loving homage. All that  
painter's art  
And poet's fantasy delight to  
find  
In queenliness is hers: the noble  
mind,  
The stately bearing, and the gra-  
cious heart;  
The voice most musical, the  
brow serene,  
And beaming benediction — like  
a queen!  
And O, such peerless beauty, that,  
I swear  
(Recalling each fair face that  
loud Renown  
Hath found, or feigned, beneath a  
jewelled crown)  
I flatter queens, to call her  
“queenly fair!”

"WITH MY BODY I THEE  
WORSHIP."

*Anglican Marriage Service.*

THAT I adore thee, my most gracious queen,  
More in my spirit than my body's sense  
Of thine, were such incredible pretence  
As I would scorn to utter. Thou hast seen  
When eyes and lips, responsive to the heart,  
Were bent in worship of thy lips and eyes,  
Until, O bliss! each pleasure-pulsing part  
Hath found its fellow in Love's sweet emprise;  
Each answering other in such eager wise  
As they would never cease to kiss and cling —  
Ah! then meseemed amid the storm of sighs  
I heard thy voice exclaiming,  
"O my King!  
So may my soul be ever true to thine,  
As with thy body thou dost worship mine!"

### PAN IMMORTAL.

Who weeps the death of Pan?  
Pan is not dead,  
But loves the shepherds still;\* still leads the fauns  
In merry dances o'er the grassy lawns,

\* Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros. — VIRGIL.

To his own pipes; as erst in Greece he led  
The sylvan games, what time the god pursued  
The beauteous Dryopè. The Naiads still  
Haunt the green marge of every mountain rill;  
The Dryads sport in every leafy wood;  
Pan cannot die till Nature's self decease!  
Full oft the reverent worshipper describes  
His ruddy face and mischief-glancing eyes  
Beneath the branches of old forest-trees  
That tower remote from steps of worldly men,  
Or hears his laugh far echoing down the glen!

### THE BEAUTIFUL.

TO STELLA.

ALL things of beauty are not theirs alone  
Who hold the fee; but unto him no less  
Who can enjoy, than unto them who own,  
Are sweetest uses given to possess.  
For Heaven is bountiful; and suffers none  
To make monopoly of aught that's fair;  
The breath of violets is not for one,  
Nor loveliness of women; all may share

Who can discern; and He who  
made the law,

"Thou shalt not covet!" gave  
the subtle power  
By which, unsinning, I may freely  
draw

Beauty and fragrance from each  
perfect flower  
That decks the wayside, or adorns  
the lea,  
Or in my neighbor's garden blooms  
for me!

---

### BEREAVEMENT.

NAY, weep not, dearest, though  
the child be dead;

He lives again in Heaven's un-  
clouded life,  
With other angels that have early  
fled

From these dark scenes of sor-  
row, sin, and strife.

Nay, weep not, dearest, though thy  
yearning love

Would fondly keep for earth its  
fairest flowers,

And e'en deny to brighter realms  
above

The few that deck this dreary  
world of ours:

Though much it seems a wonder  
and a woe

That one so loved should be so  
early lost,

And hallowed tears may unforbid-  
den flow

To mourn the blossom that we  
cherished most,

Yet all is well; God's good design  
I see,

That where our treasure is, our  
hearts may be.

### TO MY WIFE ON HER BIRTH- DAY.

WHAT! —ty years? — I never  
could have guessed it

By any token writ upon your  
brow,

Or other test of Time, — had you  
not now,

Just to surprise me, foolishly con-  
fessed it.

Well, on your word, of course, I  
must receive it;

Although (to say the truth) it is,  
indeed,

As proselytes sometimes accept  
a creed,

While in their hearts they really  
don't believe it!

While all around is changed, no  
change appears,

My darling Sophie, to these eyes  
of mine,

In aught of thee that I have  
deemed divine,

To mark the number of the van-  
ished years, —

The kindly years that on that  
face of thine

Have spent their life, and, "dy-  
ing, made no *sign*!"

---

### TO SPRING.

"O VER PURPUREUM!" — Violet-  
colored Spring

Perhaps, good poet, in *your* ver-  
nal days

The simple truth might justify  
the phrase;

But now, dear Virgil, there is no  
such thing!

Perhaps, indeed, in your Italian  
clime,

Where o'er the year, if fair re-  
port be true,

*Four* seasons roll, instead of  
barely *two*,

There still may be a verdant vernal  
time;

But *here*, on these our chilly north-  
ern shores,

Where April gleams with Janu-  
ary's snows, —

Not e'en a violet buds; and noth-  
ing "blows,"

Save blustering Boreas, — drear-  
iest of bores.

*Over purpureum!* where the Spring  
discloses

Her brightest purple on our lips  
and noses!

### THE VICTIM

. A GALLIC bard the touching tale  
has told

How once — the customary dow-  
er to save —

A sordid sire his only daughter  
gave

To a rich suitor, ugly, base, and  
old.

The mother too (such mothers  
there have been)

With equal pleasure heard the  
formal vow,

"With all my worldly goods I  
thee endow,"

And gave the bargain an approving  
grin.

Then, to the girl, who stood with  
drooping head,

The pallid image of a wretch  
forlorn,

Mourning the hapless hour when  
she was born,

The Priest said, "Agnes, wilt thou  
this man wed?"

"Of this my marriage, holy  
man," said she,

"Thou art the first to say a  
word to me!"

### TO —.

THINE is an ever-changing beauty;  
now

With that proud look, so lofty  
yet serene

In its high majesty, thou seem'st  
a queen,

With all her diamonds blazing on  
her brow!

Anon I see — as gentler thoughts  
arise

And mould thy features in their  
sweet control —

The pure, white ray that lights a  
maiden's soul,

And struggles outward through her  
drooping eyes.

Anon they flash; and now a golden  
light

Bursts o'er thy beauty, like the  
Orient's glow,

Bathing thy shoulders' and thy  
bosom's snow,

And all the woman beams upon my  
sight!

I kneel unto the queen, like  
knight of yore;

The maid I love; the woman I  
adore!

### TO A CLAM.

Dum tacent clamant.

INGLORIOUS friend! most confi-  
dent I am

Thy life is one of very little ease;

Albeit men mock thee with their  
 similes  
 And prate of being "happy as a  
 clam"!   
 What though thy shell protects thy  
 fragile head  
 From the sharp bailiffs of the  
 briny sea?  
 Thy valves are, sure, no safety-  
 valves to thee,  
 While rakes are free to desecrate  
 thy bed,  
 And bear thee off,—as foemen  
 take their spoil,—  
 Far from thy friends and family  
 to roam;  
 Forced, like a Hessian, from thy  
 native home,  
 To meet destruction in a foreign  
 broil!  
 Though thou art tender, yet thy  
 humble bard  
 Declares, O clam! thy case is  
 shocking hard!

---

### THE PORTRAIT.

A PRETTY picture hangs before  
 my view;  
 The face, in little, of a Southern  
 dame,  
 To me unknown (though not  
 unknown to fame)  
 Save by the lines the cunning lim-  
 ner drew.  
 So grandly Grecian is the lady's  
 head,  
 I took her for Minerva in dis-  
 guise;  
 But when I marked the winning  
 lips and eyes,  
 I thought of Aphrodite, in her  
 stead;

And then I kissed her calm, un-  
 answering mouth  
 (The *picture's* mine) as any  
 lover might,  
 In the deep fervor of a nuptial  
 night,  
 And envied him who, in the  
 "Sunny South,"  
 Calls *her* his own whose *shadow*  
 can impart  
 Such very sunshine to a North-  
 ern heart!

---

### SOMEWHERE.

SOMEWHERE — somewhere a  
 happy clime there is,  
 A land that knows not unavail-  
 ing woes,  
 Where all the clashing elements of  
 this  
 Discordant scene are hushed in  
 deep repose.  
 Somewhere — somewhere (ah me,  
 that land to win!)  
 Is some bright realm, beyond  
 the farthest main,  
 Where trees of Knowledge bear no  
 fruit of sin,  
 And buds of Pleasure blossom not  
 in pain.  
 Somewhere — somewhere an end  
 of mortal strife  
 With our immortal yearnings;  
 nevermore  
 The outer warring with the inner  
 life  
 Till both are wretched. Ah,  
 that happy shore!  
 Where shines for aye the soul's  
 refulgent sun,  
 And life is love, and love and joy  
 are one!

## CHANGE NOT LOSS.

I DEEM to love and lose by love's  
 decay  
 In either breast, or Fate's un-  
 kindly cross,  
 Is not, perforce, irreparable loss  
 Unto the larger. There may come  
 a day,  
 Changing for precious gold  
 Affection's dross,  
 When the great heart that sorely  
 sighed to say  
 "Farewell!" unto the late-de-  
 parted guest  
 (The transient tenant of an idle  
 breast)  
 Shall, through the open portal,  
 welcome there  
 A worthier than he who barred  
 the place  
 Against the loitering lord, whose  
 regal face  
 And princely step proclaim the  
 lawful heir  
 Arrived — ah, happy day! — to  
 fill the throne  
 By royal right divine his very  
 own!

---

## À LA PENSÉE.

COME to me, dearest! O, I can-  
 not bear  
 These barren words of worship  
 that to each  
 The other utters. In the finer  
 speech  
 Of soft caresses let our souls de-  
 clare  
 Their opulence of love; for while  
 instead  
 We linger prattling, kind Occa-  
 sion slips,  
 Leaving to pensive sighs the  
 pallid lips

That else for pleasure had been  
 ruby red.  
 Thanks! darling, thanks! Ah,  
 happier than a king  
 In all beatitude of royal bliss  
 Is he whose mouth (again! O  
 perfect kiss!)  
 May thus unto thine own with  
 rapture cling;  
 For very joy of love content to  
 live  
 Unquestioning if Love have  
 more to give!

---

## ABSENCE.

ABSENT from thee, beloved, I am  
 pent  
 In utter solitude, where'er I be;  
 My wonted pleasures give me  
 small content  
 Wanting the highest, — to be  
 shared by thee.  
 Reading, — I deem I misemploy my  
 eyes,  
 Save in the sweet perusal of  
 thine own;  
 Talking, — I mind me, with en-  
 amoured sighs,  
 What finer use my moving lips  
 have known  
 When (as some kind orchestral  
 instrument  
 Takes up the note the singer  
 failed to reach)  
 Uncounted kisses rapturously lent  
 The finished meaning to my  
 halting speech;  
 Remembering this, I fondly yearn  
 for thee,  
 And cry, "O Time! haste! bring  
 my love to me!"

BIENVENUE.

THRICE welcome day that ends  
the weary night  
Of love in absence. Hush, my  
throbbing heart!  
I hear her step, — she comes!  
who now can part  
The happy twain whose soul and  
sense unite?  
O, can it be? Is this no mocking  
dream?  
Nay, by these clasping hands,  
that fervent kiss,  
(Honey of Hybla!) and by this,  
and this,  
I know thee for my own. Ah!  
now I deem  
The gods grow envious of an  
earthly bliss  
That dims Elysian raptures, and I  
seem  
More blest than blest Endymion;  
for he  
Saw not his love, while I, with  
doting eyes,  
O joy ineffable! do gaze on thee,  
Whose circling arms enclose my  
Paradise!

MISERERE.

I THINK the pity of this earthly  
life  
Is love: So sighs a singer of  
the day,  
Whose pensive strain my sym-  
pathetic lay  
Sadly prolongs. Alas! the end-  
less strife  
Of love's sweet law with cold con-  
vention's rules;  
The loving souls unloved; the  
perfect mate,  
After long years of yearning,  
found — too late!

The treason of false friends; the  
frown of fools;  
The fear that baffles bliss in  
beauty's arms;  
The weariness of absence; and  
the dread  
Of lover — or of love — untimely  
dead! —  
Musing on these, and all the  
direful harms  
That hapless human hearts are  
doomed to prove,  
I think the pity of this life is  
love!

AQUINAS AND THE BISHOP.

INCREASE of worldly wealth is not  
always  
With growth in grace in mani-  
fest accord;  
So quaint Aquinas hinted to my  
lord  
The bishop, when, upon a certain  
day,  
Surprised while counting o'er  
his ample hoard  
Of shining ducats in a coffer  
stored,  
The prelate said, "The time, you  
see, has gone  
When dear old Mother Church  
was forced to say,  
(*Acts second*) '*Gold and silver  
have I none!*'"  
"Ah!" quoth Aquinas, shrewd-  
ly, "so I find;  
But that, your Grace, was in the  
purer age,  
The very same, be pleased to  
bear in mind,  
When with her foes brave battle  
she could wage,  
And say to sordid Satan, '*Get  
behind!*'"



EPIGRAMS.



# EPIGRAMS.

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## THE EXPLANATION.

CHARLES, discoursing rather freely  
Of the unimportant part  
Which (he said) our clever women  
Play in Science and in Art,  
“Ah! —the sex you undervalue”;  
Cried his lovely cousin Jane.  
“No, indeed!” responded Charley,  
“Pray allow me to explain;  
Such a paragon is woman,  
That, you see, it *must* be true  
She is always vastly better  
Than the best that she can do!”

---

## FAMILY QUARRELS.

“A FOOL,” said Jeanette, “is a  
creature I hate!”  
“But hating,” quoth John, “is  
immoral;  
Besides, my dear girl, it’s a terrible fate  
To be found in a family quarrel!”

---

## TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

“WHAT is the ‘Poet’s License,’  
say?”  
Asked rose-lipped Anna of a  
poet.

“Now give me an example, pray,  
That when I see one I may know  
it.”

Quick as a flash he plants a kiss  
Where perfect kisses always fall.  
“Nay, sir! what liberty is this?”  
“The *Poet’s License*, — that is  
all!”

---

## A COMMON ALTERNATIVE.

“Say, what’s to be done with this  
window, dear Jack?  
The cold rushes through it at every  
crack.”

Quoth John: “I know little of  
carpenter-craft,  
But I think, my dear wife, you will  
have to go through  
The very same process that other  
folks do, —  
That is, you must *list* or submit  
to the *draught*!”

---

## A PLAIN CASE.

WHEN Tutor Thompson goes to  
bed,  
That very moment, it is said,  
The cautious man puts out the  
light,

And draws the curtain snug and tight.  
 You marvel much why this should be,  
 But when his spouse you chance to see,  
 What seemed before a puzzling case  
 Is plain as — Mrs. Thompson's face!

---

## OVER-CANDID.

BOUNCING Bess, discoursing free,  
 Owned, with wondrous meekness,  
 Just one fault (what could it be?)  
 One peculiar weakness;  
 She in candor must confess  
 Nature failed to send her  
 Woman's usual tenderness  
 Toward the other gender.  
 Foolish Bessie! — thus to tell;  
 Had she not confessed it,  
 Not a man who knows her well  
 Ever would have guessed it!

---

## NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

"HERE, wife," said Will, "I pray  
 you devote  
 Just half a minute to mend this  
 coat,  
 Which a nail has chanced to rend."  
 "'Tis ten o'clock!" said his  
 drowsy mate.  
 "I know," said Will, "it is rather  
 late;  
 But 't is 'never too late to mend'!"

---

## AN EQUIVOCAL APOLOGY.

QUOTH Madam Bas-bleu, "I hear  
 you have said  
 Intellectual women are always  
 your dread;  
 Now tell me, dear sir, is it true?"  
 "Why, yes," answered Tom,  
 "very likely I may  
 Have made the remark, in a jocular  
 way;  
 But then, on my honor, I did n't  
 mean you!"

---

## ON AN ILL-READ LAWYER.

AN idle attorney besought a  
 brother  
 For something to read, — some  
 novel or other,  
 That was really fresh and new.  
 "Take Chitty!" replied his legal  
 friend,  
 "There is n't a book that I could  
 lend  
 Would prove more novel to  
 you!"

---

## ON A RECENT CLASSIC CONTROVERSY.

NAY, marvel not to see these  
 scholars fight,  
 In brave disdain of certain scath  
 and scar;  
 'T is but the genuine old Hellenic  
 spite, —  
 "When Greek meets Greek,  
 then comes the tug of war!"

## ANOTHER.

Quoth David to Daniel, "Why is  
it these scholars  
Abuse one another whenever  
they speak?" -  
Quoth Daniel to David, "It nat'-  
rally follers  
Folks come to hard words if  
they meddle with Greek!"

---

## LUCUS A NON.

You'll oft find in books, rather  
ancient than recent,  
A gap in the page marked with  
"*cetera desunt*,"  
By which you may commonly take  
it for granted  
The passage is wanting without  
being wanted;  
And may borrow, besides, a sig-  
nificant hint  
That *desunt* means simply *not*  
decent to print!

---

## A CANDID CANDIDATE. 19

WHEN John was contending  
(though sure to be beat)  
In the annual race for the Govern-  
or's seat,  
And a crusty old fellow remarked,  
to his face,  
He was clearly too young for so  
lofty a place, —  
"Perhaps so," said John; "but  
consider a minute;  
The objection will cease by the  
time I am in it!"

NEMO REPENTE TURPISSI-  
MUS.

BOB SAWYER to a man of law  
Repeating once the Roman saw,  
"*Nemo repente* —" and the rest,  
Was answered thus: "Well, I pro-  
test,  
However classic your quotation,  
I do not see the application."  
"'T is plain enough," responded  
Sawyer:  
"It takes three years to make a  
lawyer!"

---

## TOO CANDID BY HALF.

As Tom and his wife were dis-  
coursing one day  
Of their several faults, in a ban-  
tering way,  
Said she: "Though my *wit* you  
disparage,  
I'm sure, my dear husband, our  
friends will attest  
This much, at the least, that my  
*judgment* is best."  
Quoth Tom, "So they said at  
our marriage!"

---

CONJURGIUM NON CONJU-  
GIUM.

DICK leads, it is known, with his  
vixenish wife,  
In spite of their vows, such a tur-  
bulent life,  
The social relation of Dick and his  
mate  
Should surely be written The Con-  
jugal State!

## CHEAP ENOUGH.

THEY 've a saying in Italy, pointed  
and terse,  
That a pretty girl's smiles are the  
tears of the purse;  
"What matter?" says Charley.  
"Can diamonds be cheap?  
Let lovers be happy, though purses  
should weep!"

---

ON AN UGLY PERSON SIT-  
TING FOR A DAGUERREO-  
TYPE.

HERE Nature in her glass—the  
wanton elf—  
Sits gravely making faces at her-  
self;  
And, while she scans each clumsy  
feature o'er,  
Repeats the blunders that she made  
before!

---

## ON A FAMOUS WATER-SUIT.

MY wonder is really boundless,  
That among the queer cases we  
try.  
A land-case should often be ground-  
less,  
And a water-case always be dry!

---

## KISSING CASUISTRY.

WHEN Sarah Jane, the moral Miss,  
Declares 't is very wrong to kiss,

I'll bet a shilling I see through it;  
The damsel, fairly understood,  
Feels just as any Christian  
should,—  
She'd rather *suffer* wrong than  
do it!

---

TO A POETICAL CORRE-  
SPONDENT.

ROSE hints she is n't one of those  
Who have the gift of writing prose;  
But poetry is *une autre chose*,  
And quite an easy thing to Rose!  
As if an artist should decline,  
For lack of skill, to paint a sign,  
But, try him in the *landscape* line,  
You'll find his genius quite divine!

---

ON A LONG-WINDED ORA-  
TOR.

THREE Parts compose a proper  
speech  
(So wise Quintilian's maxims  
teach),  
But Loquax never can get through,  
In *his* orations, more than two.  
He does n't stick at the "Begin-  
ning";  
His "Middle" comes as sure as  
sinning;  
Indeed, the whole one might com-  
mend,  
Could he contrive to make an  
"End!"

---

## THE LOST CHARACTER.

JULIA is much concerned, God wot,  
For the good name—she has n't  
got;

So mortgagors are often known  
 To guard the soil they deem their  
     own,  
 As if, forsooth, they did n't know  
 The land was forfeit long ago!

---

### A DILEMMA.

"WHENEVER I marry," says masculine Ann,  
 "I must really insist upon wedding  
   a *man*!"  
 But what if the man (for men are  
   but human)  
 Should be equally nice about wedding  
   a *woman*?

### THE THREE WIVES.

#### A JUBILATION.

My *First* was a lady whose dominant passion  
 Was thorough devotion to parties  
   and fashion;  
 My *Sec.nd*, regardless of conjugal  
   duty,  
 Was only the worse for her wonderful beauty;  
 My *Third* was a vixen in temper  
   and life,  
 Without one essential to make a  
   good wife.  
*Jubilate!* at last in my freedom I  
   revel,  
 For I'm clear of the World, and  
   the Flesh, and the Devil!



NOTES.



## NOTES.

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### NOTE 1. Page 46.

THE tale of "Miralda" is based on a popular legend, of which an excellent prose version may be found in Ballou's History of Cuba.

### NOTE 2. Page 50.

This piece is an imitation of a poem by Præd, entitled "My Partner." There are two other pieces in this collection, which, in deference to certain critics, I ought to mention as imitations of the same author. There is, indeed, a resemblance, in the form of the stanza and in the antithetic style of treatment, to several poems of Præd; but as both the metre and the method are of ancient date, and are fairly the property of whomsoever may employ them, no further acknowledgment seem necessary than that which is contained in this note. The same remark will apply to "The proud Miss MacBride," which is written in the measure, and (*longo intervallo*) after the manner, of Hood's incomparable "Golden Legend."

### NOTE 3. Page 88.

"Potter, the Great Magician," — a clever conjurer of a former generation, — is still vividly remembered by many people in New Hampshire and Vermont.

### NOTE 4. Page 118.

The first stanza of this poem I must credit to a fragment of an anonymous German song, which I found afloat in some newspaper. The remaining stanzas are built upon the suggestion of the first.

### NOTE 5. Page 146.

If my version of "The Ugly Aunt" is more simple in plot than the prose story in the "Norske Folke-eventer," it certainly gains something in refinement by the variation.

### NOTE 6. Page 158.

I'm aware this dainty version  
Is n't quite the thing to go forth

For the Grecian's "*suggenesthai*,"  
 " *Ep oikematos*," and so forth;  
 But propriety 's a virtue  
 I 'm always bound to show forth.

## NOTE 7. Page 162.

The tradition of the Wandering Jew is very old and popular in every country of Europe, and is the theme of many romances in prose and verse. The old Spanish writers make the narrative as diabolical and revolting as possible; while the French and Flemish authors soften the legend (as in the present ballad) into a pathetic story of sin, suffering, and genuine repentance.

## NOTE 8. Page 176.

This story is found in many modern languages. In the present version, the traveller is a Frenchman in Holland: in another, he is an Englishman in France; and in a third, a Welshman in some foreign country. The Welsh story (a poem, of which an anonymous correspondent has sent me a translation) is perhaps the best; though it is impossible to say which is the oldest.

## NOTE 9. Page 236.

" *To show, for once, that Dutchmen are not dull.*"

Père Bouhours seriously asked "if a German could be a *bel esprit*." This concise question was answered by Kramer, in a ponderous work entitled *Vindiciæ nominis Germanicæ*.

## NOTE 10. Page 240.

" *In closest girdle, O reluctant Muse,  
 In scantiest skirts, and lightest-stepping shoes.*"

Imitated from the opening couplet of Holmes's "*Terpsichore*," —

" *In narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse,  
 In closest frock, and Cinderella shoes.*"

## NOTE 11. Page 240.

" *'She stoops to conquer' in a 'Grecian curve.'*"

Terence, who wrote comedies a little more than two thousand years ago, thus alludes to this and a kindred custom then prevalent among the Roman girls: —

" *Virgines, quas matres student  
 Demissis humeris esse, vincto corpore, ut graciles fiant.*"

The sense of the passage may be given in English, with sufficient accuracy, thus: —

Maïlens, whom fond, maternal care has graced  
 With stooping shoulders, and a cinctured waist.

## NOTE 12. Page 242.

*" Their tumid tropes for simple ' Buncombe ' made."*

Many readers, who have heard about " making speeches for Buncombe," may not be aware that the phrase originated as follows: A member of Congress from the county of Buncombe, North Carolina, while pronouncing a magniloquent set-speech, was interrupted by a remark from the Chair, that " the seats were quite vacant." " Never mind, never mind," replied the orator, " I'm talking for Buncombe!"

## NOTE 13. Page 243.

*" Till rising high in rancorous debate,  
And higher still in fierce, envenomed hate."*

*" Sed jurgia prima sonare  
Incipiunt animis ardentibus; hæc tuba rixæ;  
Dein clamore pari concurritur, et vice teli  
Sæviti nuda manus." — Juv. Sat. xv.*

## NOTE 14. Page 245.

*" Not uninvited to her task she came."*

This poem was written at the instance of the Associated Alumni of Middlebury College, and spoken before that Society, July 22, 1846.

## NOTE 15. Page 245.

*" No singer's trick, — conveniently to bring  
A sudden cough when importuned to sing."*

The capriciousness of musical folk, here alluded to, is by no means peculiar to our times. A little before the Christian era, Horace had occasion to scold the Roman singers for the same fault: —

*" Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos,  
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati;  
Injussi nunquam desistant." — Sat. iii.*

## NOTE 16. Page 257.

*" And hush the wail of Peter Plymley's ghost "*

Rev. Sydney Smith, the English author and wit, lately deceased, who, having speculated in Pennsylvania Bonds to the damage of his estate, berated " the rascally repudiators " with much spirit, and lamented his losses in many excellent jests.

## NOTE 17. Page 258.

*" Unfriendly hills no longer interpose  
As stubborn walls to geographic foes,  
Nor envious streams run only to divide  
The hearts of brethren ranged on either side.*

“Lands intersected by a narrow frith  
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed  
 Make enemies of nations, who had else  
 Like kindred drops been mingled into one.”  
*Cowper.*

NOTE 18. Page 259.

“*Aristophanes, whose humor run  
 In vain endeavor to be-‘cloud’ the sun.*”

An allusion to the comedy of “The Clouds,” written in ridicule of Socrates.

NOTE 19. Page 299.

An anecdote of the gubernatorial canvass in Vermont in the year 1859.

Let those laugh who — lose!

THE END.











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